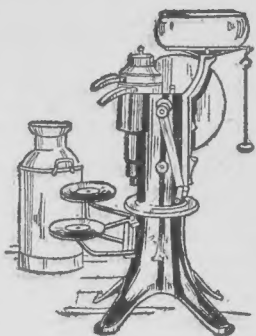


Use Old Dutch Cleanser



in the Dairy

Keeps your Separators and all other Dairy Utensils thoroughly and hygienically clean.

Old Dutch is free from caustics and acids. The quality insures economy and efficiency.



Made in Canada

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

Protects Kiddies From Chills

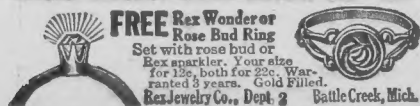
Jaeger contains warmth with a minimum of weight. Children who wear Jaeger Woollen Garments can enjoy their games and yet be protected from chills. Why not adopt this method of making the kiddies healthy and comfortable?



A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

The JAEGER CO., Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



FREE Rex Wonderor
Rose Bud Ring
Set with rose bud or
Box sparkler. Your size
for 12c, both for 25c. War-
ranted 3 years. Gold Filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2 Battle Creek, Mich.

A Prayer for Christmas Morning

Rev. Geo. Laughton, Central Congregational Church,
Winnipeg.

OUR Heavenly Father: The Christmas Season, with its tender memories and hallowed associations, is with us once again, and on this most blessed of all mornings we lift to Thee the voice of our thanksgiving.

For the life Thou hast granted unto us, for the truth we have been permitted to learn, for the work we have been enabled to do, and for the hopes that lead us on to better things—we thank Thee, Father.

For the land in which we live, its freedom from oppression, its opportunities to worship and serve Thee as our hearts and minds direct; for the homes that are ours; for the affection of dear ones; and for the friendships with which our lives have been enriched—we thank Thee, Father.

Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives. All the joys that are ours, the privileges and opportunities that distinguish us from those less fortunate—these things we owe, not to merit of our own, but to Thine infinite philanthropy.

But beyond all things else we thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. He is our Saviour, our Guide, our Friend. He has taught us to believe that our Father cares for all and that His love gathers all within its mighty arms. Through Him we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. In Him we reach unto fulness of life while journeying through these mortal years. And when the shades of night fall upon our pathway, telling us that we have but a few more steps to take in this earthly pilgrimage, it is by His good grace that we shall be ushered into eternal habitation. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.

We do not think only of ourselves this day. We remember those with whom things were better last Christmas morning than they are now: the men and women who feel their best days are all in the past, who look wistfully back as well as hopelessly forward; we think of the life-wearied, the care-worn and the heart-broken. God pity them.

We pray for the unfortunate ones in our prisons, our asylums, our poor-houses; for the boys and girls in our reformatories; for little children who, knowing not a mother's affection, look up into loveless eyes. Dear God, bless all who will receive no Christmas present from earthly hands this Christmas morning. We leave them with Thee because we know that Thy compassions fail not. But we pray that our hearts may be filled with the Lord Christ's pity, and the Lord Christ's desire to help.

Let Thy benediction rest upon our dear ones, here and in lands far away. Keep them and us forever under the shadow of Thy loving kindness.

Our Heavenly Father as we enter upon another year, with its new duties and responsibilities, its unknown joys and sorrows, may the consciousness of Thy nearness to us and our dearness to Thee, ever be with us. May we fare forth to the tasks of life bearing brave hearts and smiling faces, knowing that Thy banner over us is love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Fine, Medium, Stub
and Ball-Pointed

No matter how you write, or what your style, use Spencerian Personal Steel Pens. There is, among the many styles, a pen which is just made for you. To help you find it we will send you ten different sample pens and that fascinating, 32 page book, "What Your Hand Writing Reveals", on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York City
Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Ltd., Toronto
Canadian Distributors
Made in England

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens



Baby's Own Soap

Delicately fragrant
Absolutely pure

Best for Baby—Best for You

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

Continued from page 62.

For the artless Armadillo here's a satin sofa-pillow;

And the Otter has a blotter done in terra-cotta hues.

"Here's a spinet for the Linnet; she'll begin it in a minute;

Here's a rattle for the Rattlesnake, and for the Loon a lute;

For the Cobra di Capello here's a scarf of blue and yellow."

Said the Adder: "I'd be gladder for a flute that I could toot."

Just then a waddy Wombat with a Boa had a combat;

Said the Zibet: "I prohibit such exhibit of affray!"

A rheumatic old Rhinoceros said: "Pray, shall he be boss or us?"

The Bittern said: "It better be a Boa we obey!"

A fussy old Flamingo said: "By jingo, what a lingo!"

And the Falcon went a-walkin' till the talkin' should be done;

Said the clam: "I love a clamor!" Said the Lamb: "I love a Llama!"

Said the Toucan: "Well, if you can, then the Gnu can have some fun."

Then a corpulent old Carp croaked out carols to a harp;

And a Turtle, in a kirtle wreathed with myrtle, spoke a piece;

The Whale and the Quail and the twirly-whirly Snail

Sang a most pathetic ballad of "The Gay and Gaudy Geese."

Then a prudent Periwinkle said: "I fear it's going to sprinkle!"

Said a vain Deer: "Should it, Reindeer, it would spoil my handsome clo'es!"

Said the Starling: "O, my darling, don't be quarrelling and snarling!

We'll every one be safe at home before it rains or snows."

But the Monkey was so spunky, said the Beaver: "Let us leave her!"

Said the Goat: "Or I will tote her in my motor, if you wish."

And the Gopher called his chauffeur, but they had to go quite slow,

for

There were all the birds and animals and every kind of fish.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Continued from page 33.

ley is a new district which has been recently explored by American scientists who speak of its beauty as surpassing anything in the Canadian Rockies.

'Flitting tents' for the women, cooking utensils, blankets, fishing tackle, cameras and food are placed on either side of the pack saddle.

These half-loads are laid even and then coupled and trussed with what is called 'a good diamond hitch.' All goes well until the start is made when, Ho la!, a wayward-minded mare, desiring to be enfranchised from her servitude, makes a sudden bolt for the tall timbers where she proceeded to smash the saddle and kick off the load. To the onlooker she seems to have been seized by an epileptic fit, and I could tell you what the wranglers said only I am an officer of the law and pretended not to hear. You may take it, however, that their comments summed up the truth admirably. Then one wrangler who is no faintheart, in spite of her blizzard of kicks, brought the rebel under his hand, again lading and leading her himself, and so they're off,

"With creak of rope and plod of hoof—a sort of outland ryming.

As up the grade to timber-line, they make it mile by mile."

There is much to see and do in the Park, but one of our pleasantest days was spent with Miss Agnes Laut at Lake Edith where she has twelve acres of land, ten of which she has set aside for a literary colony, the residents to be approved. It is altogether likely that most of these will come from the States, writing in Canada being an unusually hungry business. Already, she is snug-lodged in a stoutly-built cottage of logs and is erecting a huge fireplace of stones, the description of which is deserving of at least ten paragraphs. Considered from almost any

angle, she is a truly remarkable woman, this Canadian author, with a capacity for work which shows that genius may be feminine. Other cabins are in process of erection, and you cannot see them without appraising them and desiring to have one also.

Miss Laut, who is an expert judge of peltry, has also purchased some wonderfully soft and well-furred bear skins to be used as slumber rugs, and is generally preparing to enjoy herself, and such a supper as we had—flapjacks, (cooked in the open) with maple syrup, ham, salad, punch, cakes, and dishes piled high with red and yellow fruit. O—ah! and when we were almost through, Colonel Maynard Rogers, the Superintendent of the Park, who was

at the party too, produced a package of Camembert Cheese, while Madame, his lovely wife, discovered some flaky biscuits. I can never believe that there will not be feasting in heaven. The omission is too painful for folk of our simple condition, whatever the Prelates and the great Somebodies may say.

Then we had a fire which was built up with whole trees and their roots, these having been torn out by some terrific storm that swept this plateau in the hills.

The Colonel is telling tales of the ravages of fire and how, recently, coals from a neglected camp-fire ignited some moss and, after smouldering for nearly a week, burst into flame destroying some acres of splendid trees.

Last winter, one hundred elk were sent to Lake Patricia in this park from the Yellowstone in the United States. Nine of the animals were found to be dead when the cars were opened. At first, the frightened elk were afraid to move from their narrow quarters but, the doors being left open, one by one, they bounded out to freedom, making off to the nearest mountain trail.

Each day, a load of hay was hauled up to them and, after awhile, the animals would come down the road to meet the horses. As many as fifty elk would stand around at once waiting for their portion.

In like manner, the bears come up to the midden-heaps at the camp to nose among the tins and to eat the fruit and potato peelings. I have seen them there myself and can vouch that they know nothing of table manners. No one is afraid of these animals, although bears are usually conceded to be of peevish disposition and seldom troubled by scruples, but as no one in the Park is allowed to interfere with them, the bears return the courtesy.

After supper at Miss Laut's Camp, some Chautauqua entertainers who are spending their summer there, separated themselves and passed out into the night. Then, from far up in the hills, they sang to us, coming nearer by degrees till, at last, they entered our circle.

The echoes of marvellous sweetness that resounded through the girdle of the hills from the voices of the men is something one must always remember. The experience was that of an exultancy edged on pain. It must be ever thus when God sets the stage.

Continued from page 12.

of their country to greet the households of squires, farmers and clergy with a valiant shout of "Calenig, Calenig, Blwyddyn newydd dda."*

*New Year Gift, A Happy New Year.

There are certain Welsh folk, who, like the Scotch and Border people are superstitious as regards the first visitor to their house on New Year morning, and they consider it good luck if the first foot to cross their threshold be that of a man. If, however, the early visitor has to be a woman they prefer that she should bear the name of Mary, Margaret or Jane. But if the first foot should belong to a man called David, Evan or John, then their good luck for the year is assured. Sprinkling for luck was a popular custom with Welsh children in former times, but it is seldom if ever indulged in now. Some thirty years ago the young people of country houses would take care to be awake at a very early hour on New Year's morning, that they might hasten as soon as the light allowed to the nearest well or pump where they would fill a pitcher with ice-cold water for the purpose of sprinkling with the aid of a sprig of ever-green the faces of those who were still in bed, and better still, those who were asleep. This custom was naturally provocative of great merriment, but on the whole was more amusing to the young sprinkler than to the recipient of the attention. In some parishes a number of children would collect together and demand admittance at farms and cottages for this purpose of sprinkling, and while they knocked at doors they would recite in English the following curious verse:

"Here we bring water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with this happy New Year;
Sing levy dew*, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires and gold bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her toe,
Open you the west door and let the old year go;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her chin,
Open you the east door and let the New Year in."

Fortune-telling by the burning of nuts used to be a very popular custom in Wales at New Year and Christmas, and another amusement of the young folk on Christmas Eve, was listening at the door of a stable in the dark when it was supposed that horses could be heard talking to one another, but what special information the animals thus conveyed to the listeners never seems to have been recorded.

*From "Llef! I Dduw"—A Cry to God (Lehh)

Contents This Number

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL — The Editor	3
THE PHILOSOPHER	30
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	32

FICTION AND REALITY

RED & WHITE (Continued from November Issue)—Nellie L. McClung	2
PIONEER DAYS ON ALBERTA PLAINS	4
CHRISTMAS EVE ON GEORGES BANK —Bonnycastle Dale	5
OUR LADY STAR OF THE SEA—Alison M. Lederer	6
INDIANS HAD COPYRIGHT LAW LONG BEFORE WHITE MAN CAME—Francis Dickie	8
THE WAY OF YOUTH	10
A NIGHT WITH A SPOOK—Edith G. Bayne	13
CINDERELLA OF THE CHURCH—Annie Shepherd Armstrong.	16
THE MINISTER'S WIFE AND THE MINISTER OF MARYFIELD—G. Norrie ...	22

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

MUSIC IN THE HOME—Selected	26
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell,	26
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian,	34
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM— Pearl Richmond Hamilton	40
WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. Cora Hind ..	38
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker, C.A.	42
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	45
MOTHERS' SECTION	49
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton, Supt. Home Economics, Manitoba Exten. S'vce ..	50
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore ..	54
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	56
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE	58
PAGE	58
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER	60

CHRISTMAS FEATURES

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING —Rev. Geo. Laughton, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg,	1
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE—Sir A. W. Currie ..	8
QUAINT CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND—N. Tournour	11
OLD WELSH CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS — Evelyn Lewes	12
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY — Janey Canuck	18
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES IN PROPHECY—Dr. J. L. Gordon, First Congregational Church, San Francisco, California	20
THE GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD—Lillian Scarth	24

The Iron Food for Vitality



Free We'll send a
free book of
100 luscious
raisin recipes to anyone who
mails coupon below.

The Ever-ready Dessert for Busy Days

or when you forget to make one

At Christmas, of Course

Delicious cluster raisins are a part of a real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year.



MOTHERS Please Note!

We've done something new—in raisins! Put up little 5c packages of *Nature's own confections for the children and for you*. Wholesome little nibbles to satisfy a normal craving for healthful sweets.

Luscious little *seedless* Sun-Maid Raisins! 75% pure fruit sugar—fine nourishment which is (unlike ordinary sugar) in practically *pre-digested* form.

Also rich in *food iron* which brings the natural bloom of youth.

Teach your little ones to spend their nickels for them—

An ounce-and-a-half—just enough for healthful nourishment—5c.

At all drug, grocery, candy stores, news stands, etc.

KEEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forgot dessert.

You never hear "What, no *dessert*?" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on *request* than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let *that* be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system

needs but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital*.

So when you serve these luscious clusters remember that they're both *good* and *good for you*—that they serve the double purpose of convenience and good health.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman *free* on request. All are tested so they're sure to work.

Learn through this book, the many ways to use nutritious healthful raisins.

Always ask for SUN-MAID Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 13,000 Growers
DEPT. C-412 FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Seeded (*seeds removed*); Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Clusters (*on the stem*). At all dealers. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.



CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.,
Dept. C-412 Fresno, California.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

SUN-MAID

RAISINS

LINOLEUM RUGS



ATTRACTIVE ROOMS AT SMALL COST

Your floor covering merchant will gladly show you Dominion Linoleums and Linoleum Rugs. They are made in Canada, and meet with favor everywhere. Look for the strong canvas back when buying.

Linoleum Rugs may be had in many delightful designs in so wide a variety of colors that room treatments may be quickly and economically developed.

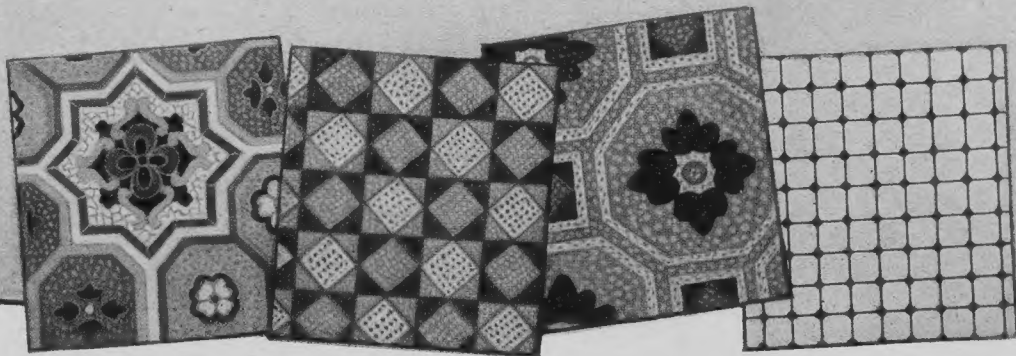
You will be surprised at the moderate cost of Linoleum Rugs—even large sizes cost but a few dollars. Linoleum Rugs have all the advantages of Linoleum—they need no tacking—lie perfectly flat—are easily moved about from room to room.

Illustration above shows decorative possibilities of Linoleum Rugs used with Appropriate Rug Surround.

TABLE OILCLOTH

Makes a **CLEAN** covering for kitchen tables, pantries, backs of sinks, etc. Use of damp cloth keeps it fresh and sweet. For Pantry or Cupboard shelves use our shelf oilcloth with scalloped edges. Many pretty patterns. Your dealer sells it.

Colored samples show 4 popular designs of Linoleum, which you can purchase by the yard.



The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Western Canada's
Home Magazine

Issued Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN., DECEMBER, 1921

15c Per Copy



The Iron Food for Vitality



Free We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to anyone who mails coupon below.

The Ever-ready Dessert for Busy Days

or when you forget to make one

KEEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forgot dessert.

You never hear "What, no dessert?" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on request than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let that be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system

needs but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is vital.

So when you serve these luscious clusters remember that they're both *good* and *good for you*—that they serve the double purpose of convenience and good health.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman *free* on request. All are tested so they're sure to work.

Learn through this book, the many ways to use nutritious healthful raisins.

Always ask for SUN-MAID Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.,
Dept. C-412 Fresno, California.
Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."
NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... PROVINCE.....

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 13,000 Growers
DEPT. C-412 FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem). At all dealers. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.



At Christmas, of Course

Delicious cluster raisins are a part of a real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year.



MOTHERS Please Note!

We've done something new—in raisins! Put up little 5c packages of *Nature's own confections for the children* and for you. Wholesome little nibbles to satisfy a normal craving for healthful sweets.

Luscious little seedless Sun-Maid Raisins! 75% pure fruit sugar—fine nourishment which is (unlike ordinary sugar) in practically pre-digested form.

Also rich in food iron which brings the natural bloom of youth.

Teach your little ones to spend their nickels for them—

An ounce-and-a-half—just enough for healthful nourishment—5c.

At all drug, grocery, candy stores, news stands, etc.

SUN-MAID

RAISINS

Use Old Dutch Cleanser



in the Dairy

Keeps your Separators and all other Dairy Utensils thoroughly and hygienically clean.

Old Dutch is free from caustics and acids. The quality insures economy and efficiency.



Made in Canada

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

Protects Kiddies From Chills

Jaeger contains warmth with a minimum of weight. Children who wear Jaeger Woollen Garments can enjoy their games and yet be protected from chills. Why not adopt this method of making the kiddies healthy and comfortable?



A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

The JAEGER CO., Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring Set with rose bud or Rex Sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 5 years. Gold Filled. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2 Battle Creek, Mich.

A Prayer for Christmas Morning

Rev. Geo. Laughton, Central Congregational Church,
Winnipeg.

OUR Heavenly Father: The Christmas Season, with its tender memories and hallowed associations, is with us once again, and on this most blessed of all mornings we lift to Thee the voice of our thanksgiving.

For the life Thou hast granted unto us, for the truth we have been permitted to learn, for the work we have been enabled to do, and for the hopes that lead us on to better things—we thank Thee, Father.

For the land in which we live, its freedom from oppression, its opportunities to worship and serve Thee as our hearts and minds direct; for the homes that are ours; for the affection of dear ones; and for the friendships with which our lives have been enriched—we thank Thee, Father.

Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives. All the joys that are ours, the privileges and opportunities that distinguish us from those less fortunate—these things we owe, not to merit of our own, but to Thine infinite philanthropy.

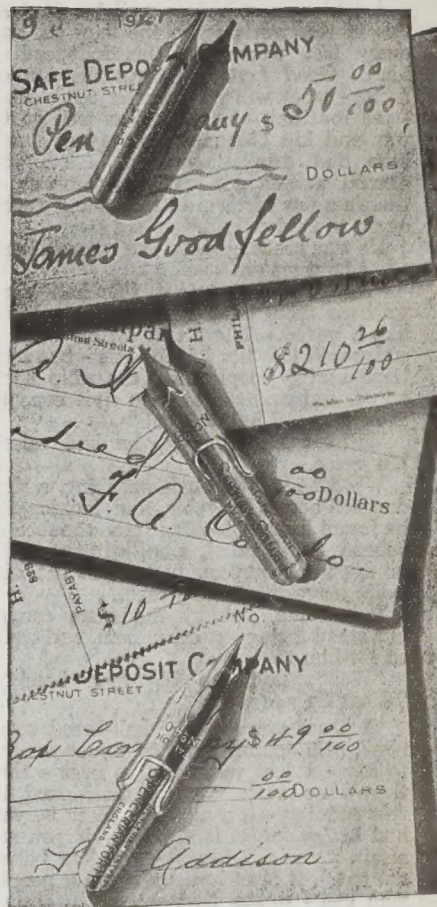
But beyond all things else we thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. He is our Saviour, our Guide, our Friend. He has taught us to believe that our Father cares for all and that His love gathers all within its mighty arms. Through Him we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. In Him we reach unto fulness of life while journeying through these mortal years. And when the shades of night fall upon our pathway, telling us that we have but a few more steps to take in this earthly pilgrimage, it is by His good grace that we shall be ushered into eternal habitation. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.

We do not think only of ourselves this day. We remember those with whom things were better last Christmas morning than they are now: the men and women who feel their best days are all in the past, who look wistfully back as well as hopelessly forward; we think of the life-wearied, the care-worn and the heart-broken. God pity them.

We pray for the unfortunate ones in our prisons, our asylums, our poor-houses; for the boys and girls in our reformatories; for little children who, knowing not a mother's affection, look up into loveless eyes. Dear God, bless all who will receive no Christmas present from earthly hands this Christmas morning. We leave them with Thee because we know that Thy compassions fail not. But we pray that our hearts may be filled with the Lord Christ's pity, and the Lord Christ's desire to help.

Let Thy benediction rest upon our dear ones, here and in lands far away. Keep them and us forever under the shadow of Thy loving kindness.

Our Heavenly Father as we enter upon another year, with its new duties and responsibilities, its unknown joys and sorrows, may the consciousness of Thy nearness to us and our dearness to Thee, ever be with us. May we fare forth to the tasks of life bearing brave hearts and smiling faces, knowing that Thy banner over us is love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Fine, Medium, Stub
and Ball-Pointed

No matter how you write, or what your style, use Spencerian Personal Steel Pens. There is, among the many styles, a pen which is just made for you. To help you find it we will send you ten different sample pens and that fascinating, 32 page book, "What Your Hand Writing Reveals", on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway New York City
Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Ltd., Toronto
Canadian Distributors
Made in England

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens



Baby's Own Soap

Delicately fragrant
Absolutely pure

Best for Baby - Best for You

S-10-21 ALBERT SOAP, LIMITED, 1921, MONTREAL

HORLICK'S Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

A real man might as well be dead as live in this world when the bars go, and every last woman is this independent kind. Good Lord! where's the fun of living - what will we do after ten o'clock - tell me that - we might as well go to war and kill Germans, as stay at home here and drink ice-water . . . the darned women get my goat, anyway - there's a few of them in this country who ought to be deported."

He was growing more and more inflamed as he went on.

"Now this is part of it, this half-breed waitress talks back - hands it to me - like a queen. There was a time when a girl would lose her job for this - but now the laboring people have the whip hand on us, and we have to keep civil even to these mongrel half-breeds!"

Without knowing it, he had raised his voice.

When he was through speaking, a shadow fell across his table, and looking up, he found himself looking into the face of Johnny Starblanket, who, without noise or apparent motion, had made the distance across the dining-room.

Indian-like, Johnny made no sound, but stood facing the other man, and waited for him to speak.

"Well," said the big man harshly, "What do you want?"

"I heard you speak of half-breed waitress," said Johnny slowly, "I just wanted to say - I just want you to hear - that there's no such word as half-breed in this country - if you think there is, you had better forget it - quick - if you are afraid you can't forget - you had better get out. It ain't healthy here for people who can't forget that word. That girl you spoke to is Indian girl - straight Indian. Her mother was daughter of Chief - her father don't matter, he was nothing."

"What about her father," the white man asked insolently.

"Her father don't count" said Johnny slowly; he was just yellow dog of a white man; the kind we sometimes see at the hotel, fresh guy who talks too much."

Johnny waited motionless for a reply to his words, staring into the muddy depths of the fat man's eyes. There was a tense silence in the room, and the air was electrical. Anything might happen; every one had heard Johnny's words.

The big man tried to bluster a reply but there was a slumbrous fire in the inky blackness of the Indian boy's eyes, which caused him to change his mind.

"All right, all right, my boy," he stammered, "no harm done, just thought of, but not done."

With the same gliding notice, John Starblanket returned to his seat. The meal proceeded in silence, the older man giving his orders in sulky monosyllables. But his eyes devoured the girl's face, and followed her graceful movements as she cleared the table next to them.

From his corner, Johnny Starblanket sat and watched, and drew his own conclusions. He had heard of men like this, whose desires were evil, and who regarded all young, innocent things as their legitimate prey. Johnny had even known bad Indians, though not many. On all such he poured the contempt of his young heart. He would kill them gladly, joyously, as his father had once with his bare hands killed the wild cat, which attacked little Rose, his sister. But his love for Minnie drove out all baser thoughts, and the paramount emotion of his young heart was the joy of possession. Minnie the admired one, was his girl, and no one else.

In the construction he put upon the white man's admiration for Minnie, Johnny was not exactly correct in his assumption that it was entirely evil. Evil it certainly was at first, as most of the man's impulses were, but as he watched her now deftly clearing away the dishes from the table near at hand, he was conscious of another emotion. It was not exactly remorse or memory - it was a sudden growing wonder!

When the meal was over, Johnny strolled out to the verandah quite conscious of his striking figure and elegantly new clothes conscious also of the sensation that had been produced by his words to the flashy stranger. The Indian love of admiration was strong in Johnny - young - fine-looking - earning money Johnny Starblanket felt a thrill of pride and joy such as his ancestors had felt in the supreme moment of the chase. He stretched himself in one of the

Red and White

By Nellie L. McClung

(Continued from November)

folding canvas chairs which stood on the screened verandah overlooking the lake, and cast his black eyes out to sea. Blueberry Island, where he had often gone in pursuit of the berries which gave it its name, stretched blue and misty on the Eastern sky line. White winged boats, with an occasional colored parasol, dotted the placid surface of the lake. It was the quiet hour at the Beach, the hush that came before the clamorous arrival of the city trains. Leisurely, John Starblanket took the evening paper from his pocket and casually glanced at the headlines.

"England sends ultimatum to Germany," he read, and whistled, not in surprise, but because he liked whistling and felt the need of doing something. The trouble in Europe made no ripple on the complacent soul of John Starblanket, yet he read the front page article through with a growing feeling of wonder. War was plainly hinted at,

"No thanks, I don't fancy hanging around a kitchen, I'll go over and wait at the band stand - and hurry up - I want to get out in the canoe, I want to tell you something."

"I must go," said Minnie, "and get in this pie - they're waiting. But I'll come to the band stand as soon as I can get out. Wait for me."

"You bet," said Johnny, and strolled leisurely across the green grass plot to the main street, where the first of the evening trains was arriving.

The same holiday crowd surged through the doors and eddied out to the platform, milling and weaving the same gorgeous coloring of sweaters and blazers and sailor hats, and the same holiday chatter, the idle things so joyously spoken by people whose days work is done and who are off for a "time."

John starblanket moved among them, with some of the grace of the old Chief

with beaus, and with jags even, but I never saw one with a time!"

"O shut up, Brown - you highbrow" snapped the little one, "you know what I mean, that's what's keepin' you back - you know too darned much, and every one's afraid to talk before you, only me."

She was ruffling a curl which had lost some of its beauty in the heat, holding one hair light and sending all the others up the pole by a skilful movement of her thumb and finger.

"Don't be sore, Kid" said the girl from the hardware, "you're not much on language, but you get there all the same. I'm jealous of you - that's all that's wrong with me - don't be sore on a wall-flower."

"Many a true word is spoken in jest" said the little cashier gravely, as she applied a pink chamois to her nose, "but if you wanted to be human, I believe you could do it, and you'd sure be a world beater, with those long lashes of yours. Only you're so stiff and prim, and have a way of making people feel small."

That won't go with men - you have to make them feel sporty, and smart and beamy. You have to look at them with mute admiration in your eyes - and Gee-Whizz! - when I can do it with these peepers of mine, what couldn't you do with those Mazda lights of yours. Why don't you try it once, Brown, just for fun?"

Brown shook her head gravely, - "What's fun for the bad little boys, is death to the frogs!" she replied.

"There you go again, quoting poetry and makin' me feel ignorant, because I don't know what it's all about, though of course I get the run of it. But no one likes to be put in wrong."

"Now look, Brownie, do you see that goodlooking Indian boy over there?"

John Starblanket had walked by slowly, with all the grace and suppleness of his race.

Miss Brown looked after him with interest.

"Some kid, eh!", said the cashier - "Do you want to see how it is done, Brown? If so, follow me, but not too close as to get in the machinery - safety first - this is a time for skilful treatment."

"O say, Speers," Miss Brown spoke with animation now, "leave the Indian boy alone. I'll bet he's got a girl some place - have a heart, woman, and don't cut in on the native race - there ought to be a law against it - the same as selling liquor to them."

"Well, there is no law, lady, no law but the law of get what you can, how you can. The world is your parish - so to speak. I'm a dead shot - a real go-getter, and I get what I go after."

"Leave the Indian boy alone," said Miss Brown gravely, he looks like a nice kid."

"Well, I won't bite him, I won't even scratch him, I only want to have him around for a spare. I've got my permanents and regulars, haven't I? An ice-cream soda won't break him. I'll let him go back to his Minnehaha all right. I just want to make things pleasant for him - can you find any fault with that?"

The second section of the "Moonlight" came in, and another surging crowd of the city's youth in its nightly quest for pleasure gravitated to the Pavilion, where the "Officer of the Day" called to them to come and dance.

John Starblanket, leisurely smoking a long cigar, leaned against the bandstand, still conscious of the admiring glances of the girls who passed him, but unmoved by them, for in his heart there was only one flame burning.

"They ain't one - two - three alongside Minnie," he was thinking, as they danced past him, "they haven't got the style she has, nor the set-up."

But he wished she would hurry, for he wanted to dance. The music fairly hurt him, it was so sweet and piercing. Why couldn't she get out like other girls, instead of sticking in that furnace of a kitchen, washing dishes - she'll stay till the last dish is dried too - that's her kind."

The second dance was called, and still Minnie had not appeared, and Johnny's annoyance was growing every minute. He moved down towards the entrance, so he would see her when she came in.

Continued in the January issue of The Western Home Monthly.

A Christmas Pastoral.

BY C. A. W.

LOW in the West the Evening Star is fading,
Bright shadows rest upon the evening sky,
And a strange hush is earth and air pervading,
As if some heavenly secret hovers nigh.

But their white flocks the Syrian shepherds tending,
Whisper perchance: "Messiah lingers long!"
Nor hear afar celestial voices blending
In the soft cadence of the angels' song,

When suddenly the night's mysterious splendour
Bursts into glory brighter far than day:
"Hasten, O shepherds, leave your flocks, and render
The noblest, purest homage ye can pay."

They rise, they hasten each before the other,
By no weak fears or lingering doubts beguiled;
They follow on to where the Blessed Mother
Folds to her happy heart her wondrous Child.

So, every year, thy cradle, Lord, surrounding,
We question not how can such marvels be;
Rejoiced to hear thine angels' message sounding,
Rejoiced to send it forth o'er land and sea.

Through all earth's discords we can hear it ringing,
"Glory to God on high! Good will to men!"
Ah, tune each heart to this celestial singing,
Ere with Thine angels Thou dost come again.

and yet war seemed to belong to a glorious day long past.

He read the article again, then folded the paper, replaced it in his pocket and made his way to the back door to see if he could get a word with Minnie. A restlessness had seized him, a strange, thrilling excitement. He wanted some one to applaud him - praise him - admire him.

Minnie was filling her tray from the oil-cloth covered table, and skilfully keeping the flies at bay at the same time, when Johnny filled the doorway of the kitchen. Minnie's quick smile seemed to fill the kitchen with radiance.

"Come on, Minnie" he said - "it's dandy out, can't you get a spell off? you've often let the other girls out before it was all over. As long as you slave away, they'll let you, girl - take that from me."

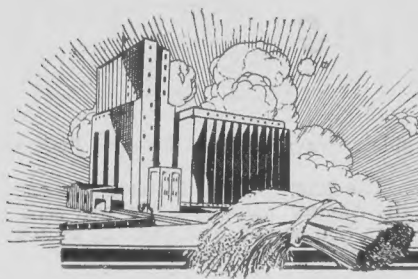
We're short tonight," Minnie said, lifting her tray, "I hear them calling, Jack. Just wait till I place these and I'll come back. Sit down."

his great-grandfather when the tribe had assembled to do him honor - absolutely aloof and unconcerned in appearance, and yet sensitive of every nod or word or glance of approval.

"Gee! ain't it good to get away from those darned pavements and get a sniff of real air instead of that fanned stuff." She was one of the smartest dressers in the party, with the widest hat, the shortest skirt and the thinnest blouse. "Now why can't I get a job out here - Gee! I'd do anything, catch frogs - hold clothes for the bathers - or even sling hash; - Say girls, honest, I know a girl out here that waits on table and is all done at eight o'clock, and she sure has as fine a time as I ever saw a girl with."

They were making their way to the pavilion, being among the passengers from the first section of the "Moonlight."

"Say Speers - your language is lovely" said the tallest girl of the group - from the hardware section - "now I've seen girls with lots of things - I've seen them



EDITORIAL



GOD IN THE HIGHEST

The older the world grows, the more ready it is to believe that the only way to permanent peace and good-will is for men to put God in the Highest.

In the life of every individual there are countless forces at work, some beneficent and some malign. The one great Power over all that makes for Righteousness is God. Happy the man who listens to His voice. When the Highest in a man is in control, out will go lust, envy, hatred and the hundred other sins that infest the soul. When the Highest is in control the soul-chambers will be tenanted by good-will, faith, hope, love and all the thousand virtues that make for contentment, happiness and enduring welfare. To place God in control of our lives, it is not necessary for one to think of Him as far away, for in Him we live and move and have our being. Nearer He is than breathing, closer than hands or feet. No man need live in fear of a great thundering Power, who is ready to reward the faithful or punish the guilty. The Highest loves to dwell in the hearts of men. It is this in-dwelling God we are asked to glorify, and we glorify Him most when we place Him first in thought, in affection, and in action. There is no failure in a life that has learned the first notes of the angels' song. "Glory to God in the Highest", has as its counterpoint "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!" The man who is true to the Highest in his life is of necessity true to his fellows. There is no peace and good-will that is not born of God.

In the life of the nation there is need to put God in the Highest. He is not always there. What men think about frequently is industrial warfare, trade conditions, commercial prosperity, good roads, well furnished homes, living comforts. All of these are good in their way, but there is no guarantee of permanent happiness and well-being to any nation that does not put God over all. When He reigns, there is an end to class and race warfare, for in the thought of the Highest, men are brothers, and all their differences are but trifling. Indeed they are necessary to development, for were all people the same there could be no advancement. The law of progress is that each shall live for all, and all shall benefit from the experiences of each.

Let men be guided by the Highest in their national undertakings and everything else will be right. To those who seek the Kingdom all other things will be added. This is the doctrine of Him about whom the angels sang. When a proud and pampered egotist took as his motto "Germany over all," he forgot that there was in his own soul another voice crying without avail. It was the voice of the Highest. Should we say "Canada over all" or "trade over all," or "wealth over all," we should be guilty of a similar blasphemy. Canada will be first among the nations, if the Highest is first in Canada, and Canada will have wealth unbounded if it has wealth of soul. There is no other way to greatness and glory than the Christian way. So it is well that every Christmas Day we should hear the old old song that tells how peace and good-will came with Him, who was born of the Highest and whose life was constant communion with Him. We may be sure that for us as for others there is no bright future unless we too draw life from the in-dwelling Father, and unless we possess that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

In the world there are wars and rumors of wars, and yet there is a sure way to peace. When the Highest rules, there must be harmony. It is not merely clever men the world needs at Washington but God-filled men—men who hate deceit and cunning and revenge, men who reverence truth, right and humanity. It is fitting that the Conference looking towards disarmament should be held near the Christmas time. May the voice of the Highest be heard, and may peace and good-will prevail. And so may His Kingdom come, and His will be done on Earth as in Heaven. Thus will the lowest join hands with the Highest and life's round be complete.

AN OBJECT LESSON

The printers of America might perhaps learn a lesson from the printers of Paris. It appears that the cost of books in France is so great owing to high wages and lack of material, that Leipzig has offered to print all text-books, novels and the like, and the letting out of contracts to the Germans is favoured by the educational authorities. It is quite true that in Canada the cost of books is such that the sale has greatly declined. The cost is greater than the traffic will bear. Stranger things might happen than that German-made productions of English works, should before long flood English, American and Canadian markets. This would be calamitous, but if people will be unreasonable they must pay the price.

MEDICAL ADVANCE

Two great scourges of humanity are leprosy and cancer. During the last year remarkable progress has been made in fighting these diseases. Chaulmoogra oil treatment has produced remarkable results in checking leprosy in Japan. The first thirteen patients treated all reacted favorably and it was not possible for laymen to recognize that they had ever been tainted with leprosy. Out of the first 188 patients, no less than ninety-four had been paroled in less than a year. This does not mean that the cases are cured, but it indicates that the new treatment minimizes the virulence of the disease. Quite recently the origin of cancer has been definitely stated. It is claimed that the Angle worm is the cause, and that in all probability the disease enters the human organism through vegetables grown in the gardens. If this theory is sound it will be a guide to mankind. Of course a knowledge of origin if the origin given is correct, does not mean we have as yet any remedy for the disease, but every item of knowledge in these matters is to be treasured.

A COLOSSAL FAILURE.

Those men who for various reasons paint conditions in Russia as satisfactory under Soviet rule, should read such trustworthy accounts as are published in the New York Times and New York Herald. The very photographs speak for themselves. Sovietism is a failure in Russia for the reason that it will be a failure elsewhere. It is absolutely wrong in principle. Government is not the right of any one class, but should be exercised by the whole people for the good of all the people. Nothing is farther from democracy than the autocracy of Lenin, and the outcome of this autocracy is the hardship which now exists everywhere in the great hungry land. Read this description of Astrakhan.

Hopeless groups of famine refugees crowd the wharfs of Astrakhan, which in happier times were filled with the tides of commerce flowing to and from Russia and the transcasian plains. Bitter rains of autumn are falling almost continually and the first snow of the Russian winter has whitened the roofs of the buildings of the city, but the throngs of emigrants have no shelter while they wait, perhaps vainly, day and night for transportation to the Kuban and Don regions, where they can obtain food. Astrakhan is a city of misery and suffering and death.

The traveller who has seen Russia and the Russians in times of plenty expects to meet with a rosy, round faced people when he again enters the country. Disillusionment is in store for him, however, for everywhere he sees thin faces, the skin of which is seemingly stretched tight across the cheekbones. He remembers Astrakhan as a city filled with industries and commerce but he finds it but a shadow of its former self. Its caviar and fishing industries are estimated to have dwindled nearly seventy per cent. Where once, 2,000 ships daily sailed up and down "Mother Volga" there are barely a hundred on that stream.

Death seems to dog the footsteps of the refugees. They are fleeing from starvation, but many hungry children and adults die from the first food they eat, the very bread they have striven for proving fatal to them in their weakened condition. Meat or bread cost 3,000 rubles, or about 5 cents a pound, but there are few who have money enough to pay this price day after day.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

There is a girl in Massachusetts who is just seventeen years old and to be very exact her name is Elizabeth Farley. When she was about thirteen she took a course of training in a girls' club, and became very interested in cows. She wished to buy one, but her father discouraged the venture. When he left home shortly after on a business trip, Elizabeth bought a registered Jersey, found a stall for her in a neighbors' barn, and learned how to milk her. She sold the milk to her neighbors and made money. She added more cows and some calves, and hired boys to help her in caring for the cattle and in peddling the milk. Then she bought a registered sow and soon there was a litter of ten little pigs. Then she bought little chickens and reared them. The next move was to buy ten acres of land where she keeps her nine pure bred Jerseys, her four calves, her hogs and her hens. Her property is worth three thousand dollars and her debts are three hundred dollars. The moral of it all is that Elizabeth works and is not afraid of work, and work pays. Elizabeth might have folded her hands and cried to her father and the world for shorter hours and more pay, but there is no deliverance in actions of that kind. Usually where there is a will there is a way. Has this all any bearing at all upon the problem of unemployment?

THE NEXT WAR

We are always getting into trouble because we do not look ahead. It is because British statesmen were asleep that Germany was permitted to prepare so thoroughly for the invasion of Belgium and France in 1914. It is because Britain was so wide awake during the war, that she has in spite of her disadvantages, less trouble than other European nations who have come through the great struggle. Even in war she was preparing for peace.

Now there is a world future for which all nations have to prepare, and there is nothing to be gained by folding the arms and waiting till good fortune or disaster comes. The wise man looks ahead.

It may be that the wish is father to the thought, but scores of German writers have appeared since 1919, picturing the course of events during the next twenty years, and all of these speak of a world at war with Germany an onlooker. When Japan, the United States, Britain and France are weakened by conflict, a new Germany will rise to dominate the world. In other words what Germany could not gain by militarism she will gain by taking advantage of militarism in other lands.

Three books are typical of the rest. In "The Inevitable War between Japan and America," the writer points out that Japan will have a threefold purpose in taking up arms. First, she wishes to become an Asiatic continental power. Second, she wishes to unite all the Mongolian peoples professing Buddhism into a league with herself as the head. Third, she wishes to control the Pacific from Kamschatka to Singapore. She will first subjugate China, then strike at the United States. By allying herself with Mexico; by working through her own race in California and Hawaii; by blowing up the Panama Canal, she will overthrow the balance of power in the world and then will open a new epoch in history. The author of this book evidently believes that whatever be the outcome of the war, both countries will be weakened irretrievably and Japan will retain the mastery of the Pacific.

A second writer takes as his theme "The Decisive Battle in the Pacific." He is certain that Britain, the United States and Japan cannot settle their differences without bloodshed:—First a war between Japan and America with England as looker-on, and then a later war between England and America in which the unity of the Empire will be destroyed. In all of this Germany will look on, furnish supplies and grow rich.

The third writer refers to "A World Peace Conference at Berlin in 1929." He has it all planned out to a nicety. In the final tableau the centre is occupied by a Kaiser—smiling benignly on an admiring universe, and he is not there because he has furnished warriors, but because he has grown strong and powerful by living on the weaknesses of other nations.

Truly there is a great change in the German point of view since Bernhardt wrote "Germany and the Next War." Now Bernhardt was all wrong in his theories of life, and he totally misconceived the attitude of other nations than his own, but the war that he predicted came just as he said, even if it did not end just as he wished. So these new German dreamers may be all wrong in their prophecies, but they are surely right in saying that continued war among the great nations of the world will make in the end for the greatness of the nations that are free from war.

The hope of the world is in disarmament, and in the cultivation of good-will. The coming Conference at Washington is not to be regarded lightly. Is it not possible that representatives of the nation which produced the three books just mentioned, will be there working insidiously to bring about the very catastrophes which are the only hope of gain for themselves?

All the world wants peace—except that part of it which hopes to make profit from war. To-day as yesterday, the plotting Teuton needs watching. But the way to meet plots is not by forming counter-plots. How often must we beshown the only way to peace.

THE VALUE OF GENUINE LAUGHTER

Humanity has never before had to face more serious problems than it has to face and grapple with now and for many years to come. It is not less but more true than ever it was before that, as one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks said, the world is a tragedy to those who weep, a comedy to those who laugh. This makes it all the more necessary that the value to human life of true, honest, genuine laughter should be understood and appreciated. There is the soundest wisdom in such laughter, which does not in least mean that the person who laughs is lacking in feeling for the sadness and suffering there is in the world or in perception and understanding of the serious problems of the time. Laughter is necessary to both physical health and mental sanity. The world could not rightly go forward without it.

Pioneer Days on Alberta Plains

By CHARLOTTE GORDON

The rough pageant of the years which goes to the making of a new nation out of the untamed West, passes before us as we look down the corridors of by-gone years and see in the small but strong force of men, the Royal North West Mounted Police, one of the chief factors in the development of the Canadian West. What the historic force stands for, what it has accomplished, and how determining a factor it has been in the peopling of the great stretch of land which extends from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains is as fine a tradition as any in North American History. That some of the original members of the force who travelled the vast plains in 1874, are still hale and hearty residents of the prairies, gives a realization that while the mid-west has its traditions, historic landmarks and pioneers, yet it is not long since emerged from its fancy stage. In few places in the world can be found men with experiences such as those of Mr. G. C. King—for thirty-six years postmaster of Calgary and recently retired; Colonel James Walker, a prominent business man of Calgary; Mr. Thomas Wilson of Banff. These pioneers came to Alberta 45 years ago and in their experiences is written a new chapter in Canada's history with the page of the book the prairie. Another striking personality in the North West, who, as an original member of the police force came to Alberta in 1874 was the late S. J. Clarke who died in 1918, leaving a diary, dated from 1876, giving a detailed account of the early life of the police force with glimpses of the past of these vigorous men for the forces of progress, that makes a notable chapter in the romance of the great lone land.

During the first years of Canada's life as a crown colony, the existence of tribes of wild Indians, the quarrels of the interior and the vast body of settlers coming in, led Sir John A. Macdonald to take possession of the great lone land in 1873. To read of the pioneer days, of the building of this West is an interesting pastime but to talk with one of the real pioneers, one of the Empire builders, and listen to his experiences enables one to realize more fully and visualize more clearly that daring spirits and trail bearers are not confined to any age or clime.

Leaving Toronto June 6th, 1874, Mr. King was one of the 300 men of the police who started out on the long journey to the Northwest. They travelled by train to Chicago, St. Paul and Moorhead, Minnesota, the end of steel and set out on the long journey across the plains. A large quantity of wagons, stores and agricultural implements were among the luggage; the whole making an imposing show. There were also 300 horses. Arriving at Dufferin near where Emerson now stands, the party went into camp for a month to drill the men and rest the horses, preparatory to setting out on the long march. While there in a severe storm, the horses stampeded from the corral, breaking their halters and even knocking over some of the wagons encircling them. Some of the men, attempting to stop them, were knocked down and trampled on. A party of men under sub-inspector Walker now Colonel Walker of Calgary, were able to find most of the horses within the next few days. Major Bagley of the Land Titles office, Calgary, was also a member of the party. He remained with the force for some years and spent some time at Fort Saskatchewan.

Mr. King speaks with interest of that trip when the bill of fare was hard-tack, beans and two kinds of pemmican meat, one mixed with wild berries. The latter Mr. King found "very palatable." The bread was cooked in an iron pot, placed in hot ashes in a hole in the ground. Fire coals were placed around and on top of it and—presto!—a "loaf of fine bread."

The party travelled in their red coats, making a striking note of color on the plains and a savor of romance is wafted down the years when we picture the vast prairies in their June greenery and that procession of "Red coats," the "Queens own," 300 strong, travelling the trackless plains.

It was late in the summer of 1874 that an excitement was created in the little village, "The Crossing of Old Man's River," later Fort MacLeod, when word

was received that the police were to arrive on October 14th. Major MacLeod, later Colonel MacLeod, was in command and on arriving they at once began to prepare for winter by having buildings erected. Members of the force went into the Porcupine Hills and cut logs for offices and the houses of the men. Supplies of food for men and horses was the greatest question. At that time there was very little grain



Mr. G. C. King, for thirty-six years postmaster at Calgary.

grown in the country but the police soon began to grow oats for the horses. Hay was plentiful all over the prairies and most of the land was held by cattlemen.

In 1875 Mr. King joined the force at Calgary and his experiences are interwoven with that city up to the present time. He helped to build the first log house for the police, the nucleus of the city. After Colonel MacLeod had chosen the site on the Bow and Elbow, suggested by a Catholic missionary who set up a wooden cross to indicate the best place, Captain Brisbois, with fifty men arrived in Calgary in August, 1875. Mr. King states that with their equipment was a 9-pounder gun and the men lived in huts till Christmas. The I. G. Baker company of Fort MacLeod had the contract for buildings. A stockade, 200 by 200 feet was built of logs, twelve feet high, placed on a two foot trench. After the buildings were put up the men of the police built on corner bastions, working, stated Mr. King, when it was forty below zero. With all the resources of the pioneer, they even made their beds out of small sticks and had their mattresses filled with straw.

The diary of the late Mr. S. J. Clarke is written from the various forts of the time—Fort Walsh, Fort Pinto, Horse Butte, Fort Calgary and Fort MacLeod. Mr. Clarke was one of the second contingent and leaving train at Bismarck, took the boat up the Missouri River, a distance of 1200 hundred miles. Several boat loads of American soldiers were passed, on their way to "Little Horn" to look after "Sitting Bull" and his band who were interwoven with the early history of Alberta.

The diary reads "We met plenty of trappers and traders and they always carry their henry (gun), eating or sleeping for this is a wild country." Arriving at the branch of Milk River, the party started, on August 19th when the prairie abounded in rattlesnakes, the color of the grass and even crawled into the blankets while the poor trail-makers slept. On the march they made thirty miles a day the diary reads "pretty tired and our tempers up with looking for rattlers and put them in our pockets." The water which was obtained in buffalo wallows, was covered with a green scum and was very bitter to taste. "Talk of the burning sands of Egypt, they could not be worse." Then he philosophically adds "We will all get over it in time." Surely this attitude of

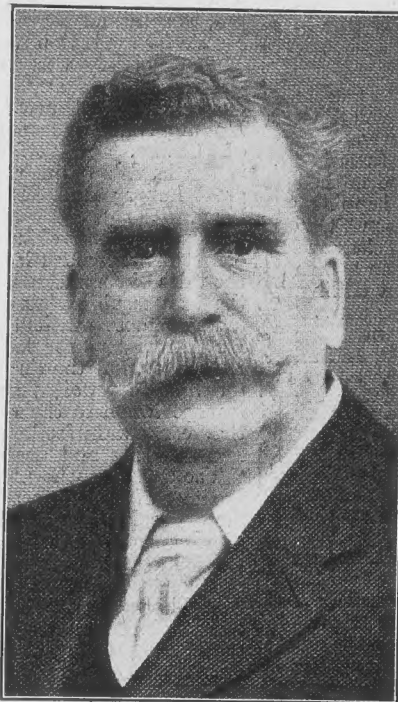
mind in the pioneers has been a vital factor in the up-building of Canada.

Horses from Fort Walsh met the party at the north fork of Milk River and a little difficulty was experienced with these "wild and woolly bronchos." So the party travelled to Fort Walsh and no one would envy them a trip over the Alberta plains as they were in 1876.

At that time there were 300 police in all of the North West, increased in 1882 to 800 men. The first work of Mr. Clarke and the new members of the force was the building of a stockade and corner bastions around the grounds of the fort.

During this time the Indians were most troublesome on the Western prairies. "Sitting Bull" and his band of Sioux were in the vicinity of Fort Walsh, numbering about 3000. There was much stealing of horses and cattle among the Indians of the Cypress Hills and the Bloods and Piegiens warred on every possible occasion. To show that the police meant business, Colonel MacLeod and a number of the police made an imposing tour from Walsh to Battleford when they were accompanied by the police band. So the strains of music echoed across the vast prairies 43 years ago when this history making party travelled our Alberta trails.

The typical fire water used, sold as rye whiskey, was often found to be a poison



The late Mr. S. J. Clark of Calgary who kept a diary from 1874 as a member of the R. N. W. M. P.

of blue stone and other chemicals and a careful watch was given the "bull whackers and mule drivers" who had a regular system of smuggling. Patent medicines were popular drinks, also florida water and vanilla, lemon and hot drops all selling at a dollar a bottle. With the coming of the police this began to be stamped out. Over the quarters flew the British flag and under the wise guidance of Colonel MacLeod, there was evidence of the establishment of law and order.

The early work of the police is unfolded in such items as "Charlie, a bull whacker, was caught smuggling ten gallons of red rye into Fort Walsh and fined \$200." So we follow the round and task of the police and the man who writes—so we study as they studied, the problem of governing this new West and placating the Indians.

The police did not realize that they were making fame for all time, they only carried through the service required of them. This often included the guarding of Her Majesty's mail. Mr. Clarke leaves an account of travelling alone, with the mail in the Spring of 1877 from Wood Mountain to Cypress Mountain post. The White Mud River was very high and impossible to ford, so sending his horses across, he took the wheels off the cart and started with the current. Soon the box overturned and hanging on to the sides of the cart he managed to reach the other

side, always holding the mail high and dry.

The irregularity of the mail was one of the pioneer hardships. It was sent to Fort Benton and from there by train and boat through the United States to Eastern Canada and American stamps were used. In Mr. Clarke's diary was frequently the complicated sentence "The mail left for Montana, for Canada." Such other items as "Mail arrived 25 days on the way, delayed by storm." So we wonder as they wondered what news the next packet would bring of the friends "away back east." It was in many ways a grim enough life and the gentle arts of outside were denied these men.

Mr. Clarke's diary relates a trip to Fort Qu'Appelle and Old Wise Lake with treaty money. On their return they were accompanied by an Indian who claimed to be a student of Omaha College. He was educated and it was thought that he had been sent out to watch the movements of the Sioux.

Personal references of the diary are of interest and one can see the writer tired at the close of the day, sometimes thawing out his frozen ink pot and sitting down to write his simple tale. We read "shot two buffalo today but only took the tongues." "Made for the police the first sleigh bobs made in the Territories."

The initiation of a police recruit is recorded "just to pass the time away until we started on a scouting tour," wrote Mr. Clarke from Fort MacLeod. "We placed a candle in a bottle on the head of Charlie Young who had just arrived from the East and I shot the candle off," so in this William Tell event the college hazings of today seem mild.

Times were both grave and gay in those pioneer days and we seek for threads which shall unite today with all the days of glamour that are gone. We read "A dance at Four-Mile Coulee; a good many of the boys attended, the dance lasted till morning with Red River jigs and Half-Breed reels." We conjure up the Fort MacLeod Christmas of 1878. "A fine day, a good dinner, the best the town could afford—barracks decorated with evergreen and mottoes and plenty of pain-killer, hot-drops and florida water." In September, 1879, an account is given of a



Col. James Walker, original member of R. N. W. M. P. who travelled the plains in 1874

theatrical performance at St. Martin's Hall, Fort MacLeod, in honor of Colonel and Mrs. MacLeod.

Crow-foot the great chief of the Blackfeet who made the treaty at Blackfoot Crossing in 1876, is an important figure throughout the district and frequent reference is made to him in relating the life of the forts. In 1879 an item reads "A large camp of Blackfeet came into the fort—Sitting Bull endeavoring to make freinds with them" gave a

Continued on page 14.

Christmas Eve on Georges Bank

By Bonnycastle Dale

*Laddie and I wish for the Staff and our many Readers
A Merry Christmas*

We were snuggled down in front of the big hearth in the great room which had once been the sitting room of this ancient house we use to camp in, in Nova Scotia. Laddie was curled up on the sea lion skin busy as a dog with fleas keeping the sparks from the sea beach drift wood off the dry hair. Our guest Job Cod-kedge, — a young sailor; had the cougar skin for a couch while I had to use the few harbour seal skins to keep off the cold draft that came up the wide chinks in the old spruce floor. I lighted my long stemmed pipe just as laddie asked Job — "did you have a good trip in the old Wallower?"

"Just fair to middlin'. I shipped at Yarmouth. We next sailed out of a



We Sailed Out of a Tiny Sheltered Harbor.

tiny sheltered harbour. The I. M. A. Corker, was a knockabout rig — a hundred feet long an' two sticks. Them was so heavy they most rolled the shrouds offen her. We was after cod on Georges Bank fifty mile out. An east-by-south brought the fog in from whar the Gulf Stream hit the cold waters of Bay of Fundy. It was December tenth when we slid out under reef wide of Fundy an' ran bang into a snorter of an easter. We wanted shore room so we had to beat, an we tore the jumbo offen her first lick. We rigged a storm jib an' beat clear out to sea — slipped most of the cloth offen her that night an' took a ton or two of snow adeck. We had to run three hundred mile afore that nipper an' it took us fourteen days to get back to fishin' ground. I had watch four on Christmas eve. The day had been gloomy an' leaden an' there was sullen sea dark as slate with a wild curl of windchop on the tops. We were iced up somethin awful an' I kept warm by breaking off a ton or two from our wee chumpy bowspit deck. Then it came on to snow somethin' fierce. As fast as I scraped it offen one side of the lantern, tother one was snowed up slick. I stood thar, seeing in my mind, them Yarmouth streets and homes. We had an old big bell on the riggin an' it tolled away as if all codfishers was dead an' drowned. I couldn't see the wee cannon in the bow, but I was all ready to load it if I heard anythin' — you see the Georges Bank is right in the steamboat lane an' big passengers thrash along all hours of the day an' night an they just roll you over an' drown all hands. I know Capt. told me when I come aboard — "sleep with your pants on. Don't want no sailors freezing naked if we was run down." — (just 'bout then a lump of ice came slobbin down an' took the head of my pipe off as slick as anythin.) It was a bit cold — just about zero, matey told me as he went off watch — but I was oiled up well an' kept a-movin'. I was thinking of home, and of summer streams whar I poled fishin' club men along, an Christmas eve an' all the boys an' girls would be down to the hall an' crowded

up near the big stove while tothers was dancin' an' someone would say, "where's Job?" — and tother would answer — "fishin'" — an' that was all, thar was to that. Then I seemed to hear king an' prince rustlin' in straw in the old fish-house the best two oxen in the county! I swear I could see mother fixin' up the Christmas tree for the kids — an' I knew my bundles would be on thar an' waitin' for me when next I got home. I was pressin Rex's cold snout an' askin' him

when the tide turned an' we didn't want to foul any of them.

Capt. told cook to load up the musket and fire regular. Well he did. He loaded her full to the muzzle. Lashed her and skipped back in the way and zipp! off she went. All he ever found of her was the butt plate and two screws.

"Wont make me load the ole blunderbuss again I guess." I heard cook say.

"Two weeks gone an' not a line over the side yet," I heard the Capt. grumble. We was all pumpin as squads of water

sudden calm as we often get and we just flap flapped in the light airs, "run out in the wind" I heard Capt. say — Then I heard her an called "steamer off port Bow!" "we all listened and we could hear her out thar in the thick snow" — "slop!" — "slop!" — an' we could hear the water runnin outen her scuppers. We never saw that passenger — she slopped outen hearin.

Matey was mighty glad to be pumpin beside me. He was out just before the storm of snow came outen that slatey sky intendin' to put a trawl out, an' the tide got him an although he rowed as hard as he could towards us he went right to win'ard fast with the tide. All sailors lost in dories always row into the wind an many times row right past thar own ship. We made two long reaches with all sails up that time before we saw him an he was rowin away from us into the wind as hard as ever now, he says to me "hear that". — I did an' it sounded like breakers — but I knew we was miles from nearest land. "Its sand!" he said I knew the sound then. When the tide and wind is worst on the banks the sand is thrown into great hills on the Georges. Them banks is all sand and mighty little water on, — an God pity the poor boat that runs onto one of them sand shoals — I know I heard Capt. say when mate asked him how he got his hair so grey?" "Got it one night I tried to hold her offen a shoal on the banks."

We didn't hit the shallows as it soon roared out furdur off, but the snow was so thick you could a shingled it.

Before first gray light we was back on the Georges an' the wind was down. The snowsquall was over — an only the old sea was runnin. An I changed from my wet duds and dropped into my bunk.

It seemed just about mornin' an' I could hear the big rooster crow dull out in the hen house — and father clumpin his boots on the stoop an' the dry creak of the snow under his heels — I could smell the cookin up in my room — sausangers and buckwheat cakes for Christmas morning — Hoorah! — I guess I had better get into my duds, — then I heard the door creek an' I saw mother come into the dim room with somethin' bulky in her hand an' she laid it down on the chair an' slipped over an stood listenin an' I pretendin' to sleep — just snorin away regular an' pretty soon a bit of hair tickled my cheek an' then she kissed me an' stole away — an I raised up an' reached for her an got — Whack! what a bump! I hit my head bam on the bunk above me — an' thar I was in the foksle an' not home atall on Christmas mornin'.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK

BY PEANUCKLE, JR.

Mother pins her faith upon it when the children have the gripe.
Father rushes to its counsels when the children have the pip;
When a neighbor's child is injured or a neighbor's cow is ill
It prescribes a healing lotion and curtails a doctor's bill.
When a horse shows tinge of colic or a pig is indisposed
When a cat complains of fever, realistic or supposed;
When a calf is off his rations or a gobbler hangs his head,
When a mule looks wan and wasted or a hired man takes to bed,
Then this rare and weighty volume, gospel page of life and hope,
Always knows the balm that's needed and prescribes the proper dope!

Forty full page illustrations deal with ailments of the skin,
Forty pages cry the dangers of the chronic use of gin;
There's a page on corns and bunions, and a treatise on the hives,
A chapter on tree culture, some advise on sharp'ning knives.
There are facts on ventilation, and some recipes for sweets,
Some remarks on summer canning, and some menus for our "eats";
A world of knowledge, hints, and wisdom, gleaned from doctor,
nurse and cook, —
Next to catalogue and Bible, comes our FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK.

how he would like to go for a duck when somethin' mighty cold hit me ker slop in the face an' waken me — a clean green sea over the bow — although thar was a fair bit of a breeze blowin an' our ridin' sail was full and we pointed well up to the wind we was going backwards fast an' fair with the full tide that was runnin' bout 5 knots I guess, luckily we was a bit off the banks that night an only got the tail of it as you might say for Capt. said he had seen fine big fisherman go plump under pooped by the seas over back deck, an' the anchor still holdin'. Bang into it we went again an another dark wall poured over the starn this time. Capt. he ran on deck with "all hands to pumps" bellowing ahead of him and the crew came through a slushing slop from the fok-sle. Our good little ship jockeyed most of that water off by rollin gunnel deep an' I got caught in a wave and hit the bit an' hung on for dear life. I seen Capt. run in ahead of a deck wash an' chop us free so we lost fifty fathoms an' a good anchor. We rushed backwards with that tide although the stiff so' easter that was blowin now filled our ridin sail hard as a bolt. We was backed right into the wind by the tide. Soon she payed off and we ran with the tide under bare poles.

"HOOT!" "HOOT!" sang out a steamer's siren away off in the thick smudge of snow — then we heard her again. Capt. he runs to the galley and comes back with a bakin' poder tin full of black poder an' he swabs the gun out an' jams it in, then out comes cook with a red hot poker an' lights the fuse — Bang! goes the gun — then we see her. She was just like a black mountain over us roarin with signals — "HOOT!" "HOOT!" "HOOT!". I could have hit her with old so'wester offen my head — she slid by showing few lights that we could see so far down thar an' then we was thrown sky high in her trough. We rigged a bit of a sail an' stood offen the bank a bit as thar was thirty sail anchored thar

had gone below. Capt. he was loadin an, firin an' the ole cannon would tear loose with an extra load and come rompin plum up against the bit tearing every lashin loose. An' he was usin' nine strand rope too to tie it down. Our ole bell was a ringin an' the gun forin and us all eyes out into the drivin' snow when I sees Capt. run to the wheel and put her off a few points — we just didn't hit the beam trawler that was sliding down one of the "Old seas" that was runnin' through the new wind. She gave us a blast as much as to say "would you — an' it Christmas eve!" — Oh! we was enjoyin "The Eve" all right. My boots was so full of water I pumped out "squash" every time I stepped! — There was a



Headwaters of the Liverpool.

Our Lady Star of the Sea

By Alison M. Lederer

The church of Our Lady Star of the Sea was as old as the little village of French fishermen, Gallilee, which knelt reverently around it among the sand dunes of the Jersey coast. Time, twenty-five years, had brought changes, even to the little Roman church. Its name originally Notre-Dame Etoile de la Mer, had been changed when the Frenchmen had been joined by other fishermen—Irishmen, Portuguese and German Catholics.

Then, out of the side of the little village, toward the south, a colony of summer cottagers, and later of Italian and French and Spanish villas sprang. Twenty-five years saw great changes at Gallilee; but still the sturdy little church, with its spire and belfry looked out bravely across the black sea and its white-crested inrolling billows through the lonely winters, and smiled cheerily at the smart traps and motor cars in summer, as they whirled by through the village to the station and then back to the gorgeous villas toward the south.

Only a few changes materially affected Our Lady Star of the Sea. Once, after a schooner had stranded in foul weather on the sand-bar directly off shore, and went to pieces on the white beach, the good fishermen of the congregation appropriated funds to install a beacon light in the belfry, under the gold cross, which was lighted and tended by volunteers when the weather was thick.

Again, since the Catholics of the summer colony had joined the congregation and occasionally attended services, changes found their way within the walls of Our Lady Star of the Sea. Red-cushioned pews took the place of the old bare wood benches. The altar was draped in red plush, wrought with gilt. Long brass chandeliers with porcelain candles were hung from the high-gabled ceiling. Two solid silver reading-lamps on the pulpit had been given in memory of a young man who had been drowned in the surf.

But the most incongruous of all to Our Lady Star of the Sea was the modest little public house across the way, just down the road. A thrifty Jerseyman, who had amassed a little money peddling vegetables, set it up as a "road house." There was no through traffic to support one; but the bar, conspicuously labeled "Cafe," warranted the enterprise. As a matter of form, there were ten or a dozen sleeping-rooms upstairs, always scrupulously clean and always unoccupied, excepting those used by Croxon himself and his wife and children. Summer and winter, the poor little "road-house" looked up respectfully at the church across the way, and Our Lady Star of the Sea al-

ways had a smile for her incongruous neighbour.

She smiled across the short stretch of her graveyard, with its straight little white tombstones, many of which told the swift tragedy of the sea. And on the rare occasions when one of the guest rooms of the "road house" was occupied, it was usually the genial neighbour church which sent them, a couple from the fisher-village whom she had just made man and wife; and this was their honeymoon.

Most prominent among the summer congregation of Our Lady Star of the Sea was a French capitalist of the social set, Gaillard, the banker. He had been one of the first to build a villa at Gallilee. Fashion had followed him. There he had lived his proudly successful, prominent life, until one summer the gods envied him. Then it was that his wife, a vivacious Frenchwoman, whom he had brought from overseas, ran off with an impressionable Irishman, himself the head of a family and the owner of a villa, next door to the Gaillards.

The Frenchman had left him a single child, Eugenie, a girl of seventeen, just growing from the ugly age into a most beautiful early womanhood. Eugenie resembled her mother strikingly even now. She had the same full, solid build—the length of limb and breadth of back so rare in Frenchwomen; the same very black, rich hair, abundant and coiled low on the white neck; the same purity of white skin, and the same gorgeous golden eyes that went straight to your soul and told frankly whether she loved or hated you.

Gaillard adored her as the best of his broken life, and he guarded her as a man does his last remaining treasure. Towards the rest of the world he had become hard and bitter. In business he was merciless and exacting. He went no more into society. Even for the sake of Eugenie he could not bear to go among people with his shame. He made no attempt to learn the fate of the wife who had so suddenly left him and her child on a wicked August night.

He had once been told that she and Halloran had taken a tiny villa somewhere in Italy or the south of France. But the

He worked over the two round flower beds on the bit of lawn.

strangest part of Gaillard's unreasoning bitterness toward those who were in no way responsible for his misfortune was a mortal resentment for his neighbor, the poor woman whose husband had left her to a similar fate with her only son, Michael. On that awful night she had come to him, wringing her hands and asking his advice. He had ordered her out of his house in his fury and forbade Eugenie ever even to recognize her or her son.

Always of a strongly religious bent, Gaillard turned to his church for the support she has always given her children. Here, at Gallilee, he took a more active interest than ever in the affairs of Our Lady Star of the Sea. At a meeting of the corporation he had offered to replace the modest little structure with an edifice of stone at his sole expense. The fishermen thought him mad, and could not accept so much of a summer member; and, besides, the building was good for years to come and meet demands adequately. When Gaillard persisted and spoke at length and reasonably and frankly assigned his motive as a desire to do for Holy Church something in return for all he expected of her in his trouble, the fishermen scratched their heads and considered and recollected that a house for the priest on the land of the church, would save it the expense of hiring a cottage for Father McGrath between the fisher-village and the new settlement toward the south.

The next summer saw a cosy house just beside Our Lady Star of the Sea, where her priest lived in suitable comfort and state, and gave thanks to God for all his blessings and to Gaillard for his abundant goodness.

It was late for the seashore, well on in October month, and most of the summer colony had flitted. The rows of cottages, boarded up with slats nailed across the closed shutters, looked quite pathetic and forsaken. The deserted villas hardly asked your sympathy. They were too proud for that. They stood, closed and dismantled, like ships trimmed for storm, and the wide bare verandahs were like decks cleared for foul weather. There were caretakers living in the stables, and on several, the carpenters and builders had commenced repairs and alterations for next season. Great farm wagons were carting tropical plants and young trees to the florists' greenhouses for the winter.

But the weather being exquisite since the equinoctial storms had passed; the days balmy and lighted by a very white sun; the nights not too cold to sit out under the gorgeous round blue moon, a few of the summer set remained at Gallilee, postponed from day to day and from week to week their return to the city, and congratulating each other on their good sense, and sharply pitying those who had left.

The tenth of October was a particularly warm and glorious day at the seashore. Father McGrath had been busy preparing his new home for the first winter. In the morning he had worked over the two round flower beds on the bit of lawn between the house and the road; in the afternoon he had gone over the windows, with the aid of the old man who worked for the church, replacing the fly-screens with weather strips and trying the fire-places to see whether they would draw. And now, at five o'clock, he was sitting on his veranda waiting for his servant to announce dinner. Then he would have his cigar and stroll down to the beach, and afterwards read or jot down some ideas for next Sunday's sermon and retire. His life was full of that comfortable monotony which attracted so many to the monastic orders during the middle ages; and he loved it.

He drew his feet down hastily from the porch-rail as he distinguished two riders approaching along the ocean road. He sat up very straight as they turned into his drive. A little exclamation of wonder escaped his lips as he rose to greet Eugenie Gaillard and Michael Halloran. But he greeted them as became one who should rejoice to see peace on earth and good-will among men. He made no allusion to the family feud. He treated their companionship as a very natural thing. He looked at Eugenie and thought her quite the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen, at her full eighteen years. The exercise had brought an unaccustomed flush to her cheeks, he thought, and he was not quite

sure that it was more becoming than her usual pallor. And the disarranged lock of her black hair, which was blown across her forehead and fine nose, and which she was continually brushing away with the back of her gloved hand, did not escape the old priest.

Then Michael alluded to the purpose of the visit without explanation.

"We stopped in to ask you, father, whether you are going to be at home this evening at eight o'clock?"

"I am always ready to receive you, my children. I might stroll down to the beach on such an evening," answered the genial old priest, looking back at the sea, which was all tinted pearly pink by the setting sun where the billows did not rise blue and sharp to the point of breaking into a mass of white foam. "But if you say you are coming—"

"Yes, we shall be here at about eight, father," returned Michael; and then he laid his reins along the neck of his horse and the two were gone.

Father McGrath was still standing under his porte-cochere, looking after the two trim figures in riding clothes disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust, and wondering and wondering, when the servant announced his dinner.

The moon was high in the heavens, but still lighting the sea in silver splendor, with great patches of blackness here and there, the reflections of a flying rack of clouds blown up from the horizon by a sharp wind which had risen after sunset. Father McGrath was pacing his porch after dinner. His hands were behind his back and his head was thrust well forward. He was still thinking of Eugenie Gaillard and Michael Halloran; and wondering.

It was sharp eight when two figures, bundled in long flying coats and huddled close together, walked briskly up the white gravel path. The little lawn, with its flower beds and sharply trimmed evergreens, was a place of a thousand beauties in the light of the full clear moon. The shadows were clean-cut, and the deep blue light was rather warm than cold. Father McGrath stood at the head of his stoop to receive them. Michael assisted the girl up the steps and then turned to the priest.

"You have been waiting for us, father?"

"My children," exclaimed the old man, "I am always at your service. What can I, or what can holy church do for you?"

The question seemed to carry its own answer. Father McGrath seemed to realize this of a sudden, and so it was almost without surprise that he heard the young man's prompt reply:

"She can make us man and wife, father?"

But the old priest shook his head. The feud of their families was quite familiar to him; it was common property at Gallilee. The girl and the boy followed Father McGrath into his study. The study was a very unpretentious little sitting-room in the rear of the house, toward the church, and looking out over the sea. There were two modest, half-filled bookcases and a center-table with an oil lamp. This was all that proclaimed it a study, except the awed manner in which the simple parishoners spoke of it as such.

Father McGrath indicated chairs and began pacing the floor, his hands behind his back. For a full minute there was silence. Then the priest spoke slowly and with an evident struggle.

"Your families, my children—I am loath to refer to it, but the difference—has it haply been adjusted, my children?"

"No, father," answered the young man frankly. "It can never be hoped that my mother and Mr. Gaillard may be brought together. The very unreasonableness of their differences makes this certain. We could never hope for their consent."

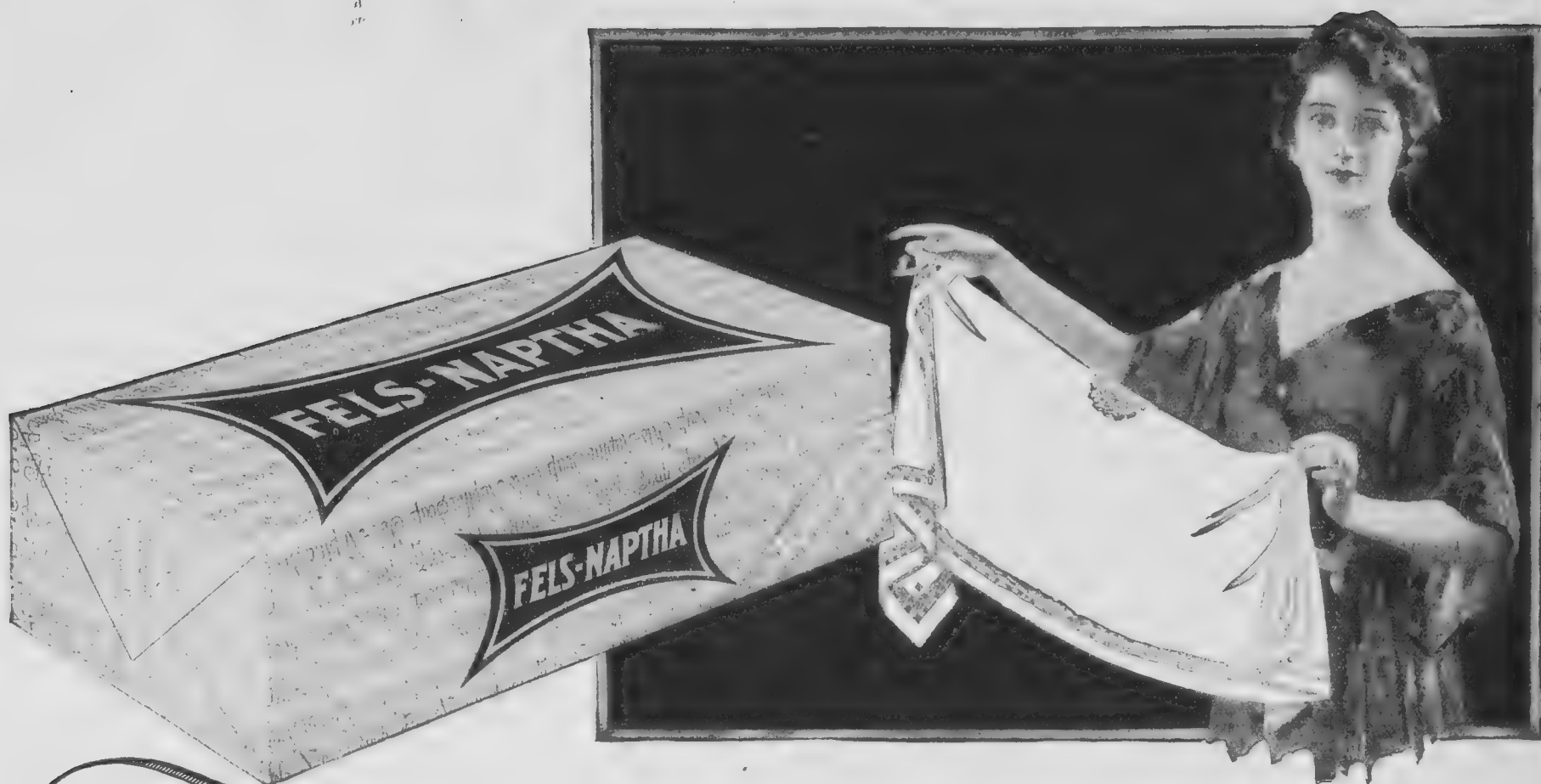
The old man shook his head. "I am afraid, then, I can not help you," he concluded simply; but all the tenderness of a father of the blood was in his voice.

Eugenie rose from her chair and came straight to Father McGrath. Her manner was both deliberate and impetuous, and her words rose with calm dignity to the impassioned appeal.

"Oh, father, you wouldn't refuse to help us if you knew. If you only knew! My father is so unreasonable. Is it Michael's fault, is it his mother's fault—that—that it happened? Wasn't it as dreadful for them

Continued on page 17





The Miracle of the Golden Bar



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

The easy Fels-Naptha way to get clothes clean

Wet the clothes. Soap with Fels-Naptha, roll up, soak half an hour in lukewarm water. The naptha loosens the dirt. Only a little rubbing is needed. Douse clothes through the soapy water to flush the dirt away. Rinse thoroughly.

Boiling is not necessary; but boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. Whether the water is cool, lukewarm, or hot, Fels-Naptha makes clothes clean quicker than ordinary soap.

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia"

The easy way Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go of clothes is the miracle of modern washing! A miracle brought about by the perfect combination of *good soap* and *real naptha*.

You know the astonishing results professional dry-cleaners get by using naptha to cleanse delicate finery *safely* and *quickly*.

When you wash clothes with Fels-Naptha you get the wonderful cleansing-value of real naptha and the washing energy of good soap. Thus Fels-Naptha gives clothes a *double cleansing*.

This is why they come white and clean so readily! And to think this

good golden bar makes snowy suds that give such whiteness to white clothes!

Not only for clothes, but for all your household cleaning, Fels-Naptha works wonders in time and labor saved.

From the standpoint of economy alone you need Fels-Naptha, whether you do your own work or have it done for you. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Indians had Copyright Law Long Before White Man came is Proved by Totem-Poles.

By Francis Dickie

That the primitive Indians on the northern Pacific coast of North America had a copyright law long before the white man came seems to be an absurd statement to make. Yet nevertheless it is a true one. And this copyright law, while not so extensive in its clauses as the white man's, the Indians not having books, still was very similar in its respects to the modern law of copyright in force among all civilized nations to-day. The existence of this copyright is proved by no less strange object than the totem-pole found among the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska.

While some little has been written on totem-poles and a few pictures been shown, and quite a number of tourists have viewed some of the poles in existence along the Pacific coast, the general reading public has never been made familiar with the meaning of these poles, or of the strange and interesting ceremonies attached to them. The writer recently made an extensive trip through northern British Columbia and Alaska in company with William Beynon, of the Dominion Government's Ethnological Survey. Mr. Beynon who has spent the last fifteen years in research work among the Tsimshyen, Haida and Tlinket Indians of the north Pacific coast, is probably the greatest living authority on these people. The following pictures of totem-poles and facts gained through the trip with him are of particular interest because of their bringing out the hitherto unnoted existence of copyright law among the primitive people, showing how works of art were valued in every age, even among savages.

Totemism was, and still is, a system of tribal division among many primitive races of men, its origin dating back to very ancient times. Naturally objects, usually an animal, bird, fish or reptile, were taken as a totem both for clans and individuals. The representation of individual totems in many regions of the earth was often painted upon the body, or painted or otherwise worked upon such possessions as blankets, skins of animals, utensils and shields. It is among the coastal Indians of British Columbia and Alaska that the representation of totems takes the most peculiar and most unique form upon the face of the globe, one found in no other region. Among the Indians here the totems are carved upon immense cedar poles.

To be the owner of a totem-pole is the highest peak of social standing in the social organization of the Indians of the northern coastal region of British Columbia. It is a symbol of wealth, power, position, commanding not only the respect of all the members of the same tribe, but also that of other tribes. It is never worshipped, in any sense but displays to the native world the individual crests and

A Christmas Message

From Sir Arthur Currie
President McGill University

It is a pleasure to send a brief message to the Christmas number of The Western Home Monthly. To Canadians, as to all other Christian peoples, Christmas is fraught with deep and solemn meaning. It is a season of peace and good will to men, a season of joy and boundless hope and promise. It is a season of fact as well as a season of prophecy. It should be a period of renewed ideals, - ideals born in a manger nineteen hundred years ago, which after the passing of the centuries appeal alike to men of all creeds and of none. But it is a time too of vivid and sacred memories, memories of childhood and of home and of the old kindly faces, many of whom have vanished with the years.

It was in a period of force and weak spiritual power, when mankind was near to despair, that a sudden glory appeared in the world over nineteen centuries ago. In that glory was disclosed the principle and the organizing power of a divine social order among men. Therein was revealed the beauty of self-surrender, even unto death. It is that beauty of service and that glory of unselfishness that have guided the world on its forward march of progress.

It is the beauty and the glory of the Christmas spirit that has fashioned our country. Our fathers, who with horrid toil cleared from the wilderness the stubborn rock and gnarled forest, thought not of reward. They were guided by the divine light, the light of self-surrender. They had the faith and the hope, the fact and the prophecy, of the Christmas spirit. They were missionaries of civilization who in their labours heard around them singing "the multitudes of the heavenly hosts". They realized that mankind can have no peace until it has suffered for it and worked for it. They taught us that the essence of manhood is to feel for one's native land, to endure hardness for a noble cause, and to unite with generous comradeship and without envy with one's kind.

We descendants of the pioneers have perhaps been too slow to carry into our daily life their ideals and their practice of the Christmas spirit. That is perhaps not surprising. Milton in his Hymn on The Morning of Christ's Nativity warned us against depression because of the long interval between the Christmas prophecy and its historical fulfilment. The Christmas spirit of the manger, that spirit which guided our ancestors, still lives in our country. We have just passed through a period of national awakening. In that time of sacrifice and of sorrow man discovered again that he had a soul. The hope of the Christmas spirit is that man will not again lose that knowledge. But we have yet perhaps too much railing against the ill and too little fighting for the good. We have just emerged from the fires of political passion. We need to seek again the peace and the beauty and the glory and the quiet hope of the Christmas manger. We need to realize that there are things worse than war, - a sordid slothfulness, a cowardly submission to injustice, a sectional or class bitterness and enmity disrupting the country our fathers built.

To-day the Christmas call is for a new chivalry, a chivalry in which the chief ambition is service and the willingness to risk all for a cause. In our vast country with its wide energies and its broad activities, - even as in the world with its weariness, its disillusionment, and, in places, its despair, the Yule log with its symbol of divine fire needs to be kindled afresh and the Christmas spirit reincarnated in our far-flung homes. We need to be worthy of our pioneer ancestors. They toiled and suffered and conquered in the Christmas spirit. With them self-surrender came high. But, as always, the price was worth the paying.

Arthur Currie

also to what clan of the four existing ones the owner of the pole belongs.

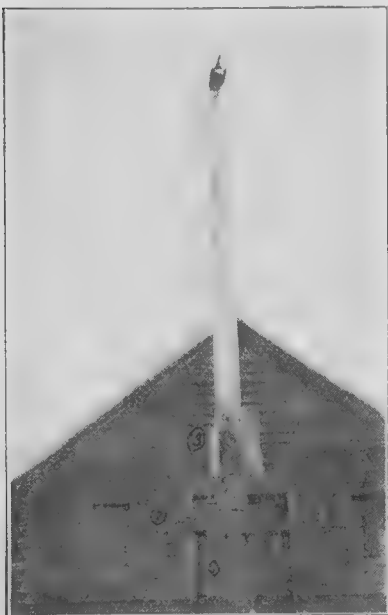
In the erection of the totem-pole a great amount of wealth is lavished, as the more wealth spent upon the pole, the more prestige the owner will command among the people.

The reader looking at the accompanying photos will note that some poles contain a great deal more carving and figures than others, and from this would deduce that the plainer poles were the least expensive. However, this is not so, and shows the difference between the white and red man psychology. While a totem-pole with only a little carving upon it naturally did not cost so much in artist hire, the owner might have spent a great deal more wealth upon the ceremony of erecting than did the owner of a much more extensively carved one.

When an Indian decides to have a totem-pole he begins gathering wealth to meet the expense. If the man is of very high rank preparations begin at least a year ahead. In olden days preparations for such an event often were begun three years in advance.

The first person to be hired for work upon the pole is the artist, a man of standing in the community, a member of a distinct caste, whose prices are of course high. To the artist the man contemplating erecting a pole describes his wants, then relates the traditions of each figure that is to be carved. This done the artist goes to work, spending sometimes months on the executing of intricate designs called for in the completion of each figure. His work is further complicated in that he must not in any way duplicate anything carved upon any pole in the region. This was very rigidly enforced—marking the first copyright law existing on the North American continent. The artist's work done, the song composer is summoned. To him the head of the house also explains the traditions of each figure carved upon the pole. The composer, having learned the general history goes away by himself and becomes absorbed in creating suitable songs which cover everything relating to the pole. The songs become the property of the owner of the pole, the composer has no longer any claim to them; the Indians had no royalty system, but bought their works of art outright. These songs were also copyright and could only be sung by the owner or members of his household. When the songs are composed the composer returns to the owner of the pole. The owner then summons the singers belonging to his house. These average from ten to a hundred in number, according to the rank of the man. The singers at once go into rehearsal under the composers' direction until they are thoroughly trained in the words and music. When all is in readiness to erect the pole, messengers are sent out to invite all the members of all the nearby villages to witness the raising, and also to take part in the following festivities. When all are gathered, the owner gives the erecting of the pole to some tribe he wishes particularly to honor.

Continued on page 47.



Very rare miniature canoe design, Heida Indian totem-pole, Northern British Columbia.



Very fully carved Tsimshyen Indian totem-pole.



For Ten Nights

And ten days—these delightful effects

This offers you ten days' enjoyment of a new teeth-cleaning method.

It is used by careful people nearly all the world over. Authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

This test will let you see and feel how much it means to you. It will surprise and delight you. Please accept it.

To combat film on teeth

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Some escapes the tooth brush, some resists it. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. That is why so many teeth fail to glisten as they should.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is why decay starts in so many well-brushed teeth.

Film breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That disease, as a result, has become alarming in extent.

Very few people escape

Very few people have escaped these film-caused

troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

So dental science long has sought a way to fight that film. That research has discovered two effective methods. Ample tests have proved them. Nearly all the world over now those methods are accepted and employed.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste, based on modern knowledge. With Pepsodent, one may apply those film combatants several times a day.

What else must be done

Science also finds that we should daily bring some aids to Nature.

The saliva contains a starch digestant, designed to digest starch deposits. Otherwise they may gum the teeth, ferment there and form acid.

The saliva contains alkalis, designed to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. But, with modern diet, both these forces are generally too weak.

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste should increase them. So Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant and multiplies the alkalis. It does this in a natural way with every application.

Thus Pepsodent fights film-coats, starch and acids as no other way has done. To people all about you it has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Watch Them

Watch the changes which this ten-day test will bring.

Note how clean the teeth feel as compared with now.

See how they glisten when the film-coats go.

Mark how each use increases Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

You will quickly realize that this method means a new era in teeth cleaning.

You will know that it means much to you and yours, now and in years to come.



New beauty—new charm

This means for one thing new beauty and new charm. Dingy film-coats are removed, teeth are left highly polished. What your mirror shows you in a week will be a revelation.

To men who smoke it means frequent removal of the smoke-stained film.

It means new cleanliness to all. To young and old it means protection such as old ways never brought.

Send us the coupon and see these results. Read the reasons for them. Then judge this new way for yourself. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Made in Canada
Pepsodent
REG IN CANADA
The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now daily used
by millions

Millions now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The use is fast spreading the world over.

It is time that every careful person knew the benefits it brings.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 459, 118 Sherbourne St. Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

Why guess about it— When you can know about it?

Suppose a guide said—

"This way there's a safe and pleasant road to your destination, with no risks or troubles on the way," and—

"That way there's a road that a good many have stalled on and turned back from, but you may get through."

Which would you take?

Postum is a thoroughly agreeable and satisfying meal-time drink, and you're sure that it's perfectly safe for health. Tea and coffee contain drug qualities which disturb the health of many.

Postum or tea and coffee? Which road?

Why guess when you can know?

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"

The Way of Youth

"T'aint everyone reckons I'm the paragon you do, y'know, dad."

"I don't think you are a paragon at all; on the contrary, I think you're a very faulty youngster," returned McCathy, trying to look stern and failing utterly as his son's happy grin assured.

"Oh, well," he said easily, "you don't often mention it. But joking apart; I wish you would let me have a shot at this farm idea, it 'ud give me a chance to show I was worth something."

"You're still keen on it?"

"Crazy keen," returned the boy, promptly, "I think we must have come of farming stock, way back a few centuries; I feel the call of the land in me bones," and he laughed as he got off the table and stretched luxuriously. "Say, dad, d'you know the difference between a swede and a turnip?"

"Maybe I do," answered his father slowly, wondering if this were a judgment on him, wondering, too, what Dennis would say if he knew the truth. He knew right enough where the farming stock came in; hadn't he spent all his married life and more beside in trying to hide it, and he had succeeded, succeeded so well that young Dennis didn't know, couldn't imagine from whom he got his longing.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose if you're set on it you'll have to go." He never yet had refused this idolized son anything; and to tell the truth Dennis hadn't suffered under such treatment as he might have; allied to a naturally unselfish nature, his mother's influence kept him level. "I had hoped," continued the elder man, "to have had you follow me in the business, but—"

"I loathe it, dad," interrupted the boy, quickly. "I feel an awful selfish cur, but, honestly, I'd only make a hash of it if I did go into it. I wasn't cut out for that sort of thing, but give me a bit of God's green earth and a spade and I'll be happy."

His father laughed.

"I wonder," he said.

"Honor bright," the boy spoke earnestly "just you give me the chance and see."

"If I give you the chance," said his father, slowly. "Have you any idea about starting. I suppose you don't want to buy a farm to begin with."

"Oh, no! I suppose I'd have to go as a pupil somewhere. Know anyone who'd take me on, dad?"

"Perhaps I do, if you mean to work that is, but—" he paused, his mind going back to 30 years ago as near as might be, when he had set out on the white road from the farm that led to fortune. At first the hard words with which he had parted with his father, and his mother's sad face had worried him, but by and by the impression faded, put out of his mind in the interest of the struggle for supremacy, now it came back again with added poignance, as once again history repeated itself and his son refused to follow his father's calling. Well, he would at least learn by experience and not quarrel with his boy. Also he would do a daring thing which would, perhaps, in some way make up for the long estrangement.

"I know some people," he remarked, briskly, "who would perhaps take you on as a pupil, funnily enough their name is the same as ours, but unlike us," here he smiled. "They know all there is to know about farming, if you learn from them if you don't succeed you'll know something; but I'm going to have nothing to do with it mind, except pay the premium. You'd better go and see them and make your own terms. I'll give you the address."

"Dad," exclaimed the boy, delightedly, "you're perfectly topping."

"Mind, Dennis," said the elder man, warningly, "I expect you to make good at this."

"I will, you see if I don't," cried the boy, and he meant it.

Six months later Dennis stood once more in his father's office, but what a difference! The patent leather shoes were replaced by strong, thick soled boots, the elegant lounge suit by a serviceable tweed, the crepe-de-chene handkerchief had disappeared in favor of a more hard-wearing article, and the once white hands were tanned by exposure and hard work.

"Well," his father put the question with a smile. "How d'you like it now you've had six months of it?"

"I'd rather be a farmer, dad, than anything else on earth," exclaimed the boy. "I tell you," he went on, sitting on the edge of the table, confidentially. "When I first got down there I thought I'd make a mistake. Old McCathy looked me up and down as if he didn't think I'd ever be a ha'poth of use to him, but it is different now. I'm making good, dad, even he says I shall be a farmer in time."

"And—er—Mrs. McCathy," he put the question tentatively.

"Oh, she's perfect. She mothers me like anything you know. Mends me socks and fusses round no end. Hope you won't think me too soft, dad, but I rather like it, especially now," he dropped his voice a little, for in the six months death had visited the city man's home and Dennis had lost his mother, which accounted for the added lines on his father's face, and the slight greying of the hair at his temples. "You know, dad," he went on after a pause. "I think their own son must have treated them very badly."

"Did they say so?"

"Not they; they never mention him, but other folks in the neighborhood do, and there are photographs about, and one day Mrs. McCathy showed me his room, it's always kept frightfully neat, I suppose she thinks one day he'll come back. Did you know him, too, dad?"

"Yes, I knew him. He and his father fell out because he didn't want to farm and he left."

"How rotten. I wouldn't have cleared even if you hadn't let me go."

"Are you sure of that, Dennis?" his father's tone was a little grim. "I seem to remember something about never going into the business at any price, and if I didn't see my way to letting you go you'd take French leave. What about that, eh?"

"Oh, well," he flushed under his tan, "that was in the heat of the moment, I shouldn't really have gone."

"There are some things said in the heat of the moment that have to be acted upon," said his father, shortly. "You wouldn't like to quarrel with old Peter McCathy, would you?"

"Well, no. I should say he was a holy terror when he was roused," answered Dennis, thoughtfully. "Say, dad, with a swift change of topic, 'I wish you'd come down, I'm sure you'd like it, and they'd be awfully pleased to see you. They said they remembered you quite well and asked all sorts of questions about you, especially Mrs. McCathy, though the old chap's awfully interested, too. He doesn't say much, you know. Per'aps you remember what a silent chap he is, but he sits and smokes and listens, and now and again shoots a look at you from under his old eyebrows, you know.'"

McCathy the elder did know, and the recollection made him suddenly homesick. He got up restlessly and moved to the fire, so that the boy should not see his face.

"The other day," went on Dennis, happily. "We were down in the pasture and a car passed us on the road. D'you know, dad, for a minute I thought it was you, it looked like our car, I said so to old McCathy, and he turned and stared after it, and I could swear when he turned round there were tears in his eyes. I believe they were awfully fond of you from the way they speak about you, why Mrs. McCathy even knows your favorite puddings. It seems funny you never told us you knew them."

McCathy was bound to say something if only to stop that eager young voice, he felt he could bear no more and broke hastily into speech.

"Yes, it is strange," he said, "I can't come down at present, old fellow, but perhaps, later on if they'll care to have me."

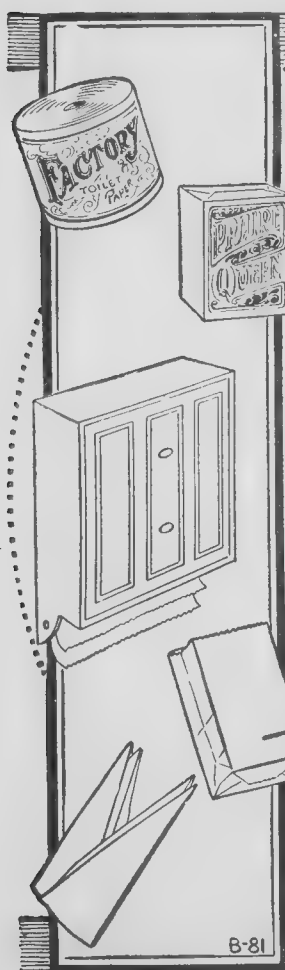
"Care! why they'll love it. They asked last time if I wouldn't bring you back with me. Come for Christmas, dad, I know you can get away then, and—and—I awfully want you to meet someone else I've come across down there."

"Who?"

His father glanced at him sharply. "Joy Raymond, did you know her?"

"I knew a Joy Raymond," he said

Continued on page 15.



EDDY'S Paper Specialties

Towels—good large ones, made of paper that is softer and more absorbent than cotton—ideal for general household use, saving laundering costs and the wear on your linen towels—Eddy's Onliwon Paper Towels.

Buy them for economy, service and satisfaction. Sold in packages of 100, or with the Onliwon Cabinet, a neat, white enamelled fixture for your Kitchen. The cost is trifling—the economy is great. Your dealer can supply you.

And dainty Serviettes of paper too—correct for picnics, informal house parties, lunches, etc. No washing, no trouble, clean and sanitary. A supply of Eddy's Paper Serviettes costs very little.

Eddy's Toilet Papers are the finest produced. Low priced, full value, soft and sanitary. Eddy's Paper Specialties are guaranteed to you by a name that is a household word in Canada.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited
Hull, Canada

Made in Canada

6-81

\$10. the lot SPECIAL OFFER the lot \$10

2 ALL WOOL WHITE BLANKETS—size 64x84 inches 7 pounds pair.
2 WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS—size 60x80 inches.
2 STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS—size 18x38 inches.

PACKED and CARRIAGE PAID to your address. Money returned in full if not satisfied

THE DIRECT TRADING CO., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

4 Aytoun Street,

Quaint Christmas Customs in England *By N. Tournear*

No country in Europe, it has been stated, has had so many old-time local customs associated with Christmas as England. Many of them have died away, their place being taken by forms of practical benevolence instead. Yet, there are many picturesque ceremonies maintained in many parts of the country. The Yule-log is still burned in Yorkshire, though modern grates and kitchen-stoves have done much to put an end to this ancient custom. In Devon and Somerset, too, the 'Ashen-faggot' is burned, even as on the Christmases of our fore-fathers. Large faggots of the ash, bound with withies, are placed across the villagers' fires, and are carefully watched by all present till the bonds burst. Immediately this takes place, refreshments of ale and cider are handed around; and in country taverns, where the custom is religiously kept up, the landlord refreshes all his customers; wassailing, as it were the Yule-fire.

In some parts of Dorset and Sussex, a substantial log of wood is brought in with much quaint ceremony for twelve nights in succession, and placed on the fire, where it is allowed to burn for a little while. Then it is removed, and placed in a box or other place, to be kept till next Christmas.

Mumming lingers in a few parts of Derbyshire, Cumberland, and elsewhere. The players represent St. George, Father Christmas, Sir Guy Warwick, Robin Hood, and others, including the 'Doctor' who restores the slain to life in a most marvellous manner. They gabble the most absurd and laughable nonsense, in some instances the lines being old folk-lore out of the dim past centuries ago; have rough-and-tumbles, and much broad farce, all in good humour; and at the end, collect money or Christmas fare, and sing songs before leaving for the next house-of-call.

One very curious custom is still kept up in certain districts of East Kent, but is to be found nowhere else in England. 'Hodening' or hoodening horse appears to have been a fairly general custom throughout the 'Garden of England' up to the early years of last century. It consists in carrying round a horse's head rudely carved out of wood, which is fastened to the end of a pole, and this is supported by a man, who is hidden under a cloth supposed to represent the body of the horse. The jaws of the horse's head are made to open and shut by means of a cord or wire, making a loud snapping sound. The 'hodening' party, of course, have the inevitable collection at the house - of - call.

Down along in 'Debbon' old customs and superstitions still live strong. There are still some honest old country folk in Devon, who believe that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cattle fall on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour; and that the bees sing in their hives at the same time. This happy old-time belief is yet to be found in parts of Cornwall, Lancashire, and Warwickshire also. Then, down along in Devon how many good stories have been weaved round the old custom of wassailing the apple trees.

What libations to Pomona have been poured at the roots of the trees, and have saturated the toasted bread placed in the forks of them, to the accompaniment of salvoes from the flintlocks, blunderbusses, muzzleloaders, and other firearms you see resting along the smoke dried and blackened oak-beams in the farmers' kitchens. To this day, the wassailing is kept up, and the good people sing:

Yer's to thee old apple tree,
Be zure yu bud, be zure yu blaw,
An' bring forth apples gude enough.
Hats vul! Caps vul!
Dree bushel bags vul!
Pockets vul, an' aw!
'Urrah! 'Urrah!
Aw, ess hats vul, caps vul,
An' dree bushel bags vul!
'Urrah! 'Urrah!

In Devon, carolling is still popular. As midnight nears, you hear voices of the singers and the virtues of Good King Wencelaus and others, in the village and hamlet and on the outskirts of the larger towns. The joybells ring in the belfry-towers, rooks and jackdaws are disturbed from their wonted quiet, and friend wishes friend 'A Merry Christmas' as they meet on their way through the village going to and from the merry 'parties.' In Devon, old Christmas customs still run strong.

Wassailing still goes on in parts of the North of England, and along the Welsh Marches, and down to the Cotswolds. With shepherds and other country folk on the Cotswolds, wassailing is as popular at New Year as at Christmas. Their great wooden bowls or 'mazers' that are adorned with evergreens are frequently curiously carved, and, in instances have been handed down from father to son for many generations. There are some mazers in use this Christmas which were taken round by wassailers of Charles the Second's time.

The bearers sing ancient rhymes as they wend from door to door. Coins are dropped into the spicy contents of the 'merrie browne bowle' at each house they visit, and when the round is ended the revellers divide the money. Sometimes they chant;

Wassail! Wassail! Our Jolly Wassail!
No joy shall go without Jolly Wassail.

Or they sing carols, 'The Seven Joys of Mary' or 'God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen,' and others. Here and there in Gloucestershire you will hear a few wassailers chant the ancient;

Wassail! Wassail! All over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown:

Our bowl is made of a maple tree,
We be good fellows all—I drink to thee!

Ottery St. Mary in Devon has a singular custom. At midnight Christmas Eve, the bellman takes his stand near the vicarage, and immediately the church clock strikes the hour he rings his handbell three times, and then recites,

At the Nativity of Christ our Lord,
The angels did rejoice with one accord,
Let Christians imitate them here on earth,
And crown this day with joy and piousmirth.

Then the bellman in stentorian tones proclaims the exact hour and the state of the weather. Accompanied by numerous friends and callers, he parades the town, and repeats his proclamation every fifty yards en route. Needless to say, he is welcomed by hospitable residents, and entertained generously with refreshments, and his duties do not conclude until the early hours of the morning.

There is antiquity in this unique custom of Ottery St. Mary's and so there is in all the local Christmas customs of England, of which these mentioned are but a few.

CHRISTMAS TIDE

We are tired of the weary warfare;
The daily cares that annoy;
But the one true thing that is left us
Is the dear old Christmas joy.

So we lay aside all our trouble,
The cares that we cannot name;
And rest us, awhile, in the gladness
That ever has been the same.

The same old remembrance and giving,
Always so sweet in the end;
Ever since the great Master-giver
Came down to be King and Friend.

The same fragrant odor of cedar,
Of hemlock, holly, and pine,
Which only grows fresher and sweeter
With memories that years entwine!

The same "Merry Christmas" resounding,
The same old story again,
As sweet as when told to the shepherds,
Of "peace and good-will to men."

The same gladsome chime of the church-bells,
The same old carols and cheer;
The same weary world that is smiling
As the Christmas-tide draws near.

And we turn aside from our trouble,
From all the cares that annoy;
To rest us, awhile, in the brightness
Of the dear old Christmas joy!

Our grandfathers and our grandmothers knew that the right place for a knocker is outside the door.

A man's clothes are in style as long as they are wearable; a woman's, wearable as long as they are in style.

In Candy

They use
Puffed Rice,
you know



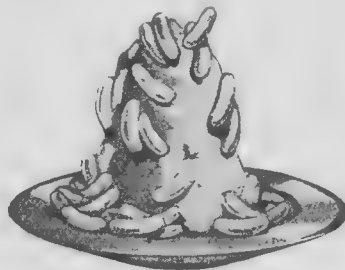
They use it as garnish on ice cream—also on other desserts. They mix it in the fruit dish.

They douse it with melted butter for hungry children to eat like nut-meats after school.

Because it is a food confection, flimsy as a snowflake, flavory as an almond.

These are bubble grains, thin, toasted, crisp. The taste is fascinating. The airy texture melts into the cream.

You never found a breakfast dainty children like so well. Do your children get enough?



Supreme Foods

But Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not merely tidbits. They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods.

They are whole grains with every food cell exploded. Thus digestion is made easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat in milk is the ideal supper dish. It makes whole wheat delightful, and every granule feeds.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. Puffing makes them all available. Serve it daily, for few children get enough whole grain.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

Bubble grains exploded



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada

Instant Beauty for Everyone Says that Famous Actress Viola Dana Who Tells What To Do Just Make this Simple Test.



New York—"I am often asked how I keep my complexion so fresh looking," says Miss Viola Dana, the Screen Classic Star, in a recent interview. "It's a simple process for anyone to have a smooth, velvety, rosy-white complexion and up-wrinkled skin if they will devote just a little time in caring for it. Cleanliness is absolutely necessary in developing a clear healthy skin. For this purpose use a good cleansing cream (Liska Cold Cream I have found to be the best), follow this by bathing the face with warm water, then rinse with cold water, dry thoroughly and apply Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation which can be obtained at any up-to-date drug or department store." This marvelous preparation instantly beautifies the complexion and its continued use makes the results permanent. You can form no idea what a wonderful effect it has upon the skin until you try it. Here is the best way to test it. Put it on one side of your face, then look in your mirror and note the surprising change. You will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing like it for beautifying purposes. The instant results it gives is the reason for its popularity with actresses and those who realize the value of a rosy-white, smooth, clean complexion. It takes but little of your time compared to the splendid results it gives, and the fact that it is used and endorsed by leading beauty specialists

speaks volumes for its efficacy. Derwillo is especially recommended for dark, sallow skin, tan, shiny nose, blackheads, coarse pores, freckles and numerous other facial blemishes. Many use it in preference to face powders or all other beautifiers as it is more life-like in appearance. Perspiration does not affect it, therefore it stays on better, does not rub off on clothing and its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless on the most delicate skin and will not stimulate or produce a growth of hair. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms; there is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Over five hundred thousand girls and women are using it and they are just as enthusiastic over it as Miss Dana. It is rapidly becoming a regular fad and if you wish to have a complexion which will attract favorable comment everywhere, just give Derwillo a trial and you are sure to be delighted with it. Do not accept substitutes, then you will not be disappointed, as there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it."

NOTE—Here is a fair honest proposition by the druggists and department stores of this city. Get a bottle of Derwillo from any toilet counter, give it a trial for a few days and if you don't like it bring it back and get your money. Could anything be fairer? It is sold in this city by all up-to-date druggists and department stores.

THE WHITE OWL DRUG STORE, LTD.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, will fill all orders by mail.

OLD WELSH CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

By Evelyn Lewes

Although we still eat turkeys, fat geese, plum puddings and mince pies at Christmas and the New Year, we have forgotten or certainly ceased to practise many of the old customs and amusements which our ancestors indulged in at this festive season; yet in the country districts of Great Britain and particularly amongst the hills and mountains of Wales there are elderly people who will tell us tales of the merry foolish things they and their neighbours used to do at Xmas long ago. Laughing at their own recollections, these old-fashioned folk will tell us of the giddy pranks played by those who took part in the rollicking procession of Mari Llwyd Llawen—Merry Grey Mary—or in graver mood, they will speak of the time when they sat together in Churches in the small hours of Christmas morning praying long prayers and singing carols by the light of little coloured candles. This early service was called Plygain, which word means morning-twilight, and it was held in many a sacred building that was cold and damp and draughty, the congregation assembling at three o'clock in the morning. The hale and hearty, young and old would walk many a mile along rough sheep-tracks or over ice-bound country roads to attend the Plygain, each person carrying their own candle, and the service lasted until the first sign of dawn heralded Christmas morning. In old days, local poets who could not write carols appropriate for Plygain were much despised, so rhymsters had to be busy in December and ready to recite or sing their compositions when required. Sometimes in old parish registers we find entries in connection with these carols such as "To Carols Sung on Christmas Eve, 5s. To Elizabeth Davies, for holding the candles at the Plygain 6d," it being customary for somebody to hold candles in front of the carol singers that they might see their notes.

When Plygain was over, it was usual for any wealthy farmer living near the Church to give a hearty breakfast to the cold and weary worshippers, who very sorely must have needed such entertainment before their long tramp home.

In some districts of West Wales the receiving of the Cutty Wren procession would be the next excitement of the day. Cutty is a local Pembrokeshire word for short, and in that particular county the adjective is always applied to the wren. In preparation for Christmas the boys of a parish would manage to capture one of these tiny songsters which they would then imprison in a cage made of paper which was always fastened on top of the pole carried at the head of the absurd procession. Cutty Wren's real mission was to beg Christmas-boxes for her followers, one of whom carried a bowl; and if by chance at some unsympathetic door that bowl was not filled with ale, the occupants of the homestead became objects of pity to their neighbors, for any house that gave the wren a cold reception was supposed to attract bad luck for a whole year. Probably in old days when superstition held firmer sway than education, few had the courage to refuse Cutty Wren her beer.

Mari Llwyd Llawen who sometimes followed on the track of Cutty Wren had of course to be equally well received, although the appearance of this nasty-looking personage might have been enough to frighten any small child into fits. Mari Llwyd Llawen or Merry Grey Mary consisted of a skeleton horse's head in which two bottles were stuck for eyes, while the grinning teeth and the bones of the face were gaily decorated with ribbons. The head was worn by a tall man swathed in a white sheet, who would trot all round a village, or come thumping at the door of some lonely manor-house with little fear of an unwilling reception. Attended by a riotous crowd of boon companions Mari Llwyd greedily collected as many Christmas presents as possible from all likely persons, indulging the while in absurd antics and capers. Often this motley party would wait till night-fall and having by stealth gained an entry into a farmhouse they would suddenly appear in the kitchen or principal room where the company would be dancing to the sound of the harp or crwth, the old Welsh instrument resembling a fiddle. Then indeed would the fun wax fast and furious, for Grey Mary with many pony-like stamps and frightful

neighings would prance into the middle of the company, and having chosen the prettiest girl for a partner would force her to join in a very rough gallop around the room.

The Apple-gift procession was another curious old custom peculiar to South Wales, but this was confined to children, one child carrying an apple or orange with skewers and sticks, bits of wheat and oats stuck through it, whilst the top of the fruit was further embellished with a tiny bouquet of thyme and sweet-scented evergreen. Like Mari Llwyd and Cutty Wren the Apple-gift was intended to draw forth presents for its followers and its exhibition was always accompanied by a good deal of shrill singing of Welsh rhymes and carols.

The Christmas of Taffy has always been celebrated with much music and composition of verse, and the "Eisteddfod Nadolig" is as popular now as in the time of the Welsh Princes when bards and distinguished people met together to enjoy these huge competitive meetings. But fortunately the modern Welsh poets are not so greedy for rewards as were those of the eleventh and twelfth centuries who at length had to be restrained by law from asking for horses, hawks and grey-hounds. Competitions of all kinds are still very much in vogue but the skill of the bell-ringer does not evoke the enthusiasm it did some sixty years ago, when it was the fashion for these worthies to meet together in small towns and compete with each other as to what could be done with church bells in the way of vigorous announcement of the festive season. These cheery gatherings were of course not complete without a substantial supper at some favorite hostel.

In many parts of Cambria the New Year is the more favored time for amusement than the previous Christmas week and although we have said goodbye no doubt for ever to Mari Llwyd and Cutty Wren, the Welsh waits perambulating the country on New Year's Eve and well into small hours of New Year's morning show little abatement of their activity. Sometimes their part-singing is extremely melodious but there are occasions when it is not, for anybody will join on to the waits hoping for shillings and refreshment at the houses of the gentry, and it is more important to be able to shout "Blynnydd Newydd Dda" in a stentorian tone calculated to wake the soundest sleeper than to be able to sing a carol in a well-trained voice. In some districts different parties of these merciless waits will disturb a household several times in the night, perseveringly singing such well-known melodies as Men of Harlech and Land of my Fathers until they obtain the gifts they desire. Very aggravating these waits can be to a tired or highly-nervous person and there is a story told in South Wales of a retired English General living in Wales who was so much worried in this way one particular season that he put his head out of his bedroom window and throwing out a generous dole of money shouted "take that and if you come next year I'll shoot you."

After a really bad time from the ditties of the waits it is not always easy to start the New Year in a good temper, but the mistress of a farm or small country house must not rest in bed, for having finished with the adult songsters of the night she has to be down-stairs early to distribute new pennies to the "calenig" collectors who may knock at the door any minute between eight a. m. and mid-day. Walking out for "calenig" on New Year's morning is a very ancient and still much practised custom in many parts of Wales, but it has always been confined to school-children and very old women who are poor and live alone. Many a feeble dame who can only hobble along the road with a stick will make a supreme effort to visit her richer neighbors and receive from them the shilling or sixpence which all parties regard quite as her due at this season. If by any chance the gift should be refused it is quite likely that the ancient lady or her youthful companions would sing the familiar Welsh rhyme, of which the English translation is "May you have a bad New Year and a house full of smoke." But although the weary may sometimes be excused for turning a deaf ear to the waits, the "calenig" request is almost invariably granted, most households preparing a store of bright pennies from the bank for this special occasion; and indeed it would be a hard-hearted person who withheld a coin from those sturdy little apple-checked children who in spite of rain, snow, mud and wind will tramp up and down the hills

Continued on page 64

KNITTING MACHINES FOR MONEY MAKING HOME & RED CROSS WORK.

You can depend on any of our Family Machines, and have your choice of 6 DIFFERENT STYLES, for Money-making, Home-work and Commercial Knitting. 48 years of experience at your service.

Established 1872

MANUFACTURERS

Catalogue Free

CREELMAN BROS. - Box 810 - GEORGETOWN, Ont.

THE HOME DOCTOR. Health in the home, practical advice from the pen of a prominent physician appears each month in the columns of The Western Home Monthly.

A Night with a Spook

By E. G. Bayne

The room was number 13. The day of the week was Friday, and the day of the month, the 13th. It was a small-town hotel, the old-fashioned kind, but boasting "the finest meals along the line."

Two exceedingly practical and quite unromantic business women had perforce taken the room. It was the only vacant one. Just prior to entering it a large black cat had crossed the corridor before them. They recalled this later.

Eleven o'clock boomed out from the tower-clock across the street, and shortly thereafter the hotel settled down into quiet, utter, and profound. The two occupants of room 13 were sleepy and, very shortly, "dead to the world," but not for long.

"Swish—slap—patter—thump!"—these sounds, dull at first, but gradually growing louder and filling the room with a monotonous and rhythmic vibration broke into the consciousness of the sleepers. They awoke in a daze almost simultaneously and after listening for a long wondering minute, clutched each other in a kind of panic.

"Swish—thump—slap—swish!"—there was something sinister in the sibilant sounds alternating with the "thump, thump" and although, as before mentioned, the occupants of the room were prosaic-minded they were just a little awed. To waken suddenly in the dead of night to such weird noises was to say the least disconcerting.

"It's not raining," whispered one. "What—"

"Nor blowing," returned the other. "What on earth—"

"Swish—slap—thump!"—came as if in reply to their unspoken, half-terrified questions.

Now a faint moaning mingled with the other sounds and occasionally a horrible "drip, drip."

The two women frantically pulled the bed clothes over their heads.

"Drip—drip—drip—drip!"—they couldn't shut out the awful, spine-chilling, hair-raising whisper of—was it blood!—dropping, percolating, crawling, a thin red line (they saw it in imagination) over the floor.

Each gave a smothered scream, and then they decided to—be sensible! It was more easily said than done.

"You get up and press the switch," said one.

"You do it. I—I'm chilly," returned the other.

They decided to wait a little longer. More moaning. More swishing. More dripping. One of them peeped out and saw—after a moment or two—a nebulous white Something across the room. It moved from side to side, swaying like a wraith in a storm. The low moaning continued. So did the dripping. They felt that the dripping was worst of all.

"I—I—I saw it!" whispered the one who had looked out. She was a hard-headed journalist, one accustomed to every contingency life had to offer.

"It!" whispered the other, in cold horror. "What, in heaven's name was it? You don't mean—" and she too peeped out. She was the dignified head of an institution, the president of a turbulent club and the secretary of a countryside association, yet she felt her flesh crawling and when she opened her lips no sound came forth. In commonplace vernacular, she was "scared stiff." She too saw "it."

Would they ever live through the night? Would daylight ever come? The moaning became a sort of sing-song now, and by close listening they located the approximate point from which the weird noises emanated. It was behind the east wall, where the Ghost stood. Something that had been alive had met a horrible death and been secreted there in some concealed nook, some hidden closet! It was very likely a false wall!

For hours seemingly they lay there, hardly daring to breathe. They didn't know that in reality it was only twenty minutes. The sounds suddenly ceased and with a growing relief they peered out again. The Ghost was still there against the east wall.

"I'm going to get up and—" began one, at last.

"And what?" asked the other, fearfully.

"And see!" answered the first with chattering teeth "After all, there's a tiny breeze coming in the window and that long cream-colored scarf of yours was hung over the gas bracket!"

She got up and snapped on the electric light. Sure enough, over the old gas bracket hung the scarf, swaying in the draught. One ghost was laid!

Heavy-eyed from loss of sleep, the pair went down to breakfast shortly after seven.

"We demand fifty per cent. off our room charges," they said to the clerk.

"Uh?" he questioned, his mouth falling open.

"You heard! The room is hoodoo'd, and you must have known it. Fifty per cent. discount!"

He gazed at them in real or assumed surprise.

"Swish—slap—thump—patter!" mimicked the pair in concert. "A moister—and blood dripping—and low moans—ugh!"

"Let's see," said the clerk thoughtfully. "You had room 13 I believe?"

"All we wanted of it!"

"I see. It's an inside room, without a bath."

"And haunted," added the journalist, pointedly.

"No, it merely occupies a position at the end of a wing," explained the clerk smilingly. "And a rear staircase runs down at one side—the east side I think. A couple of commercial travellers once heard these same sounds. We don't like to have this thing happen, and of course we'll refund half of the charges—on principle and because you had such a bad night. But it was only our Polack scrub-woman sluicing down the stairs! She washes dishes nights whenever we're short of help, and sometimes scrubs the pantries and the back staircase. The thumps were from her brush and the moaning was her songs, or whatever she terms her weird chanting."

"It sounded like a combination of Chopin's Funeral March and the Hymn of Hate!" said the journalist, blinking to keep awake.

"Better give us a lucky number to-night suggested the head of the institution, before-mentioned. "I'm off thirteen for life! And look! I've grown seven white hairs since midnight!"

A TREAT FOR ARTHUR

A warning for housewives is contained in the following story printed in the New York Times, which may prove helpful in suggesting the proper method of reading cook-books, if in no other way.

"I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear," said young Mrs. Justwed; "an almond soufflé for after dinner. I got the receipt from the new cook-book that came as a wedding present. I'm sure it will be a success."

Arthur smiled doubtfully at the soufflé. "Can't say I like it," he said after the first mouthful. "Sure you got the instructions right? It tastes very funny."

"Oh, yes!" Eleanor replied with tears in her eyes. "I can say them by heart. Just hear me." And she took down the volume.

"Take half a pound of grated almonds, one pound of confectioners' sugar; mix well with white of three fresh eggs—"

"Correct," said Arthur, following the lines with his finger.

"Add two ounces of white pepper," she continued breathlessly.

"Pepper! Great Goodness!" said the unhappy man as he turned the page.

"Two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and—"

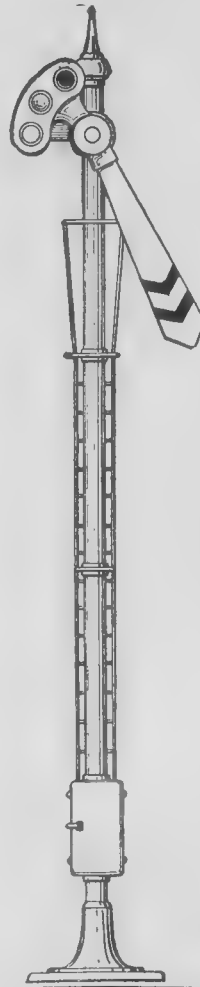
"Stop! Stop! You must be wrong! Why, my dear, I thought so. You are muddling up almond soufflé with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of the book."

Elbow grease is warranted not to soil the hands.

All owe the World for Talents, good or better;

The Greatest Genius is the Greatest Debtor.

The Block Signals Are Working—



In some respects, human experience is like railroading.

Every moment of the business and social day the block signals are giving right of way to keenness and alertness—while the slow and the heavy must wait on the sidetrack for their chance to move forward.

The ability to "go through" and to "get there" depends much on the poise of body, brain and nerves that comes with correct diet and proper nourishment.

That's why so many choose Grape-Nuts for breakfast and lunch. Served with cream or milk it is completely nourishing, partly pre-digested, and it supplies the vital mineral salts so necessary to full nutrition.

Grape-Nuts has a rich, delightful flavor, is ready to serve on the instant—and is distinctly the food for mental and physical alertness and speed. At all grocers.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



St. Andrew's College
Toronto Canada

A Residential and Day School FOR BOYS
UPPER SCHOOL, LOWER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.
Re-opens after Christmas Vacation, January 11, 1922

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.
Calendar Sent on Application Headmaster

For BIG Money for Your Furs

"Trapper Bill"

"He smiles because he ships to Shubert."

Ship to SHUBERT

WE are paying extremely high prices for all kinds of fur-bearers—we want all the raw furs you can get and want 'em quick. Whether you have only one skin or a large collection, ship direct to "SHUBERT"—TODAY. YOU will get big money and get it quick. We have more than thirty-eight years' experience satisfying furshippers all over Canada and know how to give real satisfaction.

Highest Prices—You will be paid the highest price the market will justify—not on one skin or a few skins—but on each and every skin you ship us.

Speedy Returns—We aim to mail you check same day furs are received. We have many letters in our files from fur shippers who say "SHUBERT" returns are the promptest in the world.

Don't delay another minute. Quick action means big money for you. Ship now while prices are high.

Honest Grading—Every skin you ship us will be graded carefully and correctly by an expert—according to the quality, color and condition of the fur and size of the skin.

No Risk—You take no risk whatever when you ship your furs to "SHUBERT"—"THE SHUBERT GUARANTEE" protects you absolutely. We've got to satisfy you and we will.

TRY "SHUBERT"—TODAY

Copyright, Canada, 1921, by A. B. Shubert, Limited

SHIP ALL YOUR FURS DIRECT TO
A. B. SHUBERT LIMITED
 The Largest House in the World Dealing Exclusively in
NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS
 213-215 Pacific Ave. Dept. 72 Winnipeg, Canada

Pioneer Days on Alberta Plains

Continued on page 4

great war dance—then the Blackfeet gave a great war dance near the fort." An October item reads "Men left for Fort Calgary to pay the Blackfeet treaty money." Later—"Crow-foot refuses to come in and ordered the police to go out and pay him." Their main camp was at Gleichen and in 1879 there were about 1,800 Indians.

An item of that year reads "Buffalo pretty scarce; fed 4,260 Indians today." An item from Fort Walsh reads "There are 1,000 tepees around here and the Indians want food." So that the life of the police must have been a busy one.

Frequent items are "Bull team arrived from Benton with supplies for I. G. Baker store." The bull team, peculiar to the prairies, consisted of three canvas covered wagons to each band of twelve oxen which made up a team. There were sometimes as many as eight teams to a train and the wagons were loaded with seven thousand pounds of freight.

In March 1879, Mr. Clarke writes from Pinto Horse Creek "Have had a hard time the last few months as the Sioux Indians come up in bands, demanding food—we had to make tea and give them a little." He describes "Sitting Bull" as about 45 years of age, big head and shoulders, stout, bowlegged, and about five feet seven inches in height.

On May 24th, 1879, Major Walsh went to the Sioux camp to talk to "Sitting Bull" who had not been behaving as a Canadian citizen should. He said that he "Heard that some of the Indians had bad hearts and would go on the war path; but

the boys are sewing to-night making buffalo coats." "They have made caps and moccasins." So there was a diversity of tasks in those days.

There was a spirit of initiative among those pioneers which vast lonely spaces and wild Indians could not stamp out. It is evident in such celebrations and pastimes as "St. Patrick's Day—police and citizens have a big dance—lots of green decorations. July 1st, a race between Sergeants Douglas, Brisbois and Snider, distance 300 yards, purse \$20. Douglas won." Another item of interest was "Men in town playing poker, red chips 50c., blue chips \$5.

Mr. Clarke refers to the death of a member of the force in 1880 and adds "We put a shield on the coffin made out of an American dollar with name, age and date—which again shows the resource of the men.

Colonel James Walker, one of Calgary's most respected citizens, is one of the two original officers of the R. N. W. M. P. living today. He took an active part in the organization of the police, assisting Colonel French in selecting recruits, horses and equipment. "Some two hundred troops were at the time selected out of about 2,000 applicants, and I believe they were the best body of men ever brought together," stated Colonel Walker.

"We left Toronto in the early part of June 1874 on two special trains and I was given general supervision of the horses on the trip," continued Colonel Walker. Colonel French's first intention was to clear the country of outlaws and smugglers and six troops were to be established at different points and expected to be more or less self-sustaining. Colonel Walker purchased mowing machines and other



Pioneer Days in Alberta, 1873.

that they must not do so as they would not be allowed to kill the white people or stop travel over the prairie roads". Thus were the trails of Alberta made safe for the thousands that have followed.

The work of the police in the North West territories soon developed a new code for the white settler and the Indian and it was felt in every part of the vast plains. One of the outstanding accomplishments was the persistent pursuit of horse and cattle thieves and the pursuit of stolen property. Items recorded read "The Crees like to make war on the Blackfeet so they can steal their horses." Of petty thieving, there is constant reference such as "Charlie Ryan slept in his potato patch last night to keep the Indians out." Early in 1880 an item reads from Fort MacLeod "There is a great change here now, people keep their doors unlocked." So we see the police were there to enforce the law.

An item of November 1879 reads "The Half Breeds are moving out from the mountains for their season's hunt." Mr. Clarke leaves an interesting description of that buffalo hunt on the prairie of Alberta away back in 1879.

Frequent reference is made to the hardships of the police and the greazing of their hands and feet. The call on the individual intelligence of the police was great. In addition to their duties as guardians of the law they seem to have acted literally as pioneers in the work of opening up the country. The various duties give evidence of their resource. April 1880 an item reads, "Ten of the men left for work on the government farm at Pincher Creek. Officers and men are branding cattle at Willow Bunch;" "police are putting out a fire in the Porcupine Hills;" "several of

farm implements as well as a year's supply of flour, bacon and other provisions.

"We left civilization at Fargo, N. D., camping out was new to all of us and the prairie cooks had to be educated," said Colonel Walker. Having had a course in military sketching and road surveying, he was detailed to make a sketch of the line of march of the police and his maps were of great value in opening up the country.

The activities of Colonel Walker as a police officer covered a wide range of territory. He carried on operations in opening up the country at Old Wives Lake, Cypress Hills, Fort Pelly, Fort Dufferin, Battleford, Fort Carleton, where he made a treaty with the Cree Indians; and Duck Lake, Fort Walsh, Prince Albert and Fort Pitt.

In addition to police duties he was appointed "acting Indian agent of treaty six."

Colonel Walker states that in 1874 there would not be a hundred white settlers west of Winnipeg.

In 1881 Colonel Walker resigned from the police force and took the management of Senator Cochrane's ranch. He later settled in Calgary and has continued to take an active interest in public affairs up to the present.

In 1883 he was instrumental in starting the first school in Calgary with nine children. Serving eighteen years on the school board, Colonel Walker has been connected with the educational development of the city of the foothills.

In 1916, Colonel Walker, always the typical soldier, went overseas as Captain of the 238th battalion Forestry Corps, was promoted to the rank of Major and served until the end of 1919.

The Big Offer of the Year!

The Western Home Monthly
 FOR ONE YEAR
The Free Press Prairie Farmer
 FOR ONE YEAR, AND

A Stamped Tray Cloth

ALL FOR \$1.25

Enough reading matter to supply your needs for the coming twelve months, and you will be delighted with the Tray Cloth which is stamped on good quality crash, and all ready for embroidering.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and the Stamped Tray Cloth

NAME

ADDRESS

**When answering advertisers please mention
 The Western Home Monthly**

The Way of Youth

Continued from page 10.

slowly, "but it is hardly likely to be the same. How old is she?"

"'Bout my age," with elaborate carelessness. "Awfully nice little thing. You will come, dad."

"Yes, Den, I'll come for Christmas."

When the boy was gone he sat thinking. How like them to keep his secret, yet manage to convey their message of peace to him, their message of forgiveness for the long years of silence and neglect. He had been hot-headed and impetuous in those days; yet his own way had been justified. He had done well. He had succeeded as he would never have done on the farm. The farm instinct had only skipped a generation and then returned to the soil. His son would take his place on the farm and probably his sons again might return to the city. Life was very complex, but if only one had patience the mulberry leaf would become satin.

"Joy! Joy! wait for me." Dennis's voice rang out imperiously over the snow covered meadow, and the girl in the little scarlet cap paused and looked back.

"Hurry up, then," she called, and waited, tapping an impatient foot, but with a very tender light in her eyes as he vaulted the hedge and caught her up.

"You haven't congratulated me, and its Christmas Eve," he said, reproachfully.

"Why should I congratulate you," she wanted to know.

"Why you know I've persuaded my governor to come down, and he's coming to-day."

"Oh, is he?" the bright face fell a little, but Dennis did not notice it and rattled on.

"I awfully want him to meet you; you'll come round this evening, won't you?"

She stopped suddenly in the middle of the path, he had perforce to stop, too.

"What is it?"

The girl clasped her hands nervously.

"Den, dear, I don't think I'd better," she said. "You'd far better forget all about me. Your father's a big man in the city and he'll hate you to take up with a farmer's daughter, and that's all I am. Oh, yes, I know I've been well educated and everything, still I expect he'll want you to marry a city girl. He's awfully rich, isn't he?"

"If he were as rich as Croesus it wouldn't make a mite of difference," declared the boy, earnestly. "He's never refused me anything yet, not even farming, although he hated it, and I'm dead certain he wouldn't in this case when it means so much more."

"I wouldn't like to make trouble between you," said the girl, perplexedly. "I wish I knew what to do."

"Come back with me now and ask Mrs. McCathy what she thinks," suggested Dennis and Joy's brow cleared.

"That's a good idea," she cried, "she's sure to give us good advice."

They joined hands and raced across the fields like a couple of children.

"You'd never believe," laughed Dennis as they went, "what a frightful amount of preparation there's been, getting everything ready for my sober old dad, nothing is good enough for him. D'you know they are going to put him in young McCathy's bedroom. Isn't that an honor? I tell you I feel quite bucked."

"I should think you did. Is that a car standing at the gate?"

"I expect it's some of the Christmas goodies," said Dennis, carelessly. "Come along in." He halted abruptly as they reached the open kitchen door. In the centre of the room stood his father muffled in a heavy fur-lined overcoat, one arm encircled Mrs. McCathy, while the other hand was locked in that of the farmer.

As the two young people looked, Dennis' father bent his head and kissed the farmer's wife as if he would never stop. "Oh, come away," whispered Joy. "It's their son come home."

"Good heavens," muttered Dennis as they took refuge in the barn, "what a blind fool I've been." Then after a pause he added, "Listen, dear, do you hear the Christmas bells?"

"Yes," whispered Joy, her head on his shoulder. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR

A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of screens, had just announced with decision that she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta, faltered the timid visitor, "it seems to me that I saw a few in the dining-room."

"Oh, those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the neighbors' flies. They will come in occasionally. But as I was saying, we never have any of our own,"

A CHRISTMAS ODE

By Joel Benton

One, out of the ages of marvellous story
Of prophets and sages, stands foremost
in glory.

Divine His endeavour, who faltered not
ever,

In ways that were dutiful, wonder-
ful, beautiful—

Godlike; but tender; alone in His splen-
dour;

Bring garlands and flowers, bring wreaths
and festoons for adorning

The whitest of calendared days, for
this light of the Son of the Morning;

Banish grief, terror, and hate; care that
is carking, and vanity;

Walk in the wake of the light that floods
all the shores of Humanity;

Think of the triumph to win, which leads
to the chrysolite portal;

Decked with the lilies of Peace, and
crowned with the Life that's im-
mortal.

Doris was rather backward in her studies. One day when her father was inquiring into her standing at school she admitted that she was the lowest in her class.

"Why, Doris, I am ashamed of you!" her mother exclaimed. "Why don't you study harder and try to get away from the foot of the class?"

"It isn't my fault," Doris replied in tones of injured innocence. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school."

A MODEL HUSBAND

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female lecturer, "that has done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quickly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots, filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in the audience, let him rise up! I should like to see him!" In the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he ever had a chance to assert himself.—Onward.

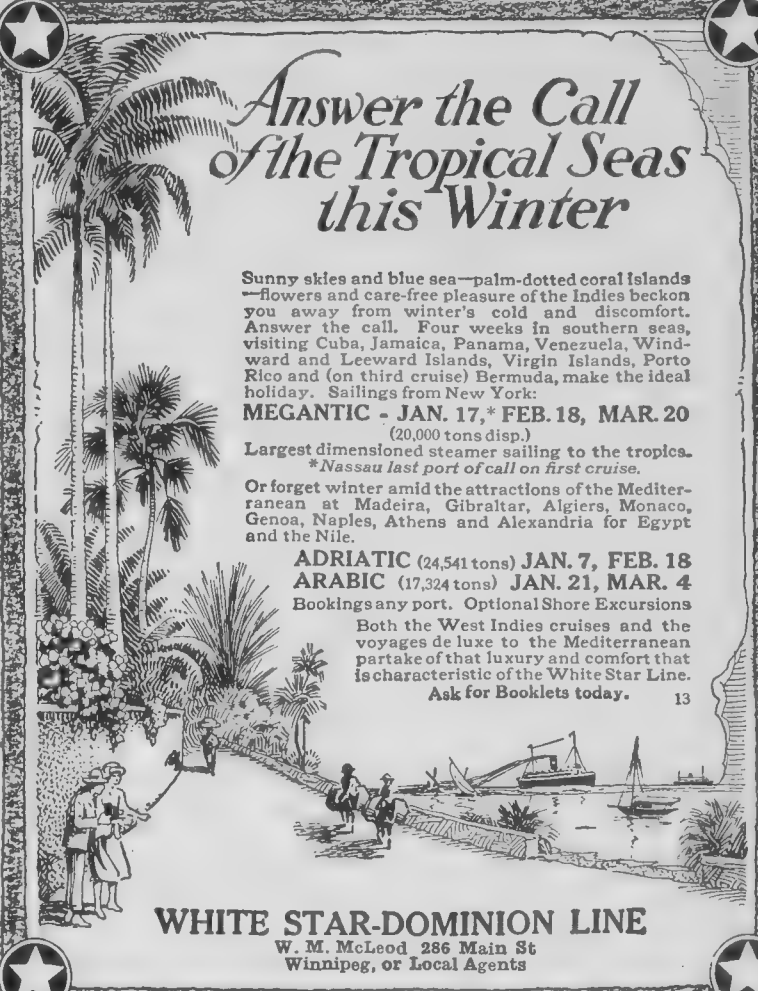
THE MULE

The mule he is a funny sight,
He's made of ears and dynamite,
His heels is full of bricks and springs,
Tornadoes, battering-rams, and things.
He's fat as any poisoned pup;
It's just his meanness swells him up;
He's always scheming 'round to do
The things you most don't want him to.

The mule he lives on anything;
He's got a lovely voice to sing,
And when he lets it loose at noon,
It sounds like buzz-saws out of tune.
He stands around with sleepy eye
And looks as if he'd like to die,
But when there's any dying done,
It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun.

Some folks don't treat mules with respect,
They say they ain't got intellect;
That may be so, but if you've got
To go to heaven on the spot,
And want a way that doesn't fail.
Just pull the tassel on his tail,
The mule he tends to his own biz;
He don't look loaded, but he is.

—The Cottage Farmer.



Answer the Call of the Tropical Seas this Winter

Sunny skies and blue sea—palm-dotted coral islands—flowers and care-free pleasure of the Indies beckon you away from winter's cold and discomfort. Answer the call. Four weeks in southern seas, visiting Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Venezuela, Windward and Leeward Islands, Virgin Islands, Porto Rico and (on third cruise) Bermuda, make the ideal holiday. Sailings from New York:

MEGANTIC - JAN. 17, FEB. 18, MAR. 20
(20,000 tons disp.)
Largest dimensioned steamer sailing to the tropics.
*Nassau last port of call on first cruise.

Or forget winter amid the attractions of the Mediterranean at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Genoa, Naples, Athens and Alexandria for Egypt and the Nile.

ADRIATIC (24,541 tons) JAN. 7, FEB. 18
ARABIC (17,324 tons) JAN. 21, MAR. 4
Bookings any port. Optional Shore Excursions

Both the West Indies cruises and the voyages de luxe to the Mediterranean partake of that luxury and comfort that is characteristic of the White Star Line.

Ask for Booklets today. 13

WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE
W. M. McLeod, 286 Main St
Winnipeg, or Local Agents

Make a Hobby of Your Giving

THE finest institution in social life is the interchange of friendly tokens at Christmas—if it is carried out in the spirit of Christmas. To many it is the greatest delight of the year—to others it is a penance.

Give it the joy and enthusiasm of a hobby by starting in early. You can do it now with every guarantee of success, leisurely, and with the satisfaction of seeing every dollar laid out to the best advantage. It means you will have got exactly what you wanted to get for your friend, and your friend will recognize in the gift the care and deliberation you have exercised in selecting it.

You can do all this by securing a new (1922) Dingwall catalogue, which means that you can sit at home and have before you on the table the whole contents of the great jewellery store. You never examined such exquisite Christmas souvenirs—you could not spend your money or time to finer purpose.

**The name of Dingwall adds prestige to
your gift, but not a penny to the cost.**

D. R. DINGWALL LTD.
WINNIPEG, Man.

Please send me copy of your free
Catalogue (1922).

Name

Address

W H M. (2) Dec. '21

DR Dingwall
WINNIPEG, MAN. LIMITED

When answering advertisements, mention The
Western Home Monthly.

Pal

-the pencil



PAL is light, handy, good-looking, sure, and always ready.

Renews point by a turn of the fingers, carries extra supply of leads and renewable eraser.

PAL'S mechanism is simple and always holds leads firmly. Does not clog or break leads.

PAL'S pocket clip or end ring is for safety. He's all that his name implies—for every writing requirement.

Silver Plated \$1.50

Sterling Silver \$4.50

Gold Filled \$4.50

Handsome Gift box 75c. extra

Long PAL measures 5 1/4 inches

Short PAL measures 4 inches

Either length mailed on receipt of price.

Distributor for Canada

A. J. McCRAE,

23 SCOTT ST.,

TORONTO.

Also obtainable from Merchants

TWO STYLES

Long with pocket clip.
Short with ring in cap.

TWELVE MONTHS OF OUTDOOR LIFE

if you spend the next three in

CANADA'S WINTER GARDEN VANCOUVER ISLAND

Everything in out-door sports. Splendid Golf Courses
Ideal roads for Riding and Motoring.

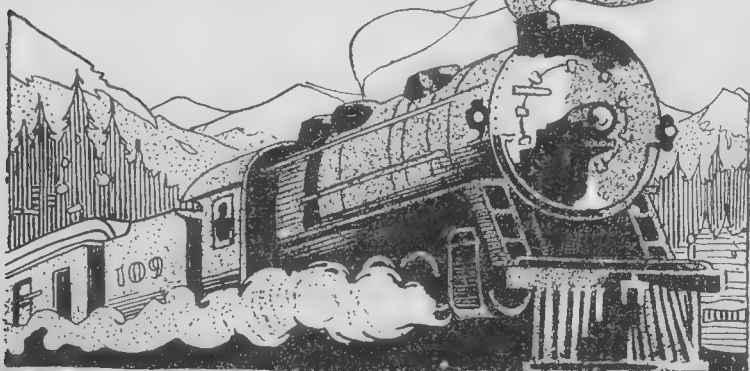
By C.P.R. you travel in the highest degree of
comfor. through the

CANADIAN ROCKIES and 500 miles of
MATCHLESS SCENIC GRANDEUR

TWO TRAINS DAILY

Call, write or phone the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



Cinderella of the Church

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

On a straggling street of a sleepy little old town "down East" stood the Baptist church. It was small, as befitted its congregation, and it had only the status of a mission, for the minimum salary paid its minister was only paid in part by the congregation, the rest by the parent church. Farther up town the steeples of more prosperous congregations caught the sunlight amongst noble trees, the comfortable homes of their parishioners in the streets here and there around them. And from these places of worship on Sundays pealed forth fine music, played and sung by assured musicians. Well dressed people rustled in the doors and up the cool carpeted aisles. There was money for well-salaried preachers and pay for musicians.

But, as has been mentioned, people of the Baptist faith were scarce in and around the town but there were a faithful few and the shabby little church was their Mecca. And because it was shabby and on a side street many folk round about who were of no particular sect felt free to slip on the best they had and humbly sidle into the little church, where they would not dream of joining in the dress-parade of the more prosperous congregations. They were sure of a hearty hand-shake and kindly inquiries from the earnest young preacher at the door or from some white-haired deacon.

No minister stayed long in charge of the little church. Sincere and all as he might be, it was a great struggle and depressing to enthusiasm. One after another, as they felt themselves called to wider spheres of influence they went away. A married man or two with families tried it, but it was pitiful their struggles for a decent living, and one was impressed by the patience and piety of the minister's wife who worked so hard at home and abroad.

Part of the time there was some one at service who could play on the little wheezy old parlor organ, the rest of the time there was no accompaniment to the congregational singing. No one was engaged to play so it was no one's responsibility. Talent was scarce any way.

At length came a young minister just out of college who, one felt, had more to him than a mere desire to do good and spread the glad tidings of the Gospel. Laudable as that desire is, it is still more efficacious when united with special talents in that direction. The Reverend Arthur Hoyle was very tall, slender and pale, with a not unhealthy pallor. Perhaps it was the darkness of his eyes and hair that made him seem paler than he otherwise would. The latter he wore rather long and thrown back from a high, broad, rather receding poet's brow. His dark eyes were mild but steady and his features of a somewhat Indian cast.

His greatest asset probably was a beautiful tenor voice, which carried an appeal that no sermon could, able as his sermons were. He had a most arresting personality all told and the sleepy little town became aware that the Baptist church had a new incumbent.

When Mr Hoyle came he went to board with the same family that nearly always looked after the minister, probably because they lived right next to the church. They also swept and kept the sacred edifice in order. Instead of money that was their yearly contribution as members.

It was a rather depressing place to stay, too, at Kane's. Mrs. Kane had been dead for many years, but there was the father, two "girls" verging on forty, two sons who were each about to marry and settle down for themselves, and the youngest of the family—a girl of about twenty-one. The father seemed as bereft as though his wife had but just died, the two older girls were somewhat soured and took but little interest in anything, but the bare round of their necessary housework; the boys, excellent machinists, looked upon home as a mere temporary stopping place, and even the girl Lettie, was dispirited enough. She had wanted to be a teacher, had gone as far as the town school would take her, but no one was interested enough to send her to Normal school, so she had seen her classmates go their way and she had subsided, long since, to exist on the little side-street.

The Kane's were always used to ministers so the coming of a new one made but little difference to them. He was given a

large room which was bed-room and study combined. It over-looked the side-yard, beyond which lay the church. This yard was neat, green and shady, having some trees, a seat or two and a rustic table in it. In the summer the preacher often sat out in this shady seclusion, meditating on and preparing his sermons. There, too, Lettie would huddle her tall slim shape with her ugly clothes and ambitionless air—and read. She read anything and everything she could find, but did not talk about any of it, seemed just indifferently agreeable, with no enthusiasms of any kind. One day not long after Mr. Hoyle's coming, they sat thus, Lettie drooping in her chair over a book, oblivious of or indifferent to the minister who, at the table, his face alternately flushing and paling, was composing a fervent and moving sermon for the following Sunday.

Finally, his enthusiasm increasing, he called sharply "Lettie!"—

Unhearing, she read on.

In a louder tone, "Pardon me Lettie, for interrupting your reading but do you mind if I run over my sermon to you? We used to declaim to each other in college and I miss it."

Impassively the girl laid her book down, her face inscrutable:

"By all means do so Mr. Hoyle. Go on, you have my attention." That was one thing in Lettie's favor, she spoke excellent English, and in a soft voice. And it was not an unpleasing face that she lifted to his gaze. Framed in smooth brown hair, the face was rather long with a delicate color and a few small freckles, fine nose, rather thin lips and hazel eyes. The almost total lack of expression made of her the unobtrusive person she was. She would certainly never "get on any one's nerves."

The sermon was on the Parable of the Talents, and it was splendidly thought out and contained appeal after appeal to people of all classes for action and more and more determined action. Lettie had always gone to church and perfunctorily listened to the sermons but had never had a sermon preached right at her before. In the dead level of her experience it was a novel event. When it was over, the points assembled, the peroration concluded, Mr. Hoyle asked anxiously:

"What do you think of it, Lettie?"

"I think it's exceedingly good of course," she answered, "it's bound to make a great impression. It causes even me to want to get up and try something worth while. But what's the use? I'm doing the best I can in my circumstances." She settled down more comfortably in her chair and resumed her book—"The Silence of Dean Maitland."

Now that Mr. Hoyle had his sermon settled he could consider other things, so he looked at Lettie more attentively, "What would you like to do, Lettie? Tell me some of your problems; you've been my congregation, now you are a parishioner, I'm visiting."

Lettie's indifferent eyes turned just a trifle hard, her sensitive lips a shade cynical: "Is it just a game or shall I tell my real troubles?"

"Oh my dear friend, please do not think that of me. I'm really interested. It did me good to preach my sermon to you, and it may be a relief to unburden your soul to a sympathetic ear."

Lettie dropped her book, and her eyes narrowed as she clasped her slim hands and gazed into space, "Well, I hate our way of living I feel that I'm slipping into being just like sister Clara and Sarah. We haven't the money nor the ambition to get right out amongst people so we just are vegetables and live. Bill and Dan are rather horrid; they think we girls are frights and they just go their way—they can because they're men. Even this poor slow little town is too fast for us—we are just good and soon we'll be good and dead. I think it would have been different if my mother hadn't died."

A little fire swept Lettie's face and figure during this speech, and then she sank into languor in her chair, saying with a little laugh "There—that's the last flicker of the candle. Put into words I suppose my troubles don't really amount to much."

"But couldn't you cultivate some other interest—er—learn—ah—dressmaking even?"

Continued on page 29

Our Lady Star of the Sea

Continued from page 6

as it was for us? He is so unreasonable. So unjust!"

"My child, your father is a very good man. Our Lady Star of the Sea owes him much," protested the old priest gently.

"Do you call that goodness?" the girl went on with rising emotion. "Is it piety to contribute money to the material welfare of a church, and to crush and trample on the heart of his child of flesh and blood, and all because of—of what happened long ago? Is that goodness, father? Tell me, is that goodness?"

The priest paused in his restless walking and sat at his desk, under the lamp, and faced the young girl standing before him, flushed with the excitement of her thoughts; "Have you asked him, my child? Have you put it to him fairly?—or is this another folly of a night?" he concluded, a trifle sharply.

"Asked him!" Eugenie pursued, not heeding the obvious reference to her mother and Michael's father. "Asked him! I have implored and threatened and gone on my knees, to him father. But he only repeated his orders that I was not to see Michael. Late at night we used to meet by the help of my maid. He would slip up the columns of the veranda to the little balcony outside my window. Ah, God the torture of the nights he was not there!" The priest moved uneasily in his chair and then spoke, less firmly and with apparent reluctance.

"Remember, my child, that you owe your father much—everything. And I—I, too, owe him much, all of this." And he cast a glance about the cosy little study and into the hall and rooms beyond.

Michael rose and, throwing his arm about the quivering girl's shoulder, addressed her in a calm, reasoning tone.

"Father McGrath is right. It would not do for him to offend your father. We cannot ask it of him. Come, dearest, we must go further."

"Oh!—oh, that's what you mean," she said, realizing that to her father the old priest owed the very house he lived in, and that what they were asking him to do was the thing that would most bitterly antagonize Gaillard of all things in the world. "Oh," she repeated, "that's what you mean."

Father McGrath bowed his white head under the lamp-light. He was ashamed of himself before these two children.

For a moment the girl seemed to be in deep thought. Then she turned to Michael buttoning up her great flowing overcoat—a man's garment, one of Michael's which he had brought her.

"It's true, Michael. We cannot ask it of Father McGrath. I hadn't thought of that. Come, let us go further. There is no train to-night. But we can't go back. Father McGrath, you will give us your blessing, anyway? And you won't direct them so they can follow us?" She held out her hand appealingly toward the lamp-light on the desk.

The old priest drew his hands down from his face and looked up at the young people before him.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "What are you going to do?"

"We cannot part—I don't know where we shall go. But we shall be together!" And the rapture of the girl's voice matched that in her burning golden eyes.

Suddenly the old priest sprang to his feet and came to them with both hands out stretched.

"You shall not leave me so! I cannot let you go in this manner! The sin would be mine for thinking only of myself. I, too,—in that moment it all came back to me so vividly from out of my own youth-time, when I felt as you feel now. I can't let you go so. I will do it! You shall be joined by Our Lady Star of the Sea."

Half an hour later the three stood in the little white gravel path which led from the church to the priest's cottage. The path was very white and the lawn was very black in the mystery of the moonlight, which was a blue powdered haze over the sea and the land. The surf was pounding on the beach at irregular intervals. The priest held out his hands in parting. But Michael added hastily:

"Father, don't you think you should introduce us properly to Croxon, across the way?"

And so the three trudged over to the little inn. Eugenie looked over Michael's shoulder in a curious, pert little manner while he wrote in the ponderous dog-eared old register: "Michael Halloran and wife."

And then she sighed with a deep breath of contentment, and dropped her head on her husband's shoulder.

A little before eleven that night, after much hurrying hither and thither, a messenger crossed the lawns from Gaillard's to Mrs. Halloran's for the first time in years—for the first time since. And ten minutes later, Gaillard himself stood before Mrs. Halloran's roaring fire and bent over her hand with all the exquisite ceremony of his race.

Their families had come together in a new way. And their unreasoning enmity was as much a thing of the past and buried as the generations of fisherfolk who rested straight under the little tombstones in the graveyard of Our Lady Star of the Seas.

THE AUCTION

Good health was put up at auction. "What am I offered," cried the auctioneer, "for this fine parcel of good health, warranted to last for threescore years and ten?"

"I offer all these pills and drugs!" cried a woman with a hamper of bottles and boxes.

The auctioneer shook his head impatiently. "Who bids more?" he asked.

"I offer money!" shouted the portly banker, "I bid a million dollars in gold," and he pointed to a bank-van which he had brought with him.

The auctioneer shook his head still more vigorously. "Who bids more?" he cried.

A quiet young fellow stood near, and

said in a firm voice, "I bid intelligence and painstaking."

"Going—going—and gone to the last bidder!" the auctioneer shouted. "And may you, young man, make a good use of your good bargain."—Æsop Jones, in Christian Endeavor World.

Still Missing.—Johnny—"Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said somethin' 'bout findin' the great common divisor."

Paw (in disgust)—"Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."—The Christian Evangelist. St. Louis.

COLGATE'S for Christmas

GIFT - WORTHY

Florient Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00

Colgate's Toilet Waters 50c. to \$3.25

Cha Ming Talc, Florient Talc, 35c.

Compact Face Powders, 50c.

Charmis Cold Cream, 15, 25 and 50c.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, large size, 25c.

Special Florient Gift Boxes, \$6.00

ALL MADE IN CANADA

There is a COLGATE article to answer every problem on your gift list - a fragrant perfume or exquisitely scented soap for every feminine whim, shaving articles de luxe for masculine puzzles, talcs for the new pink and white babies, Miniature Perfumes for budding girlhood, and the perfect dentifrice to top every Christmas stocking.

What finer gift than flowers that last?

FLORIENT PERFUME

The fragrance of Florient becomes her favorite the moment she lifts the cover of the artistic box and discovers the treasure that lies within.

For women of taste —

FLORIENT POWDERS

Velvet in texture as a woman's skin, cream tinted as her complexion, fragrant as the perfume-laden breezes of an Oriental garden - could there be a more subtle compliment to a woman's loveliness.

"Their Very Own."

MINIATURE PERFUMES

A child's first introduction to the mysteries of fragrance should be to those perfumes which have been the choice of women of refinement since grandmother's day - Colgate's Extracts in Miniature.

A handclasp between Giver and Recipient

"HANDY GRIP" SHAVING STICK

A useful gift with an every morning "thankyou." A "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick and a supply of refills is a man's size gift.

To all the expressions of good-will that will be yours, we modestly add our own.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806
MONTREAL

Sole Agent for Canada

W.G.M. SHEPHERD

137, McGill Street, Montreal.



Over the Hills and Far Away

By Janey Canuck

Perhaps, the greatest disability of life is the necessity of having to sleep sometimes. Here in the North, one is bound to miss so much.

Still one can go to bed at Edmonton in Alberta, somewhere about midnight, and a little past sunrise, she is in the Rocky Mountains—that is if she travels by the Canadian National Railway as it faces Westward on its journey to the Sea.

"Yes, Polly, that's quite a pebble," ejaculates a gentleman in the opposite berth to a lady whom I presume to be his wife. I also presume he is referring to a mountain.

From his well-modulated voice and the accuracy of his statements. I take him to be a Professor.

"A glacier is an ice-river," he explains. "It slides down the mountain by force of gravity and moves at about the same pace as the hour hand of a watch. The heaped-up stones in a glacier are called 'moraines.' The end of a glacier is called its snout."

Polly's remarks are inaudible, but must be of a practical nature for the Professor replies, "Oh yes! there is enough stone in that one mountain to build Winnipeg." He also remarks that the glacier is the mowing machine of the Mountains, only it cuts down trees.

H'm! what different ideas people have. Somewhere I read of an Indian Tribe who believed that hell was in the great Selkirk Glacier and, one of these days, some scientific investigator may explain to the dismay of theologians that this belief is correct.

In this long Mountain traverse with its unconquerable peaks, one is filled with the large amazement that attaches to height and color. Maybe, the Indians were also correct when they held the Rocky Mountains to be the "Bridge of the World," and that they lead to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Even white folk are more religious here. For my own part, when I am in the hills, I always make up my mind to be good forever.

While eating breakfast one has leisure to observe the river by the rails which the Guide Book calls, "the turbulent, tempestuous Athabaska." The Guide Book says other things about the river and the trail, but you will sense these better in the poem which was written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle after his sojourn in this Valley—

Yes, this is what I am saying to myself; how uninventive are words against the splendour of these uptowering hills! When Satan claimed he owned the Kingdoms of the World, it is certain that he suffered from mountain madness. The hills belong to Jehovah. Anyone can see this for herself as she watches purple pass into purple, and light into light, till they enter the clouds and reach to the very "sandals of God."

—It is at Jasper in the Yellowhead Pass of the National Park, that we are met by a smart smooth-running motor bus that has an expensive purr and whirled to a lovely spot in the hills, where there are tents and cabins for the cautious few, who have written to announce their coming.

Above and about us are Mount Pyramid, Old Man Mountain and Mount Edith Cavell. There is a band of white across the face of Cavell. Materialists might crudely call it snow, but secretly, I am persuaded it is the bandage on her eyes. Grief to the day! Grief to the day!

Around the roads that traverse the base of Cavell anyone can see that the cairns of stones along the roads have been heaped with prodigious labor in order that these highways may be easy to the feet of man and motors (The Editor will be good enough to allow the motors feet).

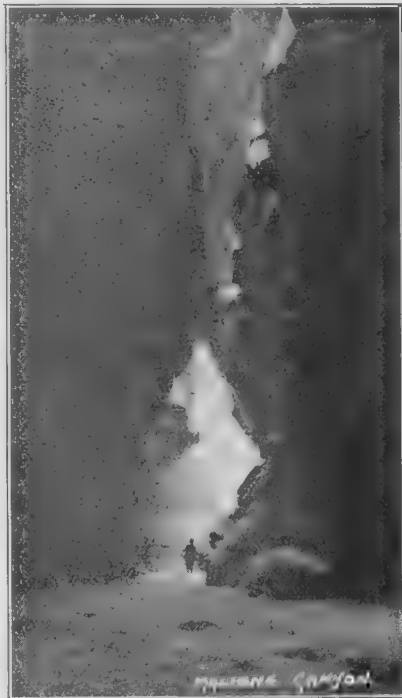
If you ask, "What mean ye by these stones," your driver may tell you they are "cairns of remembrance" and that they were built by those aliens here interned at the very time the maiden-martyr died the death.

The hard physical labor of heaping these rocks, and of clearing the fallen trees, as well as the mental distress from the disavowance of family ties must have cut deeply, and maybe this punishment cancelled the offence of the aliens in their untimely advocacy of the Fatherland. We like to think so anyway, and that these stones at the base of Mount Edith

Cavell are the tangible tokens of a new and better citizenship for the men of Central Europe lately come to Canada.

While our tents are being made ready for occupancy, there is time to observe the beaver houses on either side of Lac Beauvert—little Lac Beauvert that is the most beautiful mountain tarn in the world. I would tell you about its colors, and how it has one more color than the rainbow only someone is saying that if you want to see the beavers work you must visit their house at night, and that one of their dams had to be broken last year because it was raising the lake.

My informant also says that these symbolic animals of the Dominion of Canada are industrious, peaceful and amphibians,



"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow"

and usually social, but—sing woe and alas!—some of them are silly poor bachelors and take themselves off into hermitages.

This is a day of radiant sunlight, the kind of a day that takes your burdens on its own shoulders. If the people would be quiet you might expect to hear the satyrs whinny.

Ah well! you can still be content with listening to the squirrels, and with watching how they bank their treasures in a hollow tree. One of them more trustful than the others, comes down to look at you, but not for long. Presently, he is busy with a pine cone and works as if electrified by a purpose. Hey, you! Mr. Bushy Tail, 'tis holiday time, so work and you work alone.

Out in the lake, a girl in scarlet dips and dives as if in her native element. Her body twists like fire in the water. Sometimes, she rides her canoe merrily to upset it, and then she rides again. This maiden is of sweet regard to the eye, and I am praying that happiness may be upon her.

After dinner in the big central camp of logs, if not o'erpowered with a sense of taking part in a Western motion picture you may join the excursionists who are riding to the Maligne Gorge somewhere higher in the hills. Or if you desire a reliable cure for obesity, you may go afoot and gather flowers as you go—harebells, asters, painter's brush, heather and golden-yellow daisies.

Once, a man who was staggered by the beauty of a mountain scene expressed relief in finding flowers at his feet and he hoped that when he entered Heaven he might meet the same familiar flowers to take away the strangeness.

Incidentally, on this upward climb you will develop what is spoken of hereabout as "mountain muscle."

Personally, for the glory of going, I prefer to travel on horseback although the glory may consist in lagging behind the party at every twist of the road. It gives time to visit with the little lakes

that look like silver medallions, and to study the confederate cliffs with their strange architectural forms and porcelain-gleaming peaks.

Ho! Ho! and one may make-up writing and prayers as one goes along. Let the sun lighten my heart!—this is a happy thing to say—Let the air purify it! Let the color give it beauty! May my heart take strength from the hills!

—Supper is eaten on the rocks by the Gorge, the serving men boiling the coffee and broiling the bacon on an open fire of pinewood, while the rest of us sit by and gossip and try to forget our hunger.

Most of the guests are Americans and apparently classify as explorers, anglers, geologists, mountaineers, and globe-trotters. But some are English too, and while passing the liquid peaches, I let fall the dish upon a very portly gentleman from Devonshire who I am credibly informed was associated with Big Business, and who is here in the North looking after his 'holdings.' I can see I have ruined his riding trousers which are a shepherd's plaid of generous design, and am feeling downcast in countenance and soul until a placid, eupeptic lady from Maine points out to me that this spilling, wasteful as it may appear, is nevertheless a most excellent demonstration of the application of Canadian peaches to Devonshire cream.

This lady was one of the riders to-day and, although close on to sixty, she is wearing the smartest of riding breeches in the party and the gayest of kerchiefs. While waiting for the others to mount—having mounted herself—she proceeded to profitably employ her time with the tatting of a piece of lace, apparently oblivious of the naughtiness of her horse, and its foolish attitudinizing.

While supper was being prepared she desired to resume her tatting but was unable to find the lace and bobbin, search for them as she might. Then she found her treasures; not in her blouse; not in her satchel; not in her saddle-bag, but hidden in her hip pocket.

The incident is here related to show, how, in spite of the prophecies of seers and scientists, sex is not a matter of modes or methods but something that grows inside of the bones, or nearer the soul if possible.

At the Maligne Gorge there are only clots of clay and someone tells us that there is a spirit of a dead man hereabout who wanders up and down craving burial, but there is not enough clay to rest his soul although a few spadeful would serve the purpose. Somewhere, this tale has been told before, I remember hearing it, but what difference does it make when there are less than a score of tales in the world anyway? All romances are variations or combinations of these.

The Maligne River has cut its way so deeply in the rock that I have an idea it goes down into hell. The thing is incomparable and you wonder that everyone

walk through the Valley of the Shadow"—these, or other high and worshipful words that have become incarnated in your breast.

Resting by the fire of logs, there is some merry-make of violins and a girl sings of one who when he rested his caravan—the trek or transport waggons of the North—hid blossoms in the grass that his Beloved, finding them, might take their message. But if she had been inconstant; if other lips had loved her, she must shed no tears and pass them by. Sometime I intend writing a story concerning the message she read in the flowers to show how faith and love may go hand in hand and how God, the Soul of Souls, has a special care for youths and maidens.

The fire is pleasantly warm, for, at sundown, the nights are cool. Besides, the air is so rarefied that in spite of your clothes it seems to bathe you, and so it should come, as it does, from the uttermost ozone that lies far beyond the earth. Here in the vast silences, surrounded by this cordon of peaks, I have words of adoration in my heart which I say silently. It is not so hard, after all, to understand the belief of the Mountain Indians that you die if you go to live on the plains.

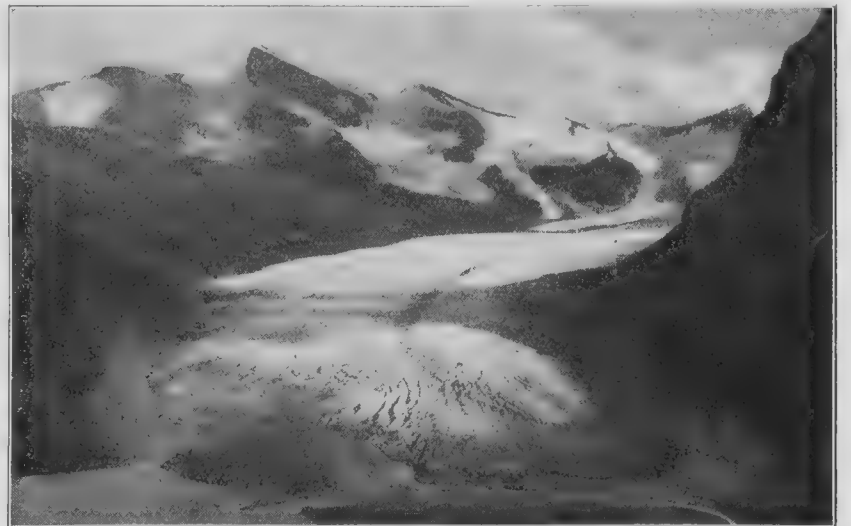
Having lighted their pipes, some of the men converse comfortably about periods of geological time, of minerals, and of the oxidation of the rock facades from the red sandstone above.

Others tell of the wild goat—how "the range of the mountains is his pasture"—of hard-trodden game trails, and concerning huntsmen so low and so little that they can only be considered as uncivilized murderers of mutton.

For my part, I prefer to listen to the guides who are skilled in mountain-craft and whose talk relates to discretion in selecting the best ascent of ice-slopes, and the danger of snow bridges which cover a crevice. From their conversation one deduces that the chiefest charm of "an ascent" is the surprise element to be encountered for, apparently, no two climbs are alike.

A dust avalanche—that is to say 'a dust' of fine snow—is to be greatly dreaded, and is likely to occur at any time for it seems that a prodigious mass of snow is often held as by a hair, just as the jamming of a single log will hold back a boom. The air from an avalanche has a wonderful power of suction, much like a tidal wave, and this must be reckoned with too.

No one should attempt an arduous climb who is not physically sound and reasonably agile. Last summer a well-known public official who was here on his honeymoon, climbed one of these mountains, and halted the party every now and then to take the bride's pulse or to sound her heart. While not temperamentally unsympathetic, and probably a fair lover himself, one can see that the guide who tells the story thinks this was not only an



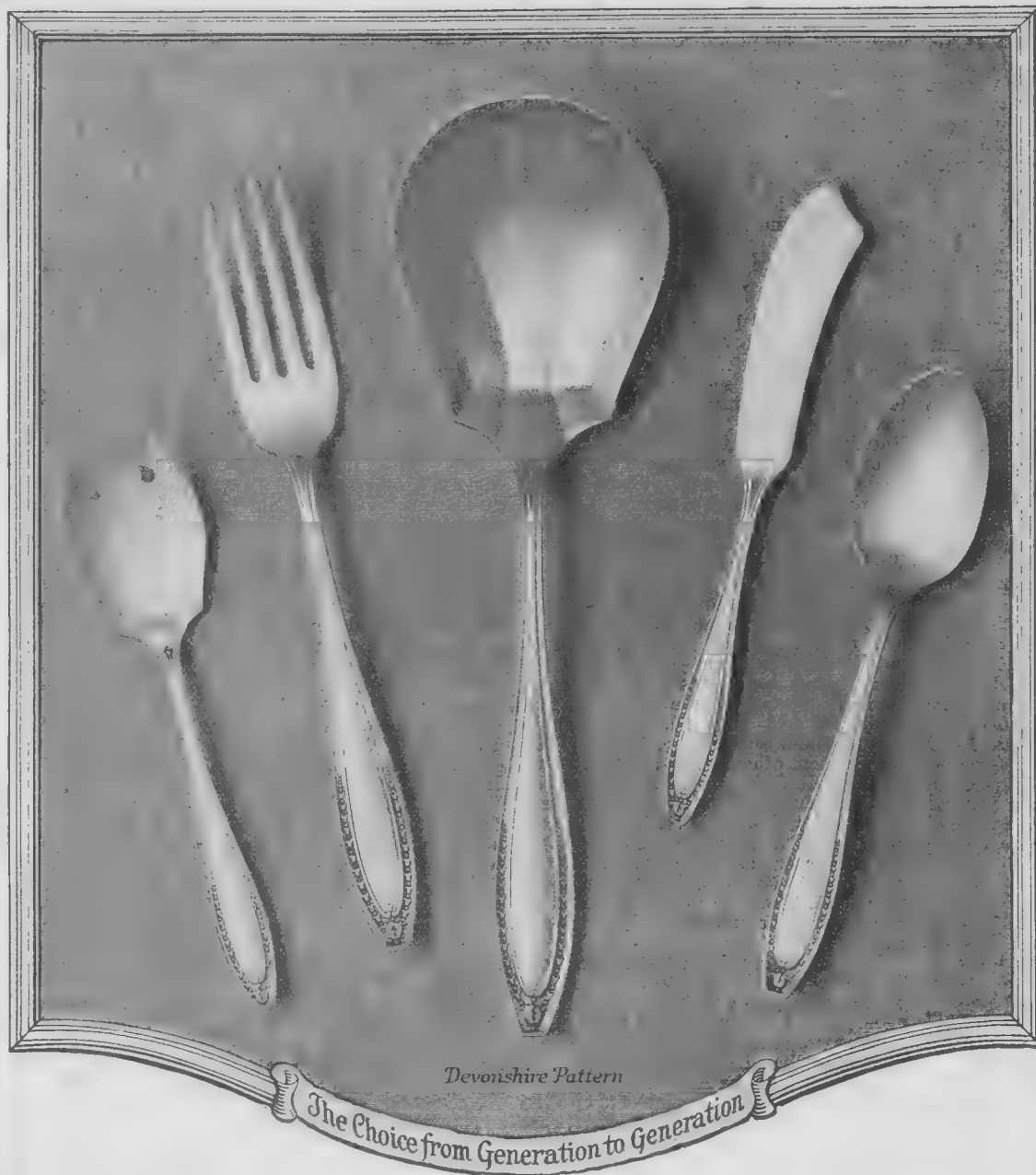
Glacier in Jasper Park.

does not come at once to see it and to listen to the furious wallowings of its waters. Whoever planned this place was up to mischief, I can see that. In the dimpy light of the Gorge, the scene might be a picture in silver and ebony. Hush-h! this is what you say.—"Yea, though I

imposition on the party but a very high joke indeed. He twists his button with impatience as he tells it, 'Thin-witted,' this is how he describes the groom, and 'a softy.'

These guides, or rock-pilots, who are Continued on page 33

Heirloom Plate



The quiet elegance of Heirloom Plate

makes it the most highly prized and sincerely appreciated of all gifts. Heirloom Plate is so exquisitely fashioned—so worthily and enduringly wrought—it cannot fail to be permanently cherished by the recipient, not alone for its own sake, but for the sake of the thoughtful giver.

High-class jewelers everywhere can furnish you with Heirloom Plate, either piece by piece or in complete chests. Write direct for name of nearest dealer and copy of illustrated booklet.

Made in Canada by

CANADIAN WM. A. ROGERS LIMITED

Toronto, Ontario



Great Britain and the United States in Prophecy

By Dr. J. L. Gordon, First Congregational Church, San Francisco.

The modern preacher finds himself surrounded by many schools of religious thought, as the following list of names, titles and appellations would seem to indicate: Psychic Research, Mental Science, Unity, Applied Psychology, Christian Science, Millennial Dawn, Theosophy, Zionism, Swedenborg, Physical Culture—students of every phase of new thought and every sort of Biblical theology.

Personally, I have read the literature of all these and enjoyed the mental task. I have sought to find beauty in every rose and honey in every flower. In this article I present that which is known as "The Anglo-Israel Theory." It deals with the problem of "The Ten Lost Tribes," and seems to give a Scriptural answer to the question pressing so hard at this very moment. Has God a program for the nations? Is God an internationalist? Does the Bible reveal a world-program?

I have selected a most remarkable passage of Scripture. If I am not mistaken Paul quotes this passage in his famous sermon on Mar's Hill. A careful reading of this passage would seem to indicate two facts: First, God has a program for the world. Second, "Israel" is the key to that program:—"When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when He separated the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." (Deut. xxxii:8)—"Israel" has reference to a people, a race and a kingdom. It is worthy of note that Jesus also proclaimed a kingdom. Jesus refers to the "Church" only twice in His public ministry of three years, but to the idea of a spiritual kingdom He makes at least one hundred and twenty direct and indirect references. And while it is a spiritual kingdom to which He refers, we must bear in mind that no spiritual thought can be realized without the outlines of a corresponding material superstructure.

ISRAEL

"Israel" was Jacob's new name after his wonderful vision. Read Genesis xxxii:24; "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel." That name Israel is congested with Hebrew history. So I present to you the "Anglo-Israel" explanation. It attempts to provide a Divine Program for the nations, the world, the ages.

JACOB'S SONS

Jacob had twelve sons. Jacob's twelve sons, in growth and expansions, became twelve tribes. These twelve tribes finally invaded Palestine and became known in history as "The Twelve Tribes of Israel".

Under the glorious reign of David, Israel became famous among the nations of the earth. Under the reign of Solomon, Israel also became celebrated for wonderful intellectual achievements and, sad to relate, for unparalleled material splendor and unjustifiable imperial extravagance.

At the death of Solomon there was a revolt against an era of waste and the unlimited squandering of public funds, and the Kingdom of Israel was cleft in twain by a political revolution, which resulted, to speak carelessly, in a two-headed Israel. Rehoboam became king over the two tribes of the South and Jeroboam king over the ten tribes of the North (although the tribal division was not exactly in harmony with the foregoing generalization). The revolt and separation resulted in two kingdoms which have passed into history as "The House of Judah" and "The House of Israel". These two kingdoms have never been united since.

THE HOUSE OF JUDAH

The House of Judah was carried away captive to Babylon in the year 580 B.C. The period of captivity lasted seventy years. About 510 B.C. they were permitted to return to Palestine and remained there until A.D. 70. At the destruction of Jerusalem they were scattered over the earth and have since been known as the House of Judah or The Jews.

Dr. Joseph Wild, in his book, "The Lost Ten Tribes" (A. A. Beauchamp, Boston, Publisher) indicates twelve prophecies concerning the Jews: "Prophecies referring to the Jews are numerous and in striking contrast to those that refer to Israel. 1. The Jews were to be a scattered

people. 2. A specially persecuted people. 3. To be without a nationality. 4. To be without government. 5. Not to be owners of landed property, though they will have money, until toward the latter days. 6. They were to be a proverb. 7. They were to be few in number. 8. They are to retain a special type of features. 9. They were to be repeatedly robbed. 10. They were to reject Christ. 11. To retain the Mosaic service till returned to their own land. 12. They are to keep their name, and many such distinctions, none of which should be applied to Israel. All these things have been and are fulfilled, or fulfilling, and though men are wonderfully given to spiritualising, few if any, venture to spiritualise Judah's curses".

THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL

The House of Israel in 725 B.C. was carried captive to Assyria and has never been heard of since: but, by many, these missing tribes are spoken of as "the lost ten tribes". By them also, they are spoken of, historically, as "The Anglo-Saxon Race," or Scripturally, as "Ephraim and Manasseh," and understood by these students of prophecy to be—Great Britain and the United States of America. Israel, the Northern Kingdom, come to life again! I quote my friend Dr. Joseph Wild again concerning Israel: "1. They were to be lost. 2. They were to be divorced from the Mosaic law. 3. They were to lose their name. 4. They were to lose their language. 5. They were to possess the isles of the sea, coasts of the earth, waste and desolate places, to inherit the portion of the Gentiles, their seed, land and cities. 6. They were to be great and successful colonizers. 7. Before them other people are to die out. 8. They are to be a head nation. 9. To be a company of nations. 10. To be great in war on land or sea. 11. To be lenders of money. 12. To have a monarchy. 13. To be keepers of the Sabbath. 14. To have David's throne and seed ruling over them. 15. They are to possess Palestine and invite their brethren of Judah to return."

It is a remarkable fact that the Holy Scriptures provide us with a prophetic outline of a great universal sovereign race. Not a monarchy or a nation, but a race measuring up to the thought which dominated the minds of the prophets.

I believe that the Anglo-Saxon Race—all English-speaking peoples—fits into the outlines of Biblical prophecy. Great Britain and the United States are one in origin, language, law and tradition. This two-headed civilization we call the Anglo-Saxon Race—the greatest republic on the face of the earth and the greatest empire in history. When we awake we will discover that the present struggle is for the moral supremacy of a race.

I believe that the world should be directed and dominated by the best race which time has ever produced. That race will fulfill the prophecy of Cecil Rhodes: "An alliance and a league of all English-speaking peoples." The Anglo-Saxon race will lead the world; and its theatre of action, for the next five hundred years, will be the Continent of North America.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMING RACE

(1). **The Sovereign people, in the coming ages, will be a Race and not a nation.** "Thou shalt be a father of many nations." (Gen. 17:4). The New Testament deals with individual life; the Old Testament with national life. The pages of the Old Testament fairly sparkle with the suggestion of a race which shall be a federation of many nations and separate colonies—a race held together by noble sentiments and high ideals. Home rule and local self government is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon Race. Great Britain as "the mother of parliaments" has lived to witness her constitutional democracy reproduced again and again. The United States is the greatest federation of states or nations known to history. Great Britain is composed of five nations. Canada of nine nations, Australia of seven nations, New Zealand of two nations and the United States of nearly fifty nations. "I will make thee a father of many nations."

(2). **The Coming Race will inherit the virgin soil of the earth.** "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."—The Anglo-Saxon Race has inherited great tracts of virgin soil. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, The United States, and a thousand islands of the sea, are big enough and vast enough to provide room and food for one thousand million people. Geographically the world belongs to the Anglo-Saxon. To her has been given the kingdoms of the earth for an inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession. We are Anglo-Saxons. The North American Continent has room for five hundred million souls. What a vast heritage. Mighty mountain ranges. Rushing rivers. Splendid inland seas. Vast prairies. Garden spots fit for the gods. And the encircling seas of history and prophecy.

(3). **The Coming Race will speak a new language.**—"A pure language." (Zephaniah 3:9). "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan and swear by the Lord of Hosts." (Isa. 19:18). There are certain hints and suggestions in Holy Writ of a new language—a universal form of speech. Pentecost was a prophecy of such an achievement.

Once Latin was the supreme tongue, then Greek became the universal mode of expression, after that the Spanish tongue became the channel of international intercourse, then French became the favorite speech of scholars and diplomats, and now the English tongue is the supreme language. Three-fourths of the newspapers of the world are published in English. In foreign countries you will find, ever and anon, the sign—"English Spoken Here."

In the last analysis there is only one thing which divides men, and that is language. Seas can be crossed, rivers can be bridged, mountains can be tunneled, and continents can be spanned, but language is a barrier in the realm of thought.

The English language is a universal language enriched from all other forms of speech, living or dead. It is the language of William Shakespeare and John Milton. It has no competitors in the realm of thought exchange. It has come to us in the natural order of events, a normal inheritance, in harmony with the history of our race and country. Its enthronement means unity, solidarity and cohesion.

(4). **The Coming Race will be favored with an increase in population, rapid and marvelous.** "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea shore." (Gen. 22:17). The marvel of history is the rapid growth of the Anglo-Saxon race. William the Conqueror ruled over two million Englishmen; today there are two hundred million who speak the English language.

Mark the rapid growth and marvelous increase of English-speaking people. In the year 1200, two million; in the year 1700, six million; in the 1800, twenty million; in the year 1900, one hundred and eighty million. Gladstone predicted that in the year 2000 A.D. there would be five hundred million people speaking the English language. Teach a people your language and they are yours.

(5). **The Coming Race will possess enormous wealth.** "To him shall be given the gold of Sheba." (Psa. 72:15). "Thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow." (Deut. 28:12). The Anglo-Saxon race has financed the greatest war of history. Golden bombs and silver bullets, under God, won the victory. What if the Liberty Bonds is a direct fulfillment of prophecy. Great Britain and the United States hold the purse-strings of the world.

Our Anglo-Saxon civilization will possess enormous wealth, and this wealth will be divided and distributed according to skill and ability. The great problem of the future will not be the accumulation of wealth but the proper use of money. The increase of wealth-producing instruments will bring to us an avalanche of riches and possessions, so fabulous as to be beyond all our dreaming. Within one hundred years every family will own its own street car—call it carriage, rig, automobile, bus, or what you will. All things

tend toward wealth. As the African laborer's two cents a day compares miserably with the North American Continent laborer's four dollars a day, so will our present rate of compensation for toil and labor compare with the income of the future citizens and subjects in our coming new world civilization.

(6). **The Coming Race will possess great power to absorb and incorporate.** "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." (Gen. 49:10). The Anglo-Saxon race has successfully received, absorbed, incorporated and digested the Russian, the Greek, the Spaniard, the Jew, the Italian, the French, the Scandinavian, the German. As Mr. Gerard affirms in his book, there are very few even among the pro-German Germans who are over anxious to return to the Fatherland.

When I was in New York two years ago, an Italian carried my valise, a colored man polished my shoes, a Spaniard sold me a bunch of grapes, a Greek supplied me with a newspaper, a Jew collected my fare on the street car, a German cut my auburn locks, a Frenchman served my meals, a Swede drove my carriage, a Chinaman kept me clean, a little "Jap" brought ice water to my room, a Scotchman repaired my coat, an Irishman carried my "luggage" from the "lift" to my room, a Hindoo sold me a relic from India, a Russian ran the hotel elevator, a Dutchman asked me to show him the way to the Astor House; while an Englishman lectured me, privately, on the all-important subject of Socialism. It made me think of the words addressed by Paul to the jailer at Philippi: "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here!"

The crowning civilization of history will produce a social circle in which no man will be ashamed of his God-given ancestry. In that civilization a Jew will not be blamed for his physiognomy, a Chinaman for the shape of his eyes, or a black man for the color of his skin. "I can afford to be called a Jew," exclaims Disraeli, as he stood in "the mother of parliaments" and looked into the face of the man who had sneeringly referred to his birth and nationality. I should think so! Only an ignoramus would sneer at a Jew for being a Jew. Jewish blood is rich blood.

(7). **The Coming Race will be broad in its spirit and tolerant in its attitude.** "Ephraim shall not vex Judah and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." (Isa. 11:3). The high water mark of toleration is to be noted in the kind manner in which English-speaking nations have treated the Jew. While persecuted in other lands the Jew has been honored in Great Britain and America. The Anglo-Saxon race is enthroning reciprocity in the world.

When the population of Canada is 100,000,000 and the population of the United States is 350,000,000 (which will probably occur in less than two hundred years) then the Anglo-Saxon race will dictate the political policy of the world. A democracy built on a perfect system of education and crowned with the garland of spiritual power will solicit and secure the friendships of the world. Then will be ushered in an era of universal currency, universal transportation, universal enlightenment, and universal legislation; thus securing for the world a new era of broad knowledge, political peace, international harmony and an increased material prosperity for every part of the planet; thus making possible a sisterhood of all nations and the enthronement of the spirit of brotherhood. I believe that this achievement has been placed by destiny within the reach of the Anglo-Saxon race and that the children of Britain and America will not fail of the opportunity.

"One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise."

(8). **The Coming Race will produce a stalwart type of character.** "There shall not fail thee a man to sit upon the throne of David." (Chron. 6:16). In every great crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Race a man has been raised up from among the people like David, the little shepherd king. Witness the enthusiasm created by the name of Cromwell

Continued on page 41



*Simms
"Better
Brushes"*

The Holiday Gift that Men Really Appreciate

A good lather brush is something every man wants. It is not a gift he will look at and put away in a drawer. If it is a good brush he will use it and appreciate it every morning in the year. If it is a Simms Lather Brush it will last him many years, and every morning when he uses it—when he feels its fine soft bristles gently massaging his face he will think of that Christmas morning when you gave it to him. You cannot make any mistake if you get him a brush with the Simms Trademark on the handle. Every one is guaranteed. Price .50 to \$15.

*Every bristle in every Simms Brush is guaranteed
effectively sterilized by the most improved methods*



*T.S. Simms and Co.
Limited*
ST. JOHN, N.B.

MONTREAL

TORONTO

LONDON

WINNIPEG

12



The Minister's Maryfield

The year's crop is harvested and here and there the farmers of Maryfield are blackening their fields before the snow flies.

As we step from the stuffy corridors of the Brandon local on to the breezy platform, there are the familiar tow-headed, smiling children of the station agent but in addition to these on this memorable evening there is an organized party of unmistakable presbyterian faces (chiefly women folk) headed by Balwhin.

Balwhin's baptismal name was George Mitchell - the other was that of the old home farm in Forfarshire, where he graduated as first plowman, and when in 1879 he homesteaded about 5 miles south of what now is Maryfield, he called the place Balwhin.

"We're expecting the new Minister and his wife," said he, in explaining the presence of the deputation. "They're coming from West of Calgary and will be here almost as soon as your train pulls out."

When the expected ones arrived, there was the usual freezing formality for a brief space, but it quickly broke down before the almost boyish freedom of the young minister, and one could see with the naked eye that the bright little woman carrying a very small reproduction of herself in a white shawl had gone right home to the hearts of the matrons who had come to escort the little party to the manse.

Well, what did ye think o' him?" Balwhin bluntly enquired of a peppery little sermon epicure at the close of the new Minister's first service in Maryfield.

"He performed exactly as I expected he would George. He mayna' be worth puttin' on the scales but man if there's little o' him there's nothing of the junk store in that little head o' his. But to be honest wi' ye, Balwhin, my mind was less on the sermon than on that little slip o' a woman sittin' there wi' the bairn on her lap."

"Bairn or no bairn, she wad come that day anyhow tae see nae doobt what kind o' a bunch her man was tae handle and hoo he took wi' them. Her anxious wee bit face, it looked tae me, saw naething but her man a' the time. I tell ye George I saw the image o' her dead mither in that lassies face as I saw't —"

"O ye kent her forbears, did ye?"

"My wife and I gave them the first real bed they had slept in for weeks when they came west in spring o' '72. They hadna been a year married when they homesteaded 2 miles north o' us and they were the finest neighbors we ever had. My wife never met the marrow o' that little woman and could never understand her hitchin' up wi' such a ram-stam chiel as he was. She was as dainty and kind and clever as he was ill-made and dour. He was a big ram-shackle chap wi' mair banes than brains, but he died from typhoid a week after that little woman o' the ministers was born, and before they had harvested their first crop. Andra Souter and me looked after it for the widow."

"O that woman was a wonder I can tell ye, and if her bairn is as like her in character and abeility as she is in feature we'll be able tae thole the minister if his preachin' is as tasteless as cauld tea. Man alive its the li e mair than the gab that tells, and ye know 't, Balwhin."

Well nigh two years had fled since the date of that little reception ceremony at Maryfield station. Balwhin has passed to the great beyond and his successor in the church governing body happening to be our guest in the city one week-end, filled in the news of the interval with great satisfaction to himself and a small but intensely interested audience.

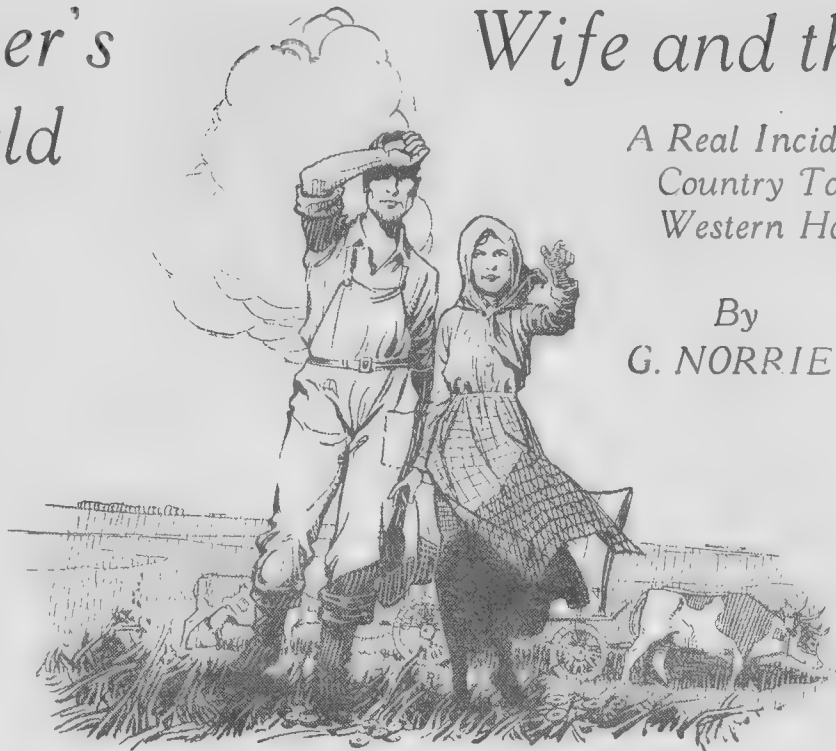
"There are no empty pews in that little tabernacle now, I can tell you, and its a job packing them all in at the evening service. There are folks as keen on being there as they were difficult to drag to the place in the best of times. And you can't say its the preaching that is the drawing card."

"The minister is certainly a dandy, but that frail-looking little wife of his

Wife and the Minister of

A Real Incident in the Annals of a quiet Country Town, written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

By
G. NORRIE



She was as dainty and kind, and clever as he was ill-made and dour.

is a miracle. Fancy her leaving the youngster with Annie Bell and stealing away an hour before daylight one morning to nurse a poor woman with her first child who was said to be at death's door.

"The minister's wife is a trained nurse. Both she and her man, before they were married, made a fine war record - she in France and the minister in Palestine. Her patient in this case was the wife of a young Swede, and to get to her, she had to drive eleven miles across the open prairie when our instrument registered twenty-two below."

"But she saved that woman's life beyond all doubt and stayed with her night and day until relieved by a nurse we got up from Winnipeg. That's a fair sample of her style, and in his own way, her man can hardly be said to play second fiddle in downright human service. Did ye hear how he got Billy Morrison to throw up his hands and come back to the church?"

We of the audience knew Billy to be one of those irreconcilables found in every Congregation who are cursed with a genius for taking offence and periodically withdrawing their presence and their support until the fit is over.

Some two years before the advent of the new minister, Billy had "severed his connection, for the last time," he affirmed, and Balwhin, in playful mood at a meeting of session one night offered to buy the Moderator a new hat (which he badly needed) if he could get the bridle once more on Billy.

The minister had twice visited Billy's farm, saw Mrs Billy and family and talked about everything except church affairs, but Billy having seen him coming, could not be located. Then the providential happened; the minister saw his opportunity and charged right home on the instant.

In the early morning of the Monday following that meeting of session, Billy awoke to find his fine barn and stables a mass of flames, beyond all hope of sal-

vage, and in the disaster he lost 22 head of fine draft horses and fifteen pure-bred Shorthorns.

The previous fall in that district had been exceptionally wet and little plowing had been possible before freeze up, so the preparations for the spring seeding were far behind and the outlook for Billy was one that the bravest could not face with equanimity.

The neighbors were just like themselves, however. In spite of more than one unloveable kink in Billy's disposition, there was not a man who knew him who did not ring up or actually come and see him with offers of help. But the crystallizing of this great unorganized mass of human sympathy was the work, first of all of the little minister's still smaller, quick-witted wife, and then of the minister himself.

Balwhin was still "on deck" but perceptibly failing in health. He was just reaching for the after-supper pipe when the phone rang, and on answering it he found the minister at the other end stating that he wished to see him on a very urgent matter and would be "there in five minutes."

The minister and apparently his last puff of spare wind arrived together, but in two minutes he found sufficient to state his case.

"What do you think of it George?"

"Think of it! Man its great. It should be done, and the next thing is to do it, so here goes", and for the next hour Balwhin's phone was busy to all applicants, but being on a party line the disappointed ones "by hook" were not without information—"by crook."

And so it came about that when Billy and his folks looked out of doors next day, they were stunned by the spectacle of at least two score of horses, with feed for same, a fussy little "Case" tractor gang plows sticking up in box wagons, and wherever they looked along the

roads they could see others all moving towards the same rendezvous.

"What does all this mean, Nellie?" Mrs Billy meekly inquired of the daughter of one of her neighbors, for by this time Billy himself having realized what was in progress was trying to compose himself in a back room before he could face that crowd of great-hearted neighbors.

The breezy lass addressed had just descended from one of these box-waggon with a heavily weighted basket containing china-ware, cutlery, boiled ham, pies, cookies, bananas, and other things that could not be distinguished.

"O its nothing Mrs Morrison. We just thought it was about time we were having a surprise party at your place. Some of these hungry looking chaps will want their breakfast soon. So we'd better get busy with the boiling water. I'm afraid you'll have them to dinner as well but mother will be here long before that."

Then other women came, and still more men and horses and plows and seeders and harrows and Billy and his wife were held prisoners by Balwhin and the minister's wife. Only once did Balwhin leave the minister's wife in sole charge of the two prisoners, and that was when having wormed out of Billy what his plans for the season had been before the fire wrecked them, he stepped out for a moment to give the boys the information.

At one time during that day there were something like thirty-four teams of four to six horses each, and two gas tractors rushing the spring work of Billy Morrison's farm, while at least a dozen capable cooks and waitresses from near and distant farms were feeding men and boys in a way they had never been fed before. These great women had brought their "nose-bags" with them, as well as utensils, down to the last needful teaspoon and tooth-pick.

At the end of this perfect day there was not a square yard of what Billy had intended to put under crop or summer-fallow that showed so much as the whiskers of a dandelion.

Tom Jones the implement man put up a prize of "any article in the store up to fifty dollars" for the best bit of plowing done that day - and the minister won it! George MacVicar brought a spare walking plow, Balwhin found the team, and the minister went at it as if plowing had been his life's job.

(Here let one little tribute be whispered to the inborn chivalry of these great plowmen sports. While stubble or weed was hardly in sight on the plowed land, the feering and general finish was hardly up to their professional standard in a real contest, the fact being that they had generously bungled here and there for no other reason than to give the minister a look in!)

"How do you feel minister?" as those wonderful folks sat down to the last meal of the day.

"Like a wet-rag and as sore as if I'd got the licking of my life; but O boy! it was worth it, and I've won a washing machine for the little woman!"

Balwhin, at the close of the feast, got on his hind legs and stammered a few sentences intended to convey the idea that for their day's fun they were wholly indebted to the minister, and that it would be a fitting climax to their days happiness if they had a few words from him.

But the minister modestly disclaimed all credit. "If the idea took fire in the Manse—there (pointing to his wife) is the woman who found the fuel and kindled it!"

"This is no time for words, neighbors," said he "speech-making at a gathering of this kind would be a sorry performance at the best. We simply came to present our hearts to our friends in the hour of their calamity."

And at the next meeting of Session without noise or ceremony, Balwhin presented the minister of Maryfield with the only real "Stetson" he had ever owned.

Love Better Than Fame

"I'll win a name," the young man cried,
"To crown the maiden of my heart!"

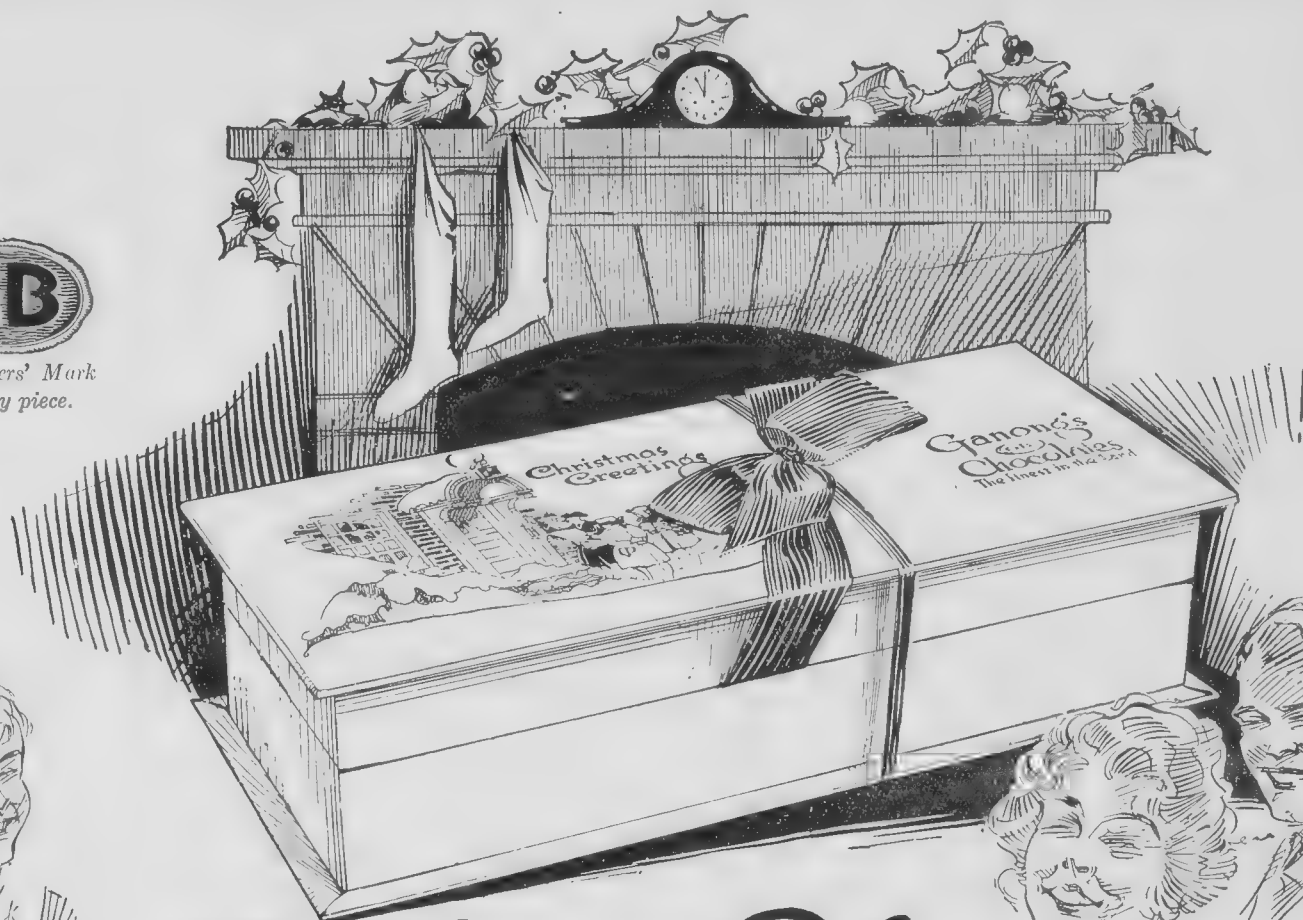
Her eyes will flash with loyal pride
When forth upon my quest I start
The lady watched with undimmed eye
The soldier ride upon his way,
Nor sobbing moan nor tender sigh
Enticed his stay.

He met her in her father's hall,
And knelt to kiss her slender hand.
"Lo! at thy feet I lay them all—
Love, honor, fame!" She bade him stand.
"Thy love was all I craved," she said,
"With that my heart was all content!"
And on his breast she laid her head,
Her sorrow spent.

And yet she pined from hour to hour,
"Twas love, not fame I craved," she said.
"He little knows love's mystic power".
And lower still she dropped her head.
The days and months sped swiftly past;
The warrior's brow was wreathed with fame!
And home he rode, "Tis mine at last—
An honored name!"



The Makers' Mark
on every piece.



The Gift of Gladness

What more acceptable gift than "Gladness" for the season of merry-making—life's sunniest greeting carried to the dear ones through Ganong's "Gift of Gladness"—dainty, exquisite, delicious Ganong's "Gift of Gladness"—for every taste, every age, every sentiment—your message—in keeping with the season's mood and the recipient's good taste. From all corners of the earth, Nature's choicest offerings have been gathered to make the Christmas box one long to be remembered.

Chocolates, Creams, Nuts, Fruit—exquisitely flavored, distinctively rich, all vie with each other in bringing to grandma, mother, sister, children and sweetheart—the perfect "Gift of Gladness." Give Ganong's.

READ THE MENU

G.B. Almontinos, G.B. Cream Drops, G.B. Cocoatinas, G.B. Coconut Caramels, G.B. Walnuts,
G.B. Cream Peppermints, G.B. Burnt Almonds, G.B. Japanese, G.B. Orange, G.B. Bordeaux,
G.B. Crisps, G.B. Nougatines, G.B. Raisin Creams, "G.B."—meaning Ganong's Best, as a mark of
identification, as a guarantee of quality.

GANONG BROS., LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Ganong's Xmas Package

The Glorious Song of Old

By Lillian Scarth

THE Angel's hymn which filled the wintry sky above the Judean hills with heavenly music more than nineteen hundred years ago, was afterwards to become the first carol of the Christian church: "Glory to God in the highest and on Earth, Peace, Good-will towards Men." The lowly setting of the Nativity, the humbleness of the first sharers of the glad tidings and the miraculous details surrounding the announcement, impressed the minds of a rustic people for centuries and inspired a treasure of verse and song which the church of to-day would not well be without. Born of the heart they appeal to the heart. Which gives us the beautiful story most vividly? A great work like BACH'S Christmas Oratorio, HANDEL'S Messiah or our simple carols where the ideas and line of melodic thought are of an entirely unpremeditated kind.

The Carols.

Much of the music is traditional. The early carols could only be transmitted orally for music notation was unknown. Even when printed sheets with the words came they were of use only to those who could read. Peasants and artisans made and loved their carols. Every Christmas we sing the story of the greatest gift to mankind with joy in the words and the music—Bach's grand narration for Christmas and the two following days are reserved for the higher musical circles. Handel's composition is a framework for much Italian vocal display and it is more properly an Advent oratorio though leading up to its climax in the impressive choruses, "For Unto Us a Child is Born" and "Glory to God in the Highest." Not greatness but simplicity of musical utterance appeals to the masses for the profoundest of mysteries—the Word made Flesh, just as there can be nothing more graphic than St. Luke's straightforward narrative.

In the ancient catacombs at Rome the popular singing of Christmas music is believed to have begun and as long ago as the year 129 Telesphorus of the early church, organized by his predecessor, Alexander I, tells the worshippers in his Decretal Epistle: "It is ordained that in the holy night of the nativity of our Lord and Saviour they do celebrate public church services and in them do solemnly sing the Angels Hymn," the Gloria in Excelsis.

Origin and Popularity.

The carol which is the finest reflection of the popular character of Christmas music, originated in the noel or nowell, meaning "glad tidings," the Christmas cry of the Frenchman of the mediaeval ages. England took the carol to her heart and showed in it her peculiar genius for spontaneous song. The carols in each country, and Germany, France, Spain, Poland and other nations of Europe had each her own, took on a good deal of local color as they passed from mouth to mouth of the peasants. In one of the Coventry Mysteries the shepherd bears his gift of a pipe to the infant Jesus, the second presents his hat.

"And now of one thing, thou art well sped For weather thou hast no need to complain For wind nor sun, hail, snow and rain."

The third shepherd offers his mittens. In a French noel, the air Bearnais, Nicodemus takes cream to Bethlehem, Peyroulet volunteers a "little new wine," Arnautau, milk, Dominic "a little loaf" and Jacoulet brings "swaddling clothes with a beautiful coverlet." The carols were used at first as interludes in the mystery or miracle plays but soon became absorbed into common use as Christmas festival ballads. The priests had a custom of placing either a living baby or a bambino in the chancels of the churches as one of the ways of teaching the rustics by pictorial presentation. "The first nowell the angel did say" is a typical example of the picturesque, simple gospel narrative.

In English country lanes at Christmas the "In Dulci Jubilo" in the English version, "Good Christian Men Rejoice" by Dr. J. M. Neale and which is in our hymn books, may still be heard. "Corde Natus," sung to the hymn "Of the Father's Love Begotten," is of the 13th century. The carols often had a crude, hilarious rather than a religious flavour for they

were the meeting ground of the church and the masses, the "priests in holiday guise and the peasants half inclined towards worship"—with attitudes of mind continually revealed. Something too was retained of the older heathen Yule of which the word itself, to the Saxons and other northern races, denoted the feast of Thor, a time of dancing, drinking and feasting. The "Boars Head Carol" which is still used with small variations at Queen's College, Oxford, is a notable example. God Rest You Merrie Gentlemen" is another. A famous old carol of the "Waits," at Christmastide, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" was written by Nahum Tate near the

Anthems and Hymns.

After the Restoration in England there was much inspiration for the writing of anthems. Among the oldest of them is Dr. Bull's "O Lord my God I Will Exalt Thee," Henry VIII who was a skilled musician wrote a well known one "Lord the Maker of Each Living Thing."

The famous hymns of the church are the product of comparatively modern times, most of them of the 18th and 19th centuries. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" was first published by Charles Wesley in 1739. It began with "Hark how all the welkin rings!" It is usually sung to the music by Mendelssohn, adapted by Dr. Cummings about 50

the second by Bishop Phillips Brook. Both deserve and are gaining increasing usage and esteem. Rev. E. Caswell's "Sleep Holy Babe" has a welcome place in carol services and his "See Amid the Winter's Snow" written in 1851, is very appropriate for our Canadian Christmas weather.

Outdoor Carolling.

It is a matter of regret that the very old custom of going through the towns and villages on Christmas Eve and stopping to sing carols, which is still popular across the sea, is not a more usual observance of Christmas in Canada. But even enthusiasts here who are mostly of old country origin, have not been able to revive it to any extent. The rigour of our winter reduces the practise to discomfort. We have to keep the carol singing to the church and the home, warm and bright with Christmas cheer.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angel's bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angel's sing.

THE ANGELS' SONG

The angels sang in the silent night.
While the shepherds watched and the
heavens were bright;
And tho' years, like a river, have flowed
along,
Yet we are singing the Angels' song.
Peace upon earth, and to men good-will,
Glory to God, we are singing still.

They heralded in the joyful morn,
When the Prince of Peace as a child was
born;
And we look back through the ages dim,
And come, like the shepherds, to worship
Him.
Saviour, Redeemer, and Priest, and King,
Our hearts are the gifts that to Thee we
bring.

Fir-tree and pine, and the myrtle bough,
Are woven in garlands to greet Thee now;
And the frosty sunshine of Christmas-day
Is fairer to us than the light of May.
O Jesus, Lord of the worlds above,
Thine be the glory and ours the love.

So shall we welcome Thee year by year;
So shalt Thou grow in our hearts more
dear;
So shall no taint of the world's alloy,
Shadow the light of our Christmas joy,
While Peace upon earth, and to men good-
will,
And glory to God we are singing still.

THE LAD'S GIFT TO HIS LORD

Two shepherds and a shepherd lad
Came running from afar
To greet the little new-born One
Whose herald was a star.

But empty were their toil-worn hands,
And on the stable floor
The Wise Men knelt with precious gifts
The Saviour to adore.

"Oh! take my cloak," on shepherd cried,
"Twill keep the Babe from cold,"
"And take my staff," the other said,
"Twill guide him o'er the wold."

The shepherd lad looked sadly down,
No gift at all had he.
But only on his breast a lamb
He cherished tenderly.

So young it was, so dear it was—
The dearest of the flock—
For days he had been guarding it,
Close wrapped within his smock.

He took the little, clinging thing
And laid it by the Child,
And all the place with glory shone—
For lo! Lord Jesus smiled.

—Selected.

Merry Christmas Bells.

Lively.

Words and music by J. R. MURRAY.

close of the 17th century. From Germany comes the beautiful "Holy Night." That country traces her carols to the mediaeval ring dances which like all old dances were accompanied by singing.

Secular carolry, which was a sort of folk song, gradually became less gay and more and more sober and religious when uttered solemnly in the big, dim cathedrals and churches. Dancing was popular in the churches in 1212 and onwards and as late as the 17th century apprentices and servants of York danced in the Minster on Shrove Tuesdays.

years ago. "O Come All Ye Faithful" is Canon Oakley's translation of Adeste Fideles, a latin hymn of the 17th or 18th century, said to be taken from a Graduate of the Cistercians. "Christians Awake, salute the Happy Morn" is a fine hymn by John Byron, a contemporary of the Wesleyes. It is long—six verses of six lines and in narrative form for four with a little admonition in the last two.

Two American writers are the authors of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem," the first by the Rev. Edmund H. Sears and

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES

The common custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices. It was an old belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain unnnipped by frost till a milder season. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, laurel, and mistletoe, furnished the favourite trimmings, which were not removed till Candlemas. In old church calendars Christmas Eve is marked *Templa exornantur* (the temples are adorned). Holly and ivy still remain, in England, the most esteemed Christmas evergreens, though at the two universities the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. It was an old English superstition, that on Christmas Eve the oxen were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and that after the change from old to new style, they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas Day. This was derived from a prevalent mediaeval notion that an ox and an ass, which

were present at the nativity, fell on their knees in a suppliant posture, as appears from numerous prints, and from the Latin poem of Sannazaro, in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient tradition, alluded to by Shakespeare, that midnight spirits forsake the earth and go to their own confines at the crowing of the cock. The Christmas celebrations in England have lost their primitive boisterous character, the gambols and carols are nearly gone by, and family reunions, and evergreen trimmings, and the Christmas plum-pudding, decked with holly, are nearly all that remains of the various rough merriments which used to mark the festival. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1762, when he had come to be denominated "a grand captain of mischief." The custom of decking the Christmas tree is of very ancient observance. Its birthplace is Egypt. The tree there used was the palm, and the ceremony was in full force long before the days of Antony and Cleopatra. The

palm puts forth a fresh shoot every month. In the time of the winter solstice, when parties were given in ancient Misraim, a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots, was suspended, to symbolize the completion of another year. The custom passed into Italy where the fir-tree was employed for the purposes of celebration, and its pyramidal tips were decorated with burning candles in honour of Saturn. This festival, the Saturnalia, was observed at the winter solstice, from the 17th to the 21st of December. The *Sigillaria* days for inter-changing presents of figures in wax, like those on the Christmas tree, followed, and finally the Juvenalia, when men became boys with boys, matrons turned children once again, and young and old indulged in the solemn romps with which the festival closed. That the Egyptian tree passed into Germany may be seen in the pyramids which sometimes there are substituted for the tree. But the antique northern mythology has supplied most of the observances. The *Juel Fesi* was the

mid-winter "Wheel Feast," and the wheel represented the circling years, which end but to begin again.

His Recipe for Luck.—Fair Angler—"Mr. Rosenthal is so interesting when he is fishing."

Enthusiastic Rodman—"Has he caught some big fish lately?"

Fair Angler—"No. But he talks to the bait just like it was a pair of dice."

—The Catalina Island,

Be not like the anchor, which, although long at sea, never learns to swim.

A great many more or less innocent people forget that there is a sharp distinction between "freedom of speech" and treason.

You need never fear the man who tells you to go to perdition, but look out for the fellow who starts to show you the way.

Once again you have the opportunity to Join Our Christmas Club —GET A PIANO TO-DAY



DURING the past many years we have conducted this annual Christmas Club. Hundreds of homes in Western Canada have availed themselves of the many concessions offered and secured standard Canadian Pianos at rock-bottom prices, and on such terms as could not be surpassed. This club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind. This club is to be organized at once, and will be limited to 100 members. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is on the market for a piano. By joining the club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every club advantage if you select your piano on or before the 31st. December 1921. But, remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the club will be closed immediately 100 members enroll, owing to the approaching shortage of pianos. Join now is the safest way.

IMPERIAL



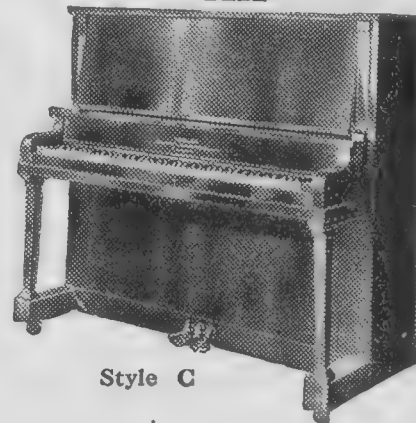
Latest 88-Note Player Piano
Regular \$825. Club Price \$725

Secret of the Club Offer

This club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest firms in the world, such as Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Canada Piano, Doherty, Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Co.

REGULAR Pianos are featured at SPECIAL prices and on SPECIAL terms. You have NINETY styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with REGULAR and CLUB prices and terms mailed free on application.

BELL



Style C

Regular \$575 Club price \$495

This is the Whole Plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

1. Your choice of any make of Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Williams, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Canada Piano Co., Doherty, Lesage, Imperial, and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player Pianos at special club prices until the 31st December, 1921.

2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.

3. A special discount for all cash or extra instalments paid now.

4. The piano will be delivered when you join, or later, if you wish it.

5. The monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to date from when the piano is delivered.

6. Every instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee—just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.

Other Club Values

Gerhard Heintzman	- \$595
Nordheimer	- - - - \$595
Williams	- - - - \$545
Karn	- - - - \$475
Morris	- - - - \$455
Doherty	- - - - \$455
Imperial	- - - - \$395

and many others.

7. If, after thirty days' trial, the piano is not satisfactory we will give you your money back on return of the piano.

8. If the piano is satisfactory after thirty days' use, the club member has eleven more months in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without one penny's loss for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 90 different styles of the best pianos in the world).

9. A beautiful \$18 Piano Bench with music receptacle to match the piano is included without extra cost.

10. Freight paid to your nearest station.

11. Come into our store or write and select the style of case you prefer, in Walnut, Mahogany or Oak; this is all you have to do.

12. Each and every club instrument will be personally selected by our president.

GET OUR LIST OF SLIGHTLY USED PIANO BARGAINS AT FROM \$225 TO \$325

PIANO PRICES WILL NOT FALL

We have anticipated any price reductions in pianos that could possibly be expected. This is your opportunity to buy at rock-bottom prices and on easiest possible terms.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333
PORTAGE
AVE.

Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Doherty, and Lesage Pianos.
Edison, Columbia, Acolian, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathe, McLagan, Starr, and Euphonolian Phonographs.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT SUPREME

No other gift can provide every member of the family with such lasting enjoyment as a Martin-Orme Grand, Upright or Player Piano. Each is a beautiful piece of furniture and will provide beautiful music for a life-time.

Every Martin-Orme instrument embodies an invention which assures the retention of sounding-board form in this master instrument, with the result that the deep round tones of the Martin-Orme become more beautiful as the wood mellow with age.

An interesting booklet awaits you request.

MARTIN-ORME DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE MARTIN-ORME PIANO CO. LIMITED
Ottawa • Canada 37

MARTIN-ORME
THE CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE

Free Trial First

HERE is the opportunity you have been waiting for—the chance to try a musical instrument in your own home for one week. No obligation to buy. Select your own instrument. Only three are illustrated here, but you can tell us in the coupon if you'd like to try another instrument. Act at once while this great special Free Trial Offer lasts.

Easy Monthly Payments

You do not have to pay all cash to get our rock-bottom prices. We have arranged an easy-payment plan that amounts to only a few cents a day. Select an outfit and pay us in easy payments as you use it. Remember, there is no obligation to buy until you have completed the Free Trial.

Complete Outfits Every instrument we sell comes in a complete outfit with beautiful substantial carrying case with lock and key. All necessary accessories and instruction books are included Free. You can learn as you pay. By our plan you get a complete outfit for the price of a single instrument.

Send the Coupon Today!

Our illustrated literature shows all kinds of musical instruments with full description and prices and details of our easy payment plan. We are prepared to furnish the best musical instrument values on the market at rock-bottom direct-to-you prices. Send now.

Babson Bros., Ltd.
Dept. 109
811 King St. E.
Toronto, Ont.
62 Albert St.
Winnipeg, Man.

Babson Bros., Ltd.
Dept. 109
311 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.
62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your illustrated literature with full description of complete outfits and details of your Free Trial and easy payment plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

State any other instrument in which you are especially interested _____

How About Your Subscription?

Reference to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. **Do it now!**

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

The New Princess

Good cheer and entertainment for the long winter evenings.

Finest phonograph money can buy. Plays all records perfectly. Diamond stylus and sapphire ball furnished free. Exquisite tone. Special 30-day offer—direct from factory at half price to introduce.

Ten selections free. Write today for full particulars.



Princess Phonograph Co.
130 Bell Ave.
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

An Ideal Christmas

Present

Dr. LAWRENCE PARKER'S
Beautiful Songs

Just Out; something new and exceptionally good.

LAKE OF THE WOODS; FAREWELL DEAR PAL; TRUE PAL OF MINE; HURRAH FOR THE RED WHITE AND BLUE; VIOLETS SO TENDER VIOLETS SO TRUE; I LOVE YOU SWEETHEART ONLY; ALL I LOVE AND WANT IS JUST YOU; SUMMERTIME.

50 CENTS EACH

SPECIAL The 8 Songs Postpaid \$2.50

WRITE

NORTHERN MUSIC CO.
Winnipeg Man.

Music in the Home

HOW A NOTABLE SONG PREVENTED A BATTLE A PLEASURE THAT PAYS LARGE DIVIDENDS

At least once in history a sure-enough war was prevented by the singing of a song this occasion being when the British invaded France at Gast, Brittany, in 1758 and a Breton force marched out to meet them. As they approached the invaders the Bretons were astonished to hear the strains of one of their own Breton national songs. Stirred by the associations of the song, the Breton soldiers soon picked up the strains of the British. When the officers delivered their commands the soldiers recognized them as being in the same language, threw down their arms and entered into friendly conversation and here follows the interesting historical feature of the story.

England had sent a Welsh regiment to attack France. The ancestors of the Welsh were the Britons whom the Saxons drove into Wales during their invasion in the sixth century at the same time forcing many of the same people to cross the English channel to Brittany in western France. More than a thousand years had passed and now these two off-shoots of the original British stock met on the battlefield to find that they spoke the same language and sang the same songs. In this we see how a people clings to its

The life in us is a sort of Divine capital which we are privileged to invest as we will. To the vast majority this investment is a matter of no moment. To others—those who really think—it is a serious responsibility. Most of us live lives of pleasure, varied by necessary work to store up the means for indulging ourselves in the particular kind of pleasure we like.

The whirl of the social life engages many, others go in for making things—gardens, houses, building up a comfortable fortune, much as children collect toys and bird eggs. Still others move along a higher path; and become students, scholars, scientists. They collect facts and seek out new combinations of old facts. It is all—whatever way we may look at it—the collection of something, for the faculty of acquisitiveness is large in every son of his mother born into this world.

One of the most satisfying things to collect is—Music. True, it is the most intangible of all things, but it pays large in dividends. One gets more all round pleasure out of it than anything else. And it is a pleasure that never tires.



Where Santa Claus has been lavish indeed

national songs. The one connected with this story is still sung in Brittany as Emguan Sant-Kast (The Battle of St. Cast) and in Wales is now known as the popular Captain Morgan's March.

ADVANCING THE CAUSE OF COMMUNITY EDUCATION

The community spirit aroused by the war activities is afoot throughout the country. Efforts are being made in every progressive community to advance the cause of education, art, and social welfare. But no uniform conception, no model, no fixed standard of the things to be achieved by the community is as yet in existence. Every locality has its own ideas as to its needs and acts upon them. It is an effervescent condition which requires control based on practical principles. In every prospectus and proclamation issued by the promoters of community improvements the importance, in this movement, of the arts is emphasized.

But no uniform method of procedure is in evidence. There exists no well arranged working plan which could be applied to every locality as a practical course of development. There exists a go-as-you-please method which lacks the guarantee of a progressive ultimate benefit to this movement as a community impulse. Under such conditions the community movement will gain little, and runs the danger of exhausting the enthusiasm of the people, and wears out their interest.

What for instance can we expect for the furtherance of the musical art, painting, sculpture, the drama, etc. And yet these branches of art are among the factors to be aided by the community movement.

WHY MENDELSSOHN IS MOST POPULAR COMPOSER

Has anybody realized that Mendelssohn is the most popular composer? Why, no marriage takes place without him, or at least without his famous Wedding March. Its theme is synonymous with nuptial benediction "for better for worse." In the movies, in vaudeville, a few notes from that noted composition brings better than any other suggestion a complete picture of the altar before your eyes. Mendelssohn has married more couples than all the ministers in the world put together.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION

Senegalese music—savage song and the rhythms of the tom-toms—were a feature of a black soldier celebration in honor of their African chiefs slain during the war, presided over in Paris recently by Generals Archinard and Marchand, and the military governor of Paris, General Berdoulat at the Tuileries. These sharpshooters from the forests of the Ivory Coast, Mandingoes, Bambaras and Baoules, danced their warrior dances, at times violent, at others slow, punctuated by monotonous rhythms and occasional bursts of frenzied song, in strange contrast to the French military music played by the band of the Twenty-Third Regiment of Colonial Infantry.

EARLY DAYS OF THE ORCHESTRA

About the early days of orchestral history, there is little to be gleaned from historical records, even of the seventeenth century. In the earliest stages of the

orchestra, the personnel varies in a way which defies classification or generalization.

The organization of the orchestra was in its infancy in the early years of the seventeenth century, and composers wrote for any combination which was available at particular places and particular occasions. Thus, Peri's "Euridice" (1600) was accompanied by a cembalo, two large lutes and a many-stringed bass viol; and in Monteverde's "Orfeo" (1607) thirty-six instruments are specified.

Other scores do not even name the instruments, but often direct that the parts provided are to be played by "all instruments."

By the mid-seventeenth century a foundation of string-tone, generally scored in five or three parts, had become attached to the skeleton of cembalo and lutes, which was hitherto the only invariable nucleus found in the embryo orchestra of the earliest operas.

A few records of the second half of the seventeenth century seem to point to a varying between fifteen and thirty-five players, of which the greater number were string players.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Louise Moulton ate her Christmas breakfast slowly. How she dreaded them—these Christmas times! She was ashamed of herself through and through—she had so many things to be grateful for! She liked her work, and had succeeded in it, and Professor Spenser's gift of his own book, "To the most patient secretary a writer ever had," was something she valued greatly. So was Mrs. Spenser's beautiful fountain pen, with the note of appreciation. Surely a girl with gifts like these—real gifts—ought to bring plenty of Christmas joy.

And there were the girls, too. Her class was the most loyal class that ever was graduated. Had not Jocelyn Reynolds invited her to her big Christmas party, although she never had had time to come and see her? And Betty Newell, in all the excitement of her brand-new engagement, remembered Louise's favorite colors in the dainty bag she sent her. And up in her room now other packages were waiting. Louise pushed back her coffee cup. She might as well open them and get it over.

They were a varied assortment. One or two Louise put aside, with close-shut lips. One, a cheap handkerchief from a little notion-counter salesgirl for whom she had done one or two little things, she touched lovingly.

There remained one package, addressed in Mollie French's handwriting. Louise opened it slowly. She did so wish Mollie had not!—when it took every penny to make ends meet. It was not any kindness; why, it seemed almost like giving down—as if Mollie were sorry for her! She could not bear it, to have Mollie do a thing like that!

The box was open now. On top lay a note sealed with a Christmas seal; beneath that, a doorkey, decorated with a bow of Christmas ribbon. Louise turned it over curiously, but was driven to the note for explanation.

"Dear old Louise," it ran. "You know how things are with us—that we are so rich that we have nothing except ourselves to give. This that we are sending with Christmas love is the freedom of our hearts and home. It opens the door any hour of the day or night—because we love you and want you. In proof whereof we sign our names." And below followed the signatures—Mollie's and Kent's, and a big, carefully printed "PIPPA," and a scrawl for "Boy, his mark."

For five minutes—ten—Louise sat still with her heart beating high. Did Mollie really mean it? Was there anyone in all the city who would really let her "run in" as everyone used to do at home? Doubting and half-afraid, Louise threw on her wraps and hurried to the car. Twenty minutes later she had opened the door and stood in Mollie's little hall. Somewhere upstairs she heard splashing and laughter.

"Mollie," she called, "the door opened!" From above came an exclamation of pleasure.

And then!—

An April Rain that wakes the Fruitful Mould.
Is richer than the Ocean's Breadth in Gold.

TO-DAY

Advice is not the easiest thing in the world to take: we eye it as lance as we might a spoonful of castor oil. When it is served up as tastefully, however, as Mr. W. H. Davenport serves it in the following alliterative verses, we can swallow it whole and experience only the most pleasant of feelings.

Thou true terrestrial traveller,
Thou toiler through time's trail,
To-day's the time to tend to things,
To-day tells thy true tale.
Thy toil, thy thrift, thy tidiness,
Thy truencies, 'tis they
That trust thy travel's trend,
They're thy true task to-day.

To-day; 'tis thy true time to think;
The time to train thy thought;
To teach thyself; to test thyself,
Through time-tried truths thou'rt taught.
Try thou to-day truth's treasures;
Taste thoroughly the true,
The trusted, triumph-tested things;
To-day think thou things through.

To-day; try thou thyself through toil;
Toil tells the toiler's tone.
Take thou thy true task thoughtfully;
The task's the toiler's throne.
'Tis there thou'lt tell thy trifling traits;
Thy thoroughness there try;
There truest tell thy tendencies;
Thus toilers testify.

To-day's thy time to tell the truth
To those that turn toward thee
Their tender, truthful, trustful thought;
To them thou'rt truth's trustee.
Teach them to-day through tender trust
To trace truth's tested thread,
Turning their thoughts to truest things,
Till truth's tried track they tread.

To-day; 'tis thine; thy time, thy tour,
Thy task, thy throne, thy thought;
'Tis through To-morrow's tempting thee
That truency thou'rt taught.
To-morrow; 'tis the tempter's thwack;
To trip thy truthful tread.
To-day; 'tis thine; thy temporal track;
To-day trace thou truth's thread.

THE CAUSE OF FAMINE

There is a belief that a generous crop is the result of a rainfall above the normal and that a lean crop results from a short rainfall. To a certain extent the latter assumption is true. But it is only when a drought occurs during the growing season or at a critical period that it becomes hurtful. Even in that case drought does not inevitably mean famine.

In China and southern Russia the condition which confronts humanity is famine. But for this condition lack of transportation coupled with gross ignorance is responsible; and intelligence is the remedy. Within the memory of those now living a famine in Bengal snuffed out the lives of more than one million people. There was food enough for the starving people, but the means for getting it to them were inadequate. Famine conditions occurred again in 1899 and the toll of lives was heavy. Had it not been for effective railway organization the death list would have been many times as great as it actually was.

Famine in India or elsewhere is not a question of rainfall. Enough rain falls every year in India to produce foodstuffs for a much larger population. But when 600 inches fall in one locality and none in another suffering is bound to occur; it is a problem not of the amount but of the distribution of rain, either in nature's way or by the means of irrigation systems. All over the world, wherever arid regions exist, irrigation systems are lessening the danger of famine.

In Russia the present famine is due to an incompetent Government, which has permitted the transportation lines to break down. There is food enough in Russia to feed those who have survived the blight of the Soviet Government, but there are no means whereby it can be conveyed to the starving hordes who are repeating the migrations common enough 2,000 years ago. In China the lack of transportation is also largely responsible for famine conditions.

Price not your Conscience; thus are Fetters wrought.
What is a Slave but One who can be Bought?

Order your Christmas Brunswick NOW



This Beautiful New Model No. 207.
\$185.

PLAN TO GIVE your folks a BRUNSWICK this Christmas. Then there will always be music in your home. The Brunswick is the only phonograph expressly designed to play ALL records exactly as they should be played. It is the only phonograph which possesses the genuine All-Wood Oval Horn—built like a violin—and the famous 3-in-1 Ultona which plays EVERY MAKE OF RECORD with the correct point, position and weight, and without any attachments or extras. Why buy a makeshift talking machine when you can get a genuine, complete'y equipped Brunswick—a beautiful instrument that will give you a long lifetime of enjoyment?

EXACT DESIGN MADE IN CANADA.

Mail Us the Coupon

And we will send you immediately our illustrated folder describing the new model 207 at \$185, and tell you the name of the nearest dealer where you can see and hear it for yourself. Send the coupon NOW.

The Musical Merchandise Sales Company,
Dept. W. H. M. 143 Portage Ave. E., Winnipeg

Without in any way obligating myself, please send me catalog of your new model 207 and name of nearest Brunswick dealer.

Name.....

Street or R. R.....

P. O.....Prov.....

GET YOUR Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

FROM THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

The West's Old Reliable Music House, Established nearly 40 Years.
Illustrated literature showing various models, particulars of prices, terms etc., furnished promptly on request.

CHRISTMAS TIME IS MUSIC TIME

Say it with music this Christmas!

Anything from a single sheet of music to a sumptuous grand piano—We have it!

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

PIANOS PLAYER-PIANOS PHONOGRAPHS RECORDS
ORGANS VIOLINS SAXOPHONES BANJOS MANDOLINS
GUITARS BAND AND ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS, With their Accessories and Furnishings, SHEET AND BOOK MUSIC, TEACHERS' AND STUDENTS' SUPPLIES, Etc.,

Prices the lowest obtainable. Easy terms arranged on the purchase of all the higher priced instruments. Satisfaction with every sale, no matter how small or how large. The reputation of this House is your guarantee. Write to us to fill any requirement in the way of music.



329 Portage Avenue Dept. W WINNIPEG

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Art of Speaking

Canada is essentially the young man's country. In older lands, a "manager" is usually a grey headed, bearded man who has climbed to his position after many years of faithful service. Many such men are to be met with in Canada, but we have also the younger man who, while perhaps he has earned it justly enough, has also had responsibility thrust upon him.

So, in Canadian national life, we see the young man playing an active part in politics, in finance, in merchandising, in life insurance, in agriculture, in manufacturing and in education. In all of these occupations, positions of responsibility require the ability to speak accurately and convincingly upon various topics, and so this page is devoted to a series of paragraphs calculated to help the young man in efforts to voice persuasively the benefits of his calling.

Gladstone on Speaking

William E. Gladstone was considered one of the greatest masters of parliamentary debate, as he was the greatest orator of his time. None knew better how to hold an audience, and a study of the few simple rules he gave as in his judgement the best to be observed in beginning to speak in public, will be helpful.

1. Make your language plain, always preferring the simpler word.
2. Use short sentences rather than long ones.
3. Be careful to speak distinctly.
4. Test your arguments beforehand, not waiting for critics or opponents.
5. Seek a thorough familiarity with your subject, and rely upon this to prompt the proper words.
6. Remember that in order to sway an audience, you must watch it. Do not talk at your audience, but to it.

Suggestions for Debaters.

For those who may be taking part in debates during the winter evenings, the following suggestions may be useful, from Expressive English:

1. Determine the exact meaning of the question as stated. State clearly just what you intend to prove. Ignore all side issues.
2. Keep your audience in mind in selecting the arguments or illustrations you think of employing. An argument or illustration that would strongly influence one audience might be lost on another.
3. In preparing your brief, think not only of points on your side, but of points your opponents may use.
4. Remember that team work counts in debate as much as it does in games.
5. Avoid statements that your opponents may turn into ridicule. Laughter is not argument, but laughter turned against you does more harm than good arguments could do.
6. Conclude with a short and simple summary of what you have been trying to prove.
7. Be fair and courteous. Victory is not everything. A victory gained at the expense of lowering of your self-respect is too dearly bought.

Avoid Slang.

We are indebted to Miss Rose Buhlig, a well known instructor in Chicago, for some of the passages that follow concerning purity of speech.

Far too many people pay but little regard to the matter of choosing the word that will give the exact meaning that they wish to convey. In order to lend force to their words they have formed the habit of speaking in superlatives, like one who said, "We had a perfectly grand time, but I'm so beastly tired now that I'm nearly dead," and yet the speaker showed no evidence of suffering.

Isn't it a pity that our beautiful English language should be so degraded in common usage that it loses all its force and meaning? Surely everything about us is not either grand or beastly. Such habits of speech are difficult to break, but they must be broken if we wish to speak our language correctly.

Make a list of the slang phrases that you have acquired. For each one, substitute a good English expression.

The reason we must watch our spoken English closely is that it is in our conversation that our habits of speech are formed. The expressions we use then, we unconsciously employ when we are writing. If we are accustomed to use considerable slang when we speak, we shall find difficulty in eliminating it from our writing or in finding a good word to express the idea for which we usually use slang.

As a rule, slang and extravagant expressions of all kinds are used to serve such a variety of meanings that the use of them tends to limit the vocabulary to these expressions. Consider slang something undesirable, and stop using it.

Preparation for Speaking.

An old clergyman was asked by a young preacher to tell him how to prepare a sermon.

"Fill up the cask," said the veteran, "fill up the cask, young man. Then, whenever you tap it, you'll get a stream."

For the briefest statement, one cannot know too much. Such knowledge is important, not only for knowing what to say, but also for knowing what not to say.

Dr. J. L. Gordon on Speaking.

The Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, who used to write so entertainingly in these columns, once was good enough to set out his ideas on the subject of public speaking.

He said, "A successful public speaker knows how to do four things."

1. He knows how to handle his audience.
2. He knows how to handle himself.
3. He knows how to handle his voice.
4. He knows how to handle his subject.

The method of another well known preacher in preparing his sermons, was to open his Bible at random and talk to himself on the first text that met his eye.

The Secret of Oratory.

It is said that a little girl, after her return from a public meeting, said to her mother —

"Now I know the secret of how to be a great orator. You say two or three sentences very slowly, and then you wait for the applause."

This is not a scientific explanation but it contains, nevertheless, a very valuable hint. Do not talk too fast.

- Guard against these three things —
- Careless utterance.
 - Repetition.
 - Inaccurate pronunciation.

Hints from Dr. Crane.

Dr. Frank Crane, who is well qualified to discuss the subject, gives the following hints for the public speaker.

Keep your audience in mind and speak in language that can be understood.

Keep the voice low, but well placed.

Don't read a paper, and use as few notes as possible.

Sincerity counts for more than logic.

A knowledge of the art of speaking cannot hurt and may be of great advantage.

Speech is the ordinary medium of communication among men. Good speech is not merely an accomplishment, for it reacts upon, a man himself and induces him to take an interest in public matters.

What Cardinal Manning Said.

Cardinal Manning, himself a great speaker, was once asked to give his views on the subject. His reply was brief but thought provoking.

He said: "Be full of your subject and forget yourself."

The basis of all good speaking is good thought. A man cannot make a good speech if his thoughts are muddled or second rate.

"The first rule for public speaking," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "is, Have something that you desire very much to say."

The second rule is, Always speak in a natural key, and in a conversational manner.

The days of pompous and stilted eloquence are gone by."

The speaker must not expect his audience to be any more interested or enthusiastic over his subject than he is himself.

Speaking in the World of Business.

Organization executives are placing more and more value on the ability of their employees to speak clearly and correctly.

In the blank to be filled out by applicants for employment with one large corporation, there is a space left for a confidential report by the employment manager. In this space, he is asked to note special points concerning the applicant, with reference to —

- Enunciation
- Cleanliness of expression
- Sureness of speech
- Grammar
- Choice of words
- Forcefulness

Subjects for Debates.

For those who are seeking a list of subjects suitable for debates during the coming winter, the following list may prove useful.

The wages of women should be the same as those of men in the same occupation.

The government should grant old age pensions.

Immigration is the cause of municipal evils.

A three-fourth vote of a jury should be sufficient to render a verdict in criminal cases.

The results of Arctic explorations have not justified the cost.

Billboard advertisements destroy the beauty of a city.

The mail order house should be abolished.

All government should be conducted on the civil service plan.

Underselling a competitor ruins trade.

Every city should have a public park in the business district.

It is better to be a farm hand than a factory employee. Contentment is better than wealth.

Every girl should prepare herself to earn her own living.

Advertising has increased the cost of living.

The Ancients and Orations.

Ancient speakers prepared their orations with much thoroughness. The regular division of an oration was as follows:

1. The Exordium, or introduction, in which the speaker strove to make his hearers attentive and disposed to receive his arguments.
2. The Division, or plan the speaker intended to pursue in treating his subject.
3. The Statement, in which the subject, and facts connected therewith, were laid down.
4. The Reasoning, in which the arguments were set forth.
5. The Appeal, to the feelings — a most important division of a discourse.
6. The Peroration, in which the speaker summed up all he had said, and concluded his discourse.

Modern Divisions of Speech.

Modern speeches are conducted on a similar plan, but the identifications of the sections is not quite so elaborate. For the ordinary speaker, the following outline is usually sufficient:

- Introduction
- Speech
- Conclusion

Another useful arrangement is as follows:

1. The Introductory Section.
2. The Convincing Section.
3. The Persuading Section.
4. The Closing Section.

The Preparation of a Speech.

The following are some of the plans followed by able speakers in preparing and delivering their addresses.

The speech may be written out and read.

It may be written and committed to memory.

It may be spoken from carefully prepared notes.

It may be spoken entirely extempore.

It may be a combination of two or more or even all of these methods.

Don'ts for Speakers.

Don't mispronounce words.

Don't talk too fast.

Don't talk in a monotonous tone.

Don't speak indistinctly.

Don't repeat as from memory.

Don't stand in a slouching attitude.

Don't neglect to aim your voice.

Don't be persuaded to speak on a subject that does not appeal to you.

Don't expect the audience to be any more interested or enthusiastic over the subject than you are yourself.

Don't begin to speak until the audience is silent.

Cinderella of the Church

Continued from page 16

Manlike, if he were a preacher, he blundered then.

"I understand you—aren't our clothes awful? Well the explanation is that Clara learned dressmaking years ago, or thought she did, served her time, as they say—and the result is the things you see us wearing."

"Oh well," said Mr. Hoyle consolingly, "You're very comfortable here I'm sure. Your father is very kind, and you are a great help to the church, all of you, and deserve rich blessings." He went with his sermon into the house and Lettie regretfully left her book to go and do some ironing.

A few days after that the minister coming out of his study asked Miss Sarah, "I wonder who is playing the organ over in the church."

"Oh," said that lady "Lettie has gone over to dust—I swept this morning, and she's likely chording a bit or picking out some tunes on the organ."

"Does she understand music?"

"No, it's just by ear, but to my notion she plays better than lots that do."

The minister took his hat and went over to the church.

Lettie, her dust cloth over her shoulder, was triumphantly playing Onward Christian Soldiers improvising a bass with chords as she went along.

The young man, quietly opening the door and stealing up the aisle, broke in with his fine tenor voice.

The girl attempted nervously to stop playing but Mr. Hoyle smiled encouragingly and went on singing.

At the end of the hymn he said:

"Now that we have an organist we shall do famously."

"But I don't know anything about music—just by ear."

"Your ear is true Lettie, believe me; we shall practise these hymns together, the congregation will join in and we shall have great music."

"But I couldn't—"

"Yes you could and must. No burying talents, you know."

So now the interesting Mr. Hoyle was not only preaching all his sermons at Lettie but practising all the hymns with her. Then he sang solos too of a Sunday night, she accompanying him with chords on the organ. They were such moving pieces as The Ninety and Nine, The Massa of the Sheepfold, or My Ain Countree.

As the town at large awakened to the versatile talents of the Reverend Arthur Hoyle other congregations became friendly and numbers came to fill his little church to the doors.

Then when the Methodist Ladies' Aid had their big tea-meeting they urged him to do them the favor of singing in the concert part to which he consented. The affair was held in the large basement of the fine church, and the music was played on the little Sunday School organ. Mr. Hoyle had mentioned that he would provide his own accompanist.

Lettie and the whole family was concerned over this. She dreaded meeting all those up-to-date, critical, well-dressed folk. If they were all strangers it wouldn't have been so bad, but no one who has not lived in a small town can understand all the little hateful envies, prejudices, and distinctions.

Finally she meekly agreed to go.

"Sis," said brother Bill, "you'd better ask dad for some money to get a new ready made outfit—he can stand it all right—don't let Clara make anything for you."

Lettie considered for a moment, "No, Bill, I'll just wear a clean white waist, and a black silk skirt of mother's that I'll fix it a bit myself."

When the evening arrived Lettie looked her unobvious self in the apparel she had mentioned, with the addition of a cameo brooch at her throat and a pink rose in her belt.

She had a look of refinement and brother Bill knew it, "You look fine, sis," he whispered, "better than the best."

The minister and Lettie went away together, the observed of all observers. But, arrived there, with her faculty for unobtrusiveness Lettie seemed to withdraw within herself, but did splendidly when the time came in accompanying Mr. Hoyle, who was encored and applauded to the echo.

But more often when the minister was asked to take part in such affairs, it was where Lettie's humble talents could not be requisitioned, where orchestras played and pipe-organs rolled. At such times in

her proud, patient, colorless way she read or worked at home. But in the little church she was still organist, she and the minister practising the music together. And still she heard his sermons, sometimes suggesting an alteration or addition.

"Thank you, Lettie," he would say at such times, "you know you read so much good literature that you are the very best kind of critic I could have, the highest type of audience I can meet."

But such light as Mr. Hoyle's could not long remain under a bushel. Loyal Baptists praised him everywhere until it all culminated in his receiving a call from a big city church. Good a man as he was he could not help feeling that a lesser man could take his place quite well in the struggling little mission church. If he himself had abilities for action in a wider sphere of action they should not be withheld. He

was consecrated to the church, to do the most he could, wherever best. So he conscientiously accepted the preferment, bidding goodbye in an exalted mood to his congregation in an affecting farewell sermon. Everything in the dingy little church on the dingy little street looked dingier still in view of the future, opening up before him.

With boyish enthusiasm he packed his belongings, shook hands with all the colorless Kane family, Lettie included, climbed into the town "bus," which he had bespoken, and, with a wave of his hand, removed his striking person and personality from their midst. In a day or two a fussy, nervous, conceited, sandy-haired little chap just out from college took his place.

Mr. Hoyle's new charge, the First Baptist Church in the city of C—was a magni-

ficient affair of great spaciousness, wonderful organ, wonderful lights, wonderful acoustics. After the shabby little mission church everything seemed transcendently bright and glowing. There was a fine parsonage near the church, where, Mr. Hoyle, being a bachelor, only lived, and stepped out for his meals, a woman coming in every day to keep things clean and in order.

The first Sunday he preached a couple of sermons from his "barrel," as he expressed it, meaning some that he had previously prepared, but for the next Sabbath he felt that his discourses must now appeal to a different class, and he must prepare them from another view-point.

In the beautifully furnished, well-lighted silent study in the quiet house he found it difficult to compose his thoughts.

Continued on page 31



Free Trial First—Then Only \$100 Down

THESE wonderful new Edison Diamond Amberolas—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the new Diamond Stylus Reproduser, and 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records sent to you on absolutely free trial. These records are included—your choice of either outfit. Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits of the big cities, side-splitting minstrel shows, Grand Opera and Comic Vaudeville. Try it first and convince yourself of the superiority of Mr. Edison's great masterpiece.

An Astounding Offer!

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument after the free trial, send us only \$1.00. Pay the balance for the complete outfit in small monthly payments. (See terms in coupon below.) Send no money—just fill out the coupon below and send it to us at once. We will send either of these complete outfits immediately.

Order From This Page

Of course, we do not want to ship an outfit to a person who can not afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a free trial it must be understood that you can afford to keep it). Yet, no one is under any obligations to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it at our expense; you, not we must judge what the Edison phonograph means to you and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question. ACT NOW.

Complete Stock of Foreign Records: Polish, Swedish, Norwegian, French, Finnish, Bohemian, Russian, Hungarian, German.

No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for a Free Trial

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
311 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario—Dept. 109 —62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba
U. S. Office: 19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Babson:—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph in my home on free trial. Send me the outfit I have checked below. If I decide to keep the outfit I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price direct from you on your special terms. I agree merely to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small freight or express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of \$1.00 within forty-eight hours after the free trial or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of (check the square below to the left of the outfit you wish to have us ship). The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. (This offer is not open to any one under 21 year of age. If you are under 21 ask your father, mother or guardian to fill in and sign this coupon for you.)

☐ **Outfit No. 72** \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Complete price with 12 records \$72.80

☐ **Outfit No. 97** \$8.00 for 12 months. Complete price with 12 records, \$97.00.

Name.....Address or R. F. D. No.....

City.....Province.....Ship by.....Express

Shipping Point.....Ship by.....Occupation.....

Age.....Married or single.....If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity.....If there is any possibility of changing your

address during the next year what will be your next address.....

Please give the names of three business men as references Business or

Name.....Address.....Occupation.....



Outfit No. 72
\$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Complete price with 12 records, \$72.80.

Concert Grand Outfit No. 97

Latest type Edison Phonograph with beautiful New Art Model Cabinet.



THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING FAMILY

We Canadians read much more about the United States than the people of the United States read about Canada. That is because we are a nation of less than ten millions, adjoining the United States, a nation of more than a hundred millions speaking the same language. But our neighbors know that Canadian national sentiment is strong and distinctive. Today, when the world stands at the beginning of a new era for mankind, the outstanding fact is that English is the tongue of a hundred and seventy million people, of whom some sixty-five millions are within the British nations, and more than a hundred millions in the United States. Never before has the world seen such a condition—nearly two hundred million people who speak and think and write in English and who are, if they choose to be, the masters of the destinies of humankind. Canada has a great part to play in promoting understanding and good feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking family. This is a thought which every Canadian man and woman should keep in mind. There is something noble and enduring to be done for the future of the world, something which the two great branches of the English-speaking family, the dominant powers in the world, can do. If they will continue in cultivating friendship and disregarding the would-be breeders of strife between them, they can lead the world with power irresistible along the road of justice and true progress.

TITLES AND TASKS OF LORD BYNG

Our new Governor-General is plainly not a man to flaunt his titles. He has an abundance of them. He is described in the proclamations as "General His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Julian Hedworth George Byng, Baron Byng of Vimy and Thorpe-le-Soken, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George," and so on. He is the first Governor-General to come to Canada a General. The Duke of Connaught came a Field Marshal. Official despatches from London to Lord Byng are addressed "Governor-General General His Excellency, Baron Byng"—a rare combination of civil and military generalships. Among the duties he will have to perform will be the choice of the next Premier of the Dominion, if it should happen that the approaching Dominion general elections result in establishing a House of Commons at Ottawa broken up into a number of groups, of which no single group contains a majority of the members of the House. But the greater number of his duties are of a ceremonial character. No Governor-General has ever entered upon his term of office under better auspices. His identification with the Canadian forces in Flanders during "Canada's Hundred Days" of the great offensive which brought the war to a close ensured him the most cordial of welcomes, and since his arrival he has given proof that he knows how to do and say the right thing.

THE SENATE

The Senate at Ottawa is one of the few remaining Upper Chambers in the parliaments of the world to which a man is appointed for life by the Government in power when a vacancy occurs. There have been some great Canadians in the Senate, men who had distinguished themselves in public life and done great service to the country before they took seats in the Senate chamber. But the great majority of Senators have not been great Canadians. Youth and middle age for action, says the old proverb, and age for counsel. But study of the record of the Senate of Canada reveals the fact that nine out of ten of the Senators have never been distinguished for either action or wise counsel. There has long been talk of Senate reform, but it has never got beyond being talk. Certain it is that Senate reform is long overdue. For one thing, there should be no life memberships in the Senate. Then some method of election of Senators would have to be devised which would make the Senate really an institution rightly forming part of a system of democratic self-government, which it is not now. Manitoba, when it began as a Province, had an appointed Upper Chamber of five members, who after a couple of years, voted themselves out of existence as an Upper Chamber. But there is little hope of the Senators at Ottawa doing such a thing.

THE RIGHT WAY TO LOOK AT HEALTH

To judge from the United States newspapers that come to The Philosopher's table, our neighbors to the south are making it an established practice to devoting a week at a time to bringing prominently before public attention some matter of public importance. Last month No Accident Week was observed in many States—Safety First Week it was called in some of them. It was followed by Check Tuberculosis Week. And Control Cancer Week is to come soon. In every case the propaganda work done is good, and for the general welfare. But why not have a Health and Happiness Week? Or rather, why not have such a week every week? One week would not begin to provide time enough for the circulation of circulation of all the cheerful stories of people who have lived long and useful lives after they were "given up" by the doctors and by their sorrowing relatives. The medical correspondent of the London Times took for his text recently the statement that "only a dead man has no health." It is a statement well worth considering. The only man who has no health at all is a dead man. Every living person has some health necessarily. Those

The Philosopher

of us who have ailments should not devote ourselves to contemplating our symptoms, but to thinking of our remaining stock of health and of how to make the most of it. In other words, if we are ill, let us leave our illness to our doctor, giving proper heed to his advice, of course. Disease should be left to the doctors, health is the concern of the patient. The Philosopher can name three men in Winnipeg, long past middle age now, who when they came to the West as young men were supposed to be dying of consumption. Nearly everybody knows of such cases. There is no lack of instances which serve to prove the power of the will and of a cheerful, sensible disposition in fighting bodily ailments and disabilities. We can all do something unobtrusively in spreading the good influence of the lessons taught by such instances of courage and common sense.

THE LESSON OF THE AGES

One of the greatest needs of this era is faith in humanity. Belief in God is impossible without belief in our fellow men. Civilization, indeed, cannot be built on any other basis. The work of building cannot go on unless more and more people all the time are leading serious and useful lives. We must not let ourselves be too hasty in judging either individuals or humanity as a whole. We must not let ourselves, while keeping our eyes open to the evil there is in the world, fail to see the good there is. There are good and wise men and women working for human advancement in every land. They are working to build a civilization permeated with moral principles. It is the duty of every right-thinking man and woman to be on the side of that progressive activity. The final test of all our progress must be its effect upon individual worth. All the wonders of scientific advancement count for nothing unless they enable our human nature to unfold and express itself progressively. The fatal defect of a materialistic civilization is that it is without moral and spiritual ideals. When wealth becomes an end in itself, then the only way to enjoy this wealth is through self-indulgence, which tends inevitably towards degeneracy and ultimate collapse.

OUR RELATIONS WITH OUR NEIGHBORS

Leading newspapers in both this country and the United States are calling attention to the fundamental fact that the teaching of the truth of history in the schools in both countries and in all the other countries is essential to a better development of international relations between the branches of the great English-speaking family. The Detroit Free Press, for example, in dwelling on the determined effort which has been inaugurated among the educators of the United States to tell the truth in school histories, says: "Whatever may have happened in 1776 and in 1812 has been disposed of a thousand times over by many important friendly services. The truth needs to be emphasized the more because there are influences at work trying to smother fact and wean us back to old prejudices and falsehoods." The Ottawa Citizen points out that "one rarely sees any slighting reference to Canada and the Canadians in United States newspapers," and adds: "There are, unfortunately, journals of importance in Canada which rarely miss an opportunity to sneer at the United States." Surely this is a gross overstatement by the Ottawa Citizen. There are would-be mischief-makers in every country, but in both Canada and the United States the great mass of the people desire friendliness between the two countries. The Ottawa Citizen speaks truth when it says: "What is desired on both sides is genuine respect and appreciation of one another's good points, and a disregard for one another's failings." No person is perfect, nor has any person friends who are without some shortcomings. Such are the defects of our common human nature. But it is better to be on the lookout for what is good in people rather than for their shortcomings. Good-will is a mighty force for making the world better.

NURSERY RHYMES AND FAIRY TALES

The Philosopher has been reading that there are some educationists who seriously advocate that children should not be told or be allowed to read fairy tales. It is some satisfaction to know that such educationists are advocating something so utterly contrary to child nature and human nature that there is not the slightest chance of their succeeding. They might as well undertake to exterminate nursery rhymes. To deprive children of their fairy tales would be almost depriving them of their childhood. Fortunately the thing is impossible. And the nursery rhymes are the preludes to the fairy tales. They are ages old, and they appeal to and increase the child's sense of wonder and beauty and open the gate into the world of imagination. What frolic and happy laughter and good humor there is in such lines as, "The little dog laughed to see such sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon". And what tender memories cluster round the rhymes

which are mothers' excuses for playing with a baby's hands and feet! "Shoe the horse and shoe the mare, Let the little colt go bare," and the rhymes about the little pig that went to market, and the little pig that stayed at home can hardly be said without tickling the small naked feet and playing with the little fingers. In nursery rhymes, and later on in fairy tales, the child is entertained with pretty pictures and ideas at first and then with all the pageant of the world of imagination, with all the king's horses and all the king's men parading in their glorious array, and craftsmen of all sorts, bakers, confectioners, silversmiths, blacksmiths busy with all their arts and mysteries, as at the court of an Oriental potentate in the Arabian Nights, and ships a-sailing and endless other wonders. To do away with all this would be to lessen tragically the joy of the world, which needs to be increased, not lessened. As well advocate the ruthless extermination of all the flowers and singing birds in the world.

A FRENCH GENERAL'S VISION

The horrors of warfare in the future, if ever again the world is to be torn by war, have been dwelt upon prophetically in an appalling manner not by mere theorists, but by great generals, and by great chemists and other scientists, and by great statesmen. Among these authoritative predictions of what war will mean in the future, if there is to be war in the future, none is more striking than the recent statement by General Eugene Debeny of what war will mean to the non-combatants. He says that at the beginning of another war interminable trains will hurry to the frontier, packed with women and children and old men. They will be sent to the frontier because that will be the only part of their country where there will be some sort of safety for them. There at the frontier, predicts General Debeny, separated by a thin line of electrified wire separating them into two vast hordes, the non-combatants of the two countries will find some shelter from the tornado of war. The masses on both sides of the wire will serve as a protection to each other, for the tremendous chemical and mechanical methods of waging war will be of such a character that neither country will be able to use them against the non-combatants of the other country without at the same time destroying immense numbers of its own non-combatants. This prediction that the frontiers may thus be made the only region of comparative safety for women, children and old men may never come true. It serves, at any rate, as a vivid indication of the horrors which future warfare, if great nations ever again come to a life-and-death grapple, will have in store, and so it should help in averting the possibility of war. In this connection it is to be noted that at the recent annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the president, Sir Edward Thorpe, made a vehement protest against chemical warfare. It is reported that the recent explosion in a Rhine city, which cost hundreds of lives, was in connection with the production of a poison gas more deadly than any previous invention. Unless civilization can put a stop to such diabolical madness, civilization will be destroyed.

FATHERS AND SONS

There are essential features of the history of every family which have a deep underlying similarity. The arrival of the child is welcomed as a great event, and as the child grows, its development is watched with loving wonder. Consider the case of the son. As he begins to run about, to ask questions, to make discoveries on his own account, and advance on his course of development through boyhood towards youth and manhood, the father has a fond eye on him, for all that he may pretend at times to regard him sternly. (We are not now considering the mother, nor the daughter, but the father and the son.) Time goes on, and there comes a day when the father is unreasonably amazed to find that his son thinks he knows better than his father how to go about his work in the world. So it is, more or less, with each new generation. The young have a natural impatience in regard to old ways, and are eager to adopt new ones. And, after all, is it not the self-confident hopefulness of youth supplies the momentum that makes the world go on?

ADVICE NOT EASY TO FOLLOW

Advice is the easiest thing in the world to give away. There was an article in a Vancouver paper recently about a resident in that city who had just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. The reporter asked him for advice about the way to preserve health and strength attain length of years. The old gentleman said "he was active enough to dance the Highland fling, if he wanted to," and in reply to the request for his rules for living long and happily, he laid down four injunctions. The first was, "Sit up until eleven o'clock at night, if you want to." The second: "If you smoke, don't give it up, but smoke a little, when you feel so inclined." The third: "Be reasonably careful in what you eat." And the fourth: "Use common sense in all your ways of living." Well, anybody can sit up until eleven, if he isn't feeling overpoweringly sleepy. Most smokers can manage to smoke a little, when they feel so inclined. The majority of us, perhaps, can be reasonably careful about what we eat. But as for using common sense in all our ways of living, the wisest of humankind, after many years' experience of living, will find it none too easy to learn how to do that.

Continued from page 29

He sat down to the desk, drew material toward him and tried to concentrate but simply could not.

He arose went to the window and looked out. There, not far away stood his church, in the midst of its close-clipped lawn. All around were nice residences, with neat walks, lawns, flower-beds and shrubbery. The street rustled with trees. In the distance hummed the business part of the city. Everything was perfect, what more could he want? Restlessly he paced to and fro. Tut, tut, this was no mood in which a minister of the gospel should start his week's work!

This demon must be exorcised! He reached for his Bible, and lifting up his eyes prayerfully, opened it at random, his finger on a text. The verse was in the Thirty Seventh Psalm and read "But the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

Here now was something to think about. The minister sat down, Bible in hand, a thoughtful look on his romantic face. Was there guidance in this, and what was it?

"The Meek"—To whom or what did that refer?

Gazing off into vacancy, there came before him at the suggestion of the word "Meek" the sweet, patient, inscrutable face of Lettie Kane. It was strange what a leap his heart gave at the vision and then his thoughts began to wander toward what she might be doing at that moment and whether she missed him much. He wondered if she would be as useful to the new minister as she had been to him. This possibility gave him a most unchristian feeling of resentment toward the new preacher.

But this would not do—to go on with the text "But the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

"Yes," he muttered almost with a sob, "how she would enjoy all this and how I would enjoy it with her. My Lettie, my Lettie, why was I so blind? That is the great lack! Suppose she misses me as I miss her—I must go to her at once."

Feverishly he gathered up his papers and stuffed them away. With joyful heart he threw a few things into a grip and looked up a time-table, thinking all the time such foolish thoughts as, "My lovely dove, just to have her share all this with me, away from the dreary little town. How her cramped soul will expand like the lily it is, if she will but come to me."

Arrived at the straggling little town, and the straggling little street, then at the shabby house, Mr. Hoyle somewhat startled Miss Sarah when he appeared at the door. "Had you forgotten something Mr. Hoyle?" she inquired.

"I certainly had!" he replied, mopping his brow and smoothing back his dark hair. "Where is Lettie, Miss Sarah?" he asked eagerly.

"Over at the church, she went over to sweep it."

"Excuse me, I'll go over and see her." Thinking it was probably a book or something of the kind Miss Sarah went calmly on with her mending.

The minister strode over to the little church and opened the door softly. The sweeping had been done, and the dust was slowly settling on the cheap seats, on the hymn-books scattered about, and on the flimsy pulpit. The sunlight stared un pityingly in. And on the organ-stool sat Lettie in her clean but ungraceful garments, her arms crossed on the music-rest of the organ, her head bowed upon them in a very Calvary of silent grief!

Hoyle anxiously and eagerly tip-toed forward. Boyishly and impetuously he put his arms about her shoulders and drew her head back against his breast, "Do you miss me as much as I've missed you, my Lettie?"

"Oh 'more, more," she whispered, and, reaching up her hand rubbed her fingers over his coat, "is it really you, Mr. Hoyle, or am I imagining it?"

"It is I, in the flesh, little reader of fairy tales and dreamer of dreams—now say 'Arthur, I love you,' and make me the happiest of men."

"Arthur—I—love—you."

The Kanes were quite overpowered by this unexpected turn of events.

"I must get right back," said Mr. Hoyle, as they all sat in family conclave that evening, "and I want to take Lettie back with me. We must be married at once—tomorrow—if Lettie approves, and catch the afternoon train. What are your plans about it, dearest?" turning to her.



WALTHAM THE SCIENTIF- ICALLY BUILT WATCH



Ribbon and Convertible Bracelet
Watches in various shapes and
sizes for Christmas Gifts. Ask
your jeweler.

The Master Assembler



THERE are limitations to human handiwork in watchmaking which Waltham-genius has circumvented by miracles of machinery—miracles which, for exactitude, precision and finish—transcend the skill of human hand.

We have told you that Waltham machinery creates a standard of accuracy unapproached elsewhere in the world. That the "parts" of Waltham movements are distinctive in material, design and advanced process of manufacture. And when these "parts" come to the Waltham Master Assembler, they meet the eye, the skill, the knowledge of a master craftsman thoroughly conversant with the formulas exclusively invented and developed by Waltham genius in watchmaking.

He is the assembler of the Balance and Hairspring (the heart and brain of the watch) which ultimately beats upon your wrist or in your pocket 432,000 pulsations a day, year in and year out. A transferring of energy into motion that is truly wonderful when we seriously think of it.

The Assembler of the hand-made watch knows no defined standard of quality. The material that comes for his inspection is of unknown quality in accuracy of construction and finish. He must decide on the barest information and appearance whether one part is good enough to equal or stabilize another. This condition exists because the hand-made watch is an assembled watch—the parts made in many shops and homes, with hand machines; no standardization, no ideal, and every buyer of a hand-made watch incurs this liability.

The Waltham Master Assembler is unique. He is a product of Waltham supremacy in watchmaking. He is the human distinction hidden in this world-famed watch—a unit in its performance which has placed it in actual competition above all other watches. He is a living symbol of Waltham, guarding day by day an international reputation, at once a guarantee to you that your purchase of a Waltham Watch is a lifelong investment.

Made in Canada—Literature on Request.

HOUSE OF WALTHAM

189 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

All eyes on Lettie she blushed prettily and said "Well, if it must be tomorrow, I'll just put on mother's wedding-dress in the forenoon, we'll all go over to the church and our new Mr. Sands will perform the ceremony and we'll take the afternoon train."

"Capital," said the prospective bridegroom, "I'll get the license in the morning."

"But about clothes, Lettie?" asked Clara her fingers itching to get cutting into cloth, to make more monstrosities.

"I'll give Lettie two hundred dollars

for a marriage portion," interposed Mr. Kane, "it's all I can afford."

"I'll get a good, new, ready-made blue serge suit for the street, in the city, and a black silk dress for church," announced Lettie decisively.



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Election Campaign Note

Political gas is not of the illuminating variety.—Toronto Telegram.

The Depreciated Mark.

The German cry has been changed from "Hoch der Kaiser!" to "God Save the mark!"—Wall Street Journal.

A Question.

"Leninesays he is disappointed with the Russian people." Did he expect they could keep on living without eating?—Halifax Herald.

The Latest "Me und Gott".

The King of the Hedjaz has called a Holy War. This is the exact opposite of the last one.—Duluth Herald.

Millions of Loss.

People do not burn up dollar bills, but the forest fire losses in Canada amount to pretty much the same thing.—Quebec Chronicle.

Cleaning Up the Bad Places.

Jackson's Hole, the famous bad place in Wyoming, has been carried by the women in the elections. The bad man can no longer get his poison.—Kansas City Star.

Crime and "Punishment"

Four years in prison for two German officers, who fired on a hospital ship is almost as severe treatment as if they had stolen a tire.—Washington Post.

What They Need Now.

Congress has voted to protect home brewers from revenue agents. All they need now is protection from the undertakers.—New York American.

A Far-off Prospect

Canada's share of the reparation payments due by Germany is \$300,000,000. But it would be just as well if we did not spend any of that money until we get it.—Hamilton Spectator.

Germany's Worst Enemies.

Germany's worst enemies are those that tell her she might be successful in another world war in about thirty years from now.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Election Turmoil.

The political pot is boiling so merrily that a lot of people in the country are already in a stew as to what they are going to do.—Victoria Colonist.

It Is Not a Quiet World

People used to think that the world would be so quiet when the war was over that there would be nothing to put in the newspapers. And, look at it today!—Vancouver Sun.

A Thing to Remember.

If prohibition isn't all that it should be in four or five years, it must be remembered that after ages of experience whiskey drinking wasn't a howling success.—Brantford Expositor.

World Interdependence.

Nations are not in watertight compartments, even though they be separated by oceans. The prosperity of America will depend ultimately upon the prosperity of Europe, and that of Europe upon that of America.—Westminster Gazette.

The Endurance of Humankind.

If there is one thing which has been made clear to us in the last six years, it is that communities and individuals have a capacity for endurance far exceeding all rational estimates in the previous years.—London Times.

A Case for Carefulness.

The Sultan of Zanzibar and his wives have landed at Durban: We understand that the captain asked him to count them carefully, as mistakes could not be rectified after leaving the ship.—Punch.

Reindeer

There are now more than 140,000 reindeer in Alaska, the descendants of 1,200 imported from Siberia a quarter of a century ago. We cannot too soon domesticate the reindeer in the Canadian Northwest.—Regina Post.

The Case of Tonga.

Tonga, the last remaining native kingdom in the Pacific Ocean, is a country without an army, navy, national debt or income tax. But just wait till we get hold of this place and civilize it.—Springfield Republican.

Plenty of Chances for Them

There are two million more girls than men of marriageable age in England and Scotland. This news should be of interest to the hordes of old bachelors at Portage and Brandon.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Mothers' Pensions

Mothers' pensions may be "costly," but those who oppose mothers' pensions should try to maintain a family of five children under fourteen and their mother on \$55 per month, before pronouncing them too costly.—Toronto Globe.

One Way of Looking At It.

Instead of all this fuss about the nations laying down their arms the world might make more rapid strides toward permanent peace if the human race would lay down a little of its cantankerousness.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

More "Explaining" Needed

The vehement and versatile explainers of why it is that Russia, after four years of soviet rule, is not the paradise that the preachers of the Socialist gospel of Karl Marx proclaim that their doctrines will create, have a steady job before them.—Vancouver Province.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

When a member of parliament denies an implication hurled at him by someone on the other side of the House, the denial must be accepted, even though the doubts of the darky minister at the burial service do come to mind: "Brudder Johnson, we hope, is gone to the place where we suspects he ain't"—The Veteran, Ottawa.

Using Buttons as Coins

Owing to the scarcity of small coins there have been times in Danzig lately where trousers buttons were used as coin, and the procedure is not entirely illogical. There are occasionally times when a man would give a lot of money to be absolutely sure of a button.—St. John Telegraph.

Education and Luxuries

During the single year 1919 the people of Canada spent \$300,000,000 more for luxuries than was spent in the country for education since confederation, according to a statistician employed by the government at Ottawa.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Plight of Russia

In Russia the Soviet officials do not starve, though famine decimates the population. Communism does not lead its proponents to any such extremes as sharing its inevitable hardships with their victims.—Lethbridge Herald.

Child-finger-printing.

One of the latest declarations by one of the innumerable experts who are out regulate the lives of all of us is that every child should be finger-printed. Every child is. If you don't believe it, take a look through the homes of the nation and examine the walls and the wall-paper.—Toronto Star.

A Fundamental Principle

Canada can weather any storm that may be ahead provided the wealth being produced in the country is switched into the right channels. But of course there is a limit to what the nation, like the individual, can afford for unessentials.—Calgary Albertan.

Two Rate Complaints.

An Ontario man complains that the freight on a carload of shingles from B. C. cost him more than the shingles and a Portage lady says that's not as bad as having to pay express on a basket of Ontario apples that didn't cost anything.—Brandon Sun.

British Foreign Policy.

The keynote of British foreign policy must be friendship with the United States. Otherwise there would come chaos. There is no reason why the three great Empires should not combine to solve the problems of China and of a naval agreement, and thus make the Pacific not a storm centre, but an ocean worthy of its name.—London Morning Post.

Street Car Fares in Berlin.

In Berlin street car fares have been increased eight times since 1918, and the minimum fare is now a mark and 18 pfennings, or what in pre-war days would have been the equivalent of 28 cents. But it costs Americans in Berlin only a cent, because of the exchange.—Springfield Republican.

There Is a Limit.

If the cost of government is too high—if the overhead is more than the business can stand—it will have to be cut down. The money available for the state, like that of the individual, has its limits.—Regina Leader.

Apparently.

It is stated that not more than ten per cent of the Franco-American marriages contracted during the war have turned out successfully. Apparently the nations are not yet ready to live in brotherhood—especially if they are married.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Dissatisfaction with Peru

English families who settled on land in Peru are back in the Old Country, disgusted and disillusioned. Either the country is no good, or the settlers were not adaptable. These long flight migrations should only be undertaken after the most careful consideration and investigation.—Montreal Standard.

Mosquitoes and Minnows

The idea of importing minnows from the United States and stocking the streams, rivers and lakes of Spain with them, in order to rid that country of mosquitoes, is being put forward in the Spanish newspapers. Look's to us like the idea of buying hair restorer from a bald-headed barber.—Galt Reporter.

Under the Old Regime.

It has recently been revealed that the Crown Prince Rudolph, one-time heir to the Austrian throne, was killed by being hit over the head with a beer bottle by a baroness, but inasmuch as this happened in 1889, we don't see why Europe should get all smoked up over it, unless somebody is looking for an excuse to start the next war.—Omaha World-Herald.

Another Cause for Worry Gone.

Lord Rayleigh has just told the British Association that the earth's crust, as a habitation for human beings is likely to last for a billion years.—Our globe has been patiently revolving around the sun for a long time, and we must all feel grateful to the eminent astronomer who now assures us that "day and night, seedtime and harvest" will probably continue for quite a spell.—Edmonton Bulletin.

How Badly Some Men Guessed.

Representative Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, in a brief speech, advised her fellow-members of the House of Representatives in Washington to reduce their talking, and thus effect a saving in the immense cost of Congress. Which shows how badly some men guessed what women would do in public life.—Calgary Herald.

Duelling Revived in Hungary.

The past one-months' record of the duel's revival in Hungary—6000 challenges, 350 combats and three deaths—indicates that the institution's bark is considerably worse than its bite. Still it is in the mad dog class.—New York World.

Proportional Representation.

In the Dominion elections any kind of a harum-scarum candidate can get into the running, split the vote and allow a minority candidate to win a seat. Under Proportional Representation this is not possible. A change in the system is badly needed, not for the good of any political party, but for the safeguarding of democracy.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Arabian Nights Outdone.

The ancient romancer of the Arabian Nights who told about the wonderful journeys on the magic carpet surely would be surprised could he return and read about the plans for passenger aeroplane flights from French cities to Algiers, Morocco and Zenegal and across the Atlantic. Another demonstration that fact is stranger than fiction.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Re-birth of Belgium.

Belgium has been hard hit; she has her economic and fiscal troubles like the rest of us; but her recovery so far has been wonderfully rapid—more rapid, indeed, than that of any of the other Allies. She has an invaluable asset in the character of her pertinacious, intelligent, and laborious population, and she will reassert her position in the foremost rank of European industrial and commercial.—Boston Transcript.

The Only Real, Firm Basis.

When Mr. Lloyd George says that "conditions will stabilize only when the nations learn that concord and co-operation with their neighbors constitute the only real, firm basis for their own national prosperity," he puts in an effective word for both the League of Nations and the coming disarmament conference.—Halifax Chronicle.

The Soviet Idea.

The Russian government at the very time that they are trying to cajole the other nations of the world to give Russia a helping hand, send out through the Third Internationale, which is merely the Soviet Foreign office in transparent disguise, the old appeals to the "proletariat" to rise in red rebellion.—Omaha Bee.

Movies for the Eskimos.

Donald B. McMillan and his companions are taking with them on their exploration trip to the Arctic a motion picture machine with which to entertain the Eskimos. It is calculated that the humorous films will cause the Eskimos to laugh and grow fat, while the more serious ones will make them blubber.—Saskatoon Star.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Continued from page 18

known as very clever cragsmen, say that mountain sickness is due to diminished pressure on the brain, the atmosphere being less. It helps a lot if one heeps his head and neck protected from the wind. They told us other things about the hills which I have forgotten. This is altogether too bad for there isn't a doubt you would enjoy hearing them also.

There is one thing, however, about the guides which I desire to here set down. While, as a profession, they may have no markedly pronounced ambition for truth, be it said to their credit they never insult your intelligence by relating impossible happenings. You may properly ask them, "Is the story true?" but never "could it be

lected the site, and that the Dominion Government is arranging for three hundred miles of bridal-paths. In addition, the Provincial Government, and certain of the Western Boards-of-Trade, are planning to vote the funds to connect up Jasper Park in the Yellowhead Pass with the Pacific Coast by turning the old unused grade of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway into an auto and waggon road, this to be known as the Jasper Highway. The rails from this grade were sent to Flanders during the war for the construction of roads for the transshipping of men and supplies to the battle front.

There is no doubt but that these are excellent plans because these parks were set aside as continuing playgrounds for the people, and because Canada has an enormous financial asset in them which has yet to be realized upon.



Miss Hinman's Party in Jasper Park on a Forty-day Trip.

true?" in which respect guides do differ greatly from certain slack twisted, fly-away fellows whom we might mention in other professions.

Here, on a mountain peak in the Range of the Rockies, one might reasonably expect to find isolation, or when so arranged to take covert from the world. After having written with such assurance of the silences and solitudes, I am ashamed to tell of being summoned across the Gorge to the timber ranger's cabin to receive, by telephone, a telegraphic message from the Pacific Coast. Presently, too, this Government Reserve will be a thronging-place where they fight over wine, meat and women as they do in the other parts of Canada. Being so well and favorably known, Guide book asterisks will indicate it as the site of a fashionable hotel with the standardized, service required by 'good society.' There are sure to be golf-links here, also dancing pavillions, and a host of hireling chaffeurs who are quite mad.

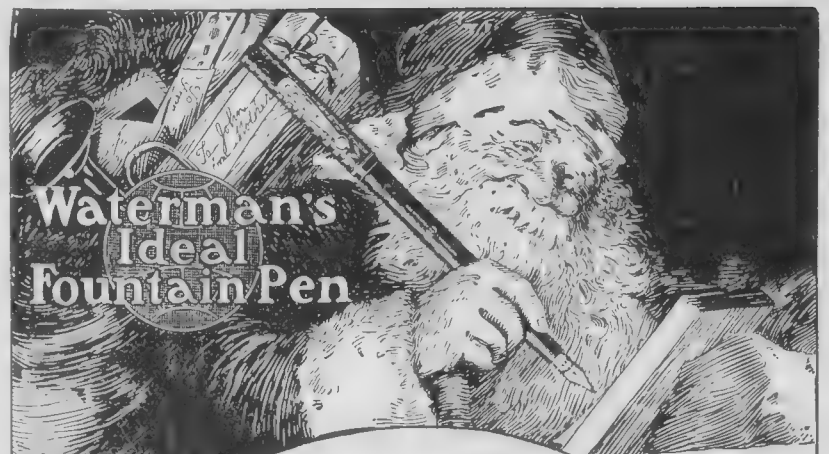
Indeed the Canadian National Railway Company are said to have already se-

Yes, it is selfish and entirely stupid for us to make objections to the oncoming rush of tourists who shall be attracted hither for, all being said and done, any reasonable person should be able to find breathing space and a satisfactory solitude in an area of some five thousand square miles of parklands.

The ride home on the downward trail from the Gorge to the tents was a riotous one, the horses being wholly impervious to curbs, prayers or weight. It was Mr. Hillaire Belloc who said that horses have souls because they are both stupid and kindly; because they see things in the dark, and are cognisant of evil. His statement is a pretty one but in no wise applicable to the Brewster's ponies at Jasper Park. These see, hear or think of nothing but their evening fodder and the off-saddling at the corral.

In the morning, these horses are not so self-minded, indeed, they are almost drivelling and desolate as the wranglers lade them heavily for a round trip of five days into the Tonquin Valley. This Val-

Continued on page 64



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Appreciated Present

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endear it more and more each year.

THREE TYPES
Regular Safety Self-Filling
with a choice of natural iridium pointed gold nibs to fit any individual pen preference.

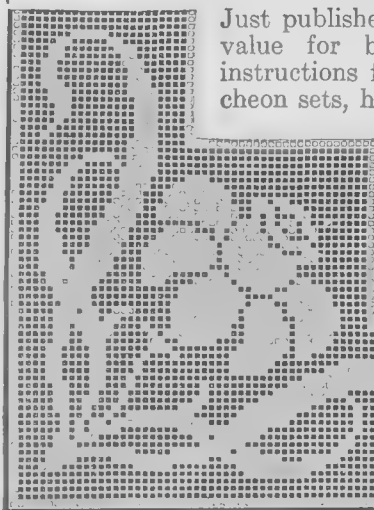
\$2.50 to \$250

Selection and Service at Best Dealers Everywhere.

The quality standard in all Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens is the same. The difference in prices is determined by size or ornamentation.

**L. E. Waterman
Company Limited**
179 St. James St.
Montreal
New York, Boston
Chicago
San Francisco
London Paris

The Wonder Book of Crochet Patterns



Just published—a crochet pattern book of unusual value for beginners or experts. Contains full instructions for making corners and edges for luncheon sets, hot roll covers, plate, tumbler and tray doilies, breakfast sets, chair tidy, library table cover and beautiful designs in cross stitch.

64 Patterns--only 35c

Send 35 cents today and get your copy
Tells you just how to go about making these useful and artistic pieces. Contains the newest, simplest and most up to date patterns found in any ONE crochet book on the market.

No postage stamps accepted.

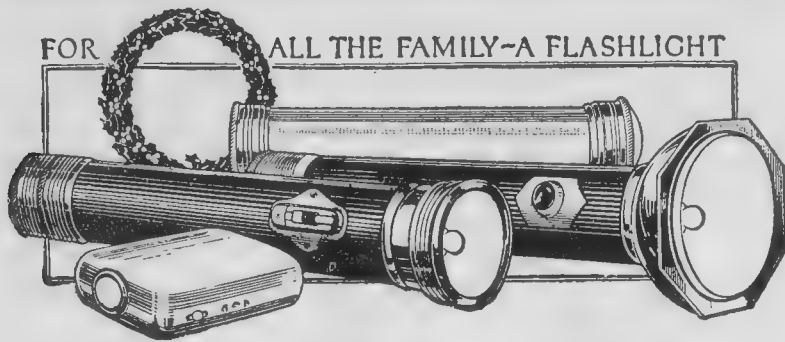
Boyd Import & Mfg. Co.

Stovel Bldg., Bannatyne Ave.

Winnipeg,

Man.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.



FOR ALL THE FAMILY—A FLASHLIGHT

The Christmas Gift OF A THOUSAND USES

Here's a *bright* idea—give an Eveready Flashlight to every one on your Christmas list. You can't go wrong on a single one, because there's a type of Eveready for every type of person. Here, surely, is the Christmas Gift of a Thousand Uses.

Christmas morning, watch Dad reach for that handsome Spotlight with the 300-foot range.

Look at Mother, wreathed in smiles, examining *her* flashlight. Now she can approach those dark stairs with surer tread. No more guessing which is "Grape" and which "Crab Apple" on the dark jam-shelf.

Easy there, Billy. Wait a minute, Jane. There's a Pocket Light for *each* of you. Aren't they nice? All smooth and shiny, like a cigarette case.

A bright Christmas? Yes, Sir! Don't wait till the rush is on. Take your list to the nearest electrical, hardware, drug, auto-supply, or sporting-goods store today and make your Christmas selection. Eveready Flashlights for Everybody, from \$5.00 down to \$1.70.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

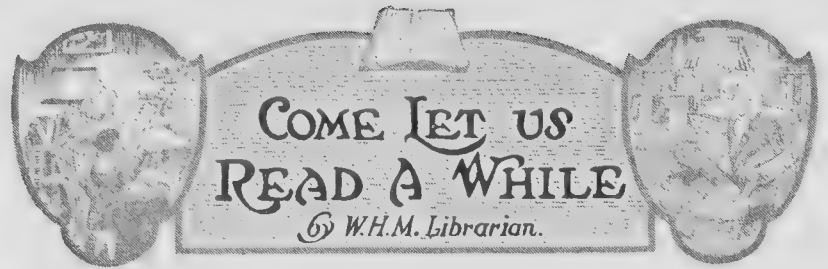
104



MUSIC COMPLETES THE HOME

and *The Western Home Monthly* can help you complete your music problems. Even though we carry by far the largest volume of Musical Instrument advertising from Canada's most reputable houses, and our editorial columns have consistently supported the movement for happier homes through the medium of music, still there may be some additional information you desire.

Whether you wish to purchase a Musical Instrument or to solve some Music Problem—the advice of the Music Lover is open to all readers of *The Western Home Monthly*. For personal reply send stamped addressed envelope to the Music Lover, *The Western Home Monthly*, Winnipeg.



This month, I want to use all the space allotted to me, for the purpose of telling you about a new life of Queen Victoria which I am sure will give great delight to all who buy it for the coming winter's reading. This is a book for the long winter evenings. A book that can be read aloud to the entire family who will enjoy every word of it. Or it may be read by one member who will then have a fund of lively information and sprightly anecdotes to pass on to the other members as they sit around the crackling fire.

"QUEEN VICTORIA"

by Lytton Strachey is published in Canada by F. D. Goodchild of Toronto, so that Canadians have no difficulty in securing this interesting volume from local booksellers or through the mail order houses.

Biography is always most fascinating. When it is the biography of so unique a figure in English history as Queen Victoria, it, itself, becomes history. That Mr. Strachey has written with a quiet charm and a soothing sincerity adds greatly to the pleasure we have in this important publication. It seems to be quite easy for those who write about kings and queens to become either mawkishly sentimental, or savagely iconoclastic. Mr. Strachey has avoided both these uncomfortable temperaments, there is a detachment about his work that gives one the feeling of cool efficiency. Victoria was a woman and as such he appraises her. She was also a queen and his judgments are tempered by the realization that queens must be humored!

His choice of anecdotes are most happy for they not only supply the human element so essential in a biography but they are like searchlights turning their bright rays into a dark corner of Victoria's heart hitherto unpenetrated.

There was a time when I used to tear madly along the Edgware Road to the very entrance of the Marble Arch, whenever it was whispered that "the Queen was about to drive through the Arch," therefore, this book has a strong personal appeal! What did I, as a schoolgirl, see at the end of the mad rush? An open carriage wherein sat a motherly looking old lady, dressed unfashionably and always in black. An old lady who seemed to find a curious satisfaction in bowing, just to the right then to the left in response to cheers and handkerchief wavings from most loyal subjects. It seemed hard for that schoolgirl to believe that the dowdy, unimpressive old lady ate from plates of solid gold, and wore beneath her funny bonnet a crown of jewels such as no one in the world possessed. That such was not the case, was never for one minute hinted by those better versed in royal manners. Just as well, for the schoolgirl would have listened to no one who removed those gold plates and flashing crown!

Then came the days when every shop erected a miniature stadium; when fashionable young folk "bid" for standing room on roofs; when every spare inch of congested London town was converted into a "stand"; when pavements were black with thousands upon thousands of loyal subjects mourning for their queen. That day, the little old lady rode in far greater splendour, only she did not bow to right and left.

I well remember how King Edward on his magnificent white horse drew almost indecent shouts from the crowds, who loved their royal Prince. And the ex-Kaiser—a fine figure of a man, every inch an emperor, said popular judgment. The Queens' own body Guard, the mournful strains of the Dead March, all the impressive "forms, modes, shows of grief," the "trappings and suits of woe."

Will such a funeral ever be forgotten? Not by the schoolgirl who has looked in vain for reference in Strachey's book to those golden plates and flashing crown, and had to be content with his beautifully

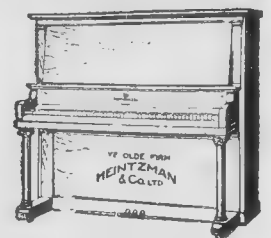
worded account of the end. He writes:

"When, two days previously, the news of the approaching end had been made public, astonished grief had swept over the country. It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought. She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking—to have glided already unawares into oblivion. Yet perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts, too. Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanour, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform....." and so back and back until those days when she was companioned by sprigged muslin and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MOTHER.

The Duchess of Kent was a dragon! She never left the future Queen of England for a minute, and this unyielding dis-

Continued on page 35



For Catalog
of
"Ye Olde Firme"
HEINTZMAN & CO.
PIANOS

Write



The West's Greatest Music House
Established 1883
The Home of the Heintzman & Co
Piano and the Victrola

Dept. W
329 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg

Pianos, Player-Pianos
Organs, Phonographs
and
Everything in Music

Continued from page 34

ciplinarian had forced the young girl to be so abnormally tidy that at seventy Queen Victoria had each dress, petticoat and parasol that she had ever worn! Her tidiness had become a madness for collecting. Was the Queen's violent, unreasonable opposition to Woman Suffrage but a natural outcome of a childhood and girlhood lived entirely among her own sex? "It was her misfortune," writes Strachey, "that the mental atmosphere which surrounded her during these years of adolescence was almost entirely feminine. No father, no brother, was there to break in upon the gentle monotony of the daily round with impetuosity, with rudeness, with careless laughter and wafts of freedom from the outside world." Remembering this, one can understand what made the Puritanical, haughty Queen so severe towards the beloved Prince of Wales. There could not be a bond of sympathy between characters and temperaments so dissimilar.

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND.

There is one phase of Queen Victoria's life that one does not wish to analyse, or to measure by any rule of cause and effect. Her love for her husband, the lonely, unhappy yet powerful Albert. There is no section of Mr. Strachey's work that arouses such feelings of tenderness and pity for the imperious Queen, as that which touches upon her intense happiness with her husband and her unceasing grief at his death. Psychologists call such a condition morbid. Historians like to conjecture what would have happened to England had Albert lived. But those who read biography less strenuously will find nothing but sheer delight and sympathetic sorrow in the chapters entitled "Marriage" and "Widowhood."

To quote from the book under review: "The death of the Prince Consort was the central turning-point in the history of Queen Victoria. She herself felt that her true life had ceased with her husband's, and that the remainder of her days upon earth was of a twilight nature—an epilogue to a drama that was done. Nor is it possible that her biographer should escape a similar impression. For him too, there is a darkness over the latter half of that long career. . . . With appalling suddenness Victoria had exchanged the serene radiance of happiness for the utter darkness of woe. In the first dreadful moments those about her had feared that she might lose her reason but the iron strain within her held firm, and in the intervals between the intense paroxysms of grief it was observed that the Queen was calm." At the death of Albert, Queen Victoria entered upon a period of constant work, incessant toil of brain and body. At any cost, she would bear the vast burden of carrying on the work Albert would have done, in the manner he would have chosen. "Her brain" she wrote referring to her queenly self, "is constantly overtaxed." To which Strachey adds the words "It was too true."

GREAT VICTORIANS

No book about Queen Victoria could fail to interest, because it could not ignore the brilliant men of the period—Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli and Prince Albert himself who was, in certain ways the greatest of them all.

Mr. Strachey has treated us to dazzling portraits of these men and if only for these, we are grateful for his book. Listen to this about Lord Melbourne. "Nature had given him beauty and brains. The unexpected death of an elder brother brought him wealth, a peerage, and the possibility of high advancement. . . . His mind at once supple and copious, his temperament, at once calm and sensitive, enabled him not merely to work, but to live with perfect facility and with the grace of strength. In society he was a notable talker, a captivating companion, a charming man. . . . His passion for reading never deserted him; even when he was Prime Minister he found time to master every new important book. . . . To the Ladies whom he most liked he would lend some learned work on the Revelation crammed with marginal notes in his own hand. . . ."

What a delightful chapter on Lord Palmerston! Clearly Mr. Strachey has a very soft place in his heart for "the terrible milord Palmerston about whom they made a little song in Germany."

"Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,

So ist er sicher Palmerston."

A book of irresistible appeal is "Queen Victoria." Doubtless scholars will quarrel about this and that point. But for the general reading public, Lytton Strachey has performed a distinct service. For within an amazingly small compass, considering the years over which he had to travel he has given us a witty, sympathetic, enlightening sketch of Victoria and of the chief personalities with whom she came into close contact and with whom she often clashed. Queen Victoria was not a reader but she was devoted to Lord Tennyson. Let us therefore conclude this review with a verse from Tennyson's poem, the penalty of his appointment to the office of Poet Laureate!

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; Her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

TREATING SERVANTS WELL

I have kept house in a modest way for eight years. I do not boast of butlers and chefs, but I employ one of that nearly extinct species, a general houseworker. I have never had any trouble or delay in getting a maid and I have never had one come in one day and go out the next, not even the next week or the next month. In the eight years I have had three maids.

Of course there is a certain element of good luck in all this, but I lay my good fortune to the method I practise, which springs from the realization that servants are people.

In the first place, in my trips to the employment office I refuse to talk to any applicant without several really good references. Those being satisfactory I make our interview an explicit account of the advantages and disadvantages of the place. I paint a plain and practical picture and I use no rose color for a lure. When they come to me I give them a cool, clean room, plenty of clean linen and a first class bed. I am liberal about their food. I buy fruit for the kitchen and pastries too. The cream bottle and—in the happy past—the wine bottle have been the only prohibited articles.

I allow my maid to get out some part of each day. No one can be healthy and happy without fresh air and recreation. I give several weeks vacation with pay.

In return for this I have had loyal and honest service, exquisite cleanliness and neither waste, impertinence nor complaint.

It is the ignorant, inhuman housekeeper with her petty rules and her unreasonable demands that has made domestic service a thing of ignominy and discomfort, driven many of the best servants into factories and caused wages to rise beyond reason on account of the dwindling supply of help.

I would like to see the day when the prospective maid will demand of her possible employer a reference from her past maid as to her human kindness and ability to handle employees. When I hear the pitiful tales of dozens of women who slave in the kitchen because they cannot get or keep maids I'm not one bit sorry for my sex; I'm ashamed.

HIGH CLIMBING

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger)

Speaking of the Mount Everest expedition, Sir Francis Younghusband says: "At great heights men get very nervous and irritable. At 16,000 feet they begin to lose patience with one another, and the higher they climb the deeper they hate."

There is a moral in that for men seeking high altitudes in our common human life.

May it never be said of them with truth: "The higher they climb the deeper they hate."

It is a fine thing to find a man who goes upward to great heights without losing his head, his nervous equipoise, his self-control. It is an inspiration to us who plod and drudge along at the lower levels to find him generous, amiable, affable, ready to meet all comers and faithful to his friends.

On the other hand, it is deplorable to come upon a man who wins his way to eminence of any sort, and in that lofty station, instead of looking to the sky and a superior Power, looks down upon "the common herd" and thinks—and tells—how great he is in comparison with the n.

Character, always fluid, flows to the pull of experience as tidal water flows to the pull of the moon.

Piano Supreme

Why Not a

Heintzman & Co.

ART PIANO

FOR CHRISTMAS?

OVER SEVENTY YEARS OF
FINE PIANO MAKING

Unrivalled
in
Tone



Unexcelled
in
Touch

De Olde Firma
Heintzman & Co. Limited
193-197 YONGE ST. TORONTO CAN.
ESTABLISHED 1850-70 YEARS

Branches: Heintzman & Co., Limited, in Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Prince Albert. J. J. H. McLean & Co., Winnipeg and Brandon, Distributors for Manitoba. Illustrated Booklet of great world artists sent to any address, without further obligation, if you say you saw this announcement in the Western Home Monthly.



**DISC and CYLINDER
PHONOGRAPH
RECORDS**

and
**PLAYER
ROLLS**

Largest selection in the West of new and standard Player Rolls

**Catalogs
and
Monthly
Lists on
Request**

Our stocks of phonograph records and player rolls are complete and up-to-date. Prompt attention given to mail orders, and carrying charges prepaid on orders of \$3.00 and up.

Phonograph Records

Crooning
Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows
Ain't We Got Fun
Held Fast in a Baby's Hands
I'm Nobody's Baby
Peggy O'Neil
I Know Where the Flies Go
I'm Wild About Moonshine
Whispering
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

Player Rolls

Irene
Somewhere a Voice is Calling
Pretty Kitty Kelly
Alice Blue Gown
My Mammy
Stolen Kisses
Grieving For You
Rose of Virginia
Jelly Bean
Gypsy Love Song

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

333 PORTAGE AVE

GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, William, Haines, Bell, Sherlock, Manning, Karn, Morris, Lesage, Canada, Amherst and Imperial.

PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Aeolian Vocalion, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathe, McLagan, Starr, Euphonian.

OUT WEST.

By Theodora Horton.

"What do you think of it?" asked aunt Caroline Marks, as her sister Eunice handed her back the letter she had been reading.

"Why I never heard of such a thing," was the reply, "as if dear Sylvia had not enough to do to look after herself in that wild region."

"That is exactly my opinion," remarked Miss Caroline, "and I think we had better go and see Vera, though I fear it may be difficult to make her understand that Sylvia will not want her."

"Sylvia was always very fond of her," said Aunt Eunice thoughtfully, "but—"

"Oh, it's quite out of the question" interrupted her sister who had been rapidly turning over the leaves of the time table, we had better go and see what can be done, we could catch the eleven o'clock train."

The two maiden ladies had been discussing the affairs of their niece Vera, who by the death of her father a fortnight ago had been thrown on her own resources with very little money to fight her way in the world. She had been staying in the neighbouring village with friends since the funeral, and the aunts had just received from her the following letter. Dear Aunt Caroline,

Thank you very much for offering to take me in until I find something to do, but I have decided to go out west. I have always wanted to go you know ever since Aunt Sylvia went when I was a little girl. I shall go to her while I look round. Would you please send me her address as I do not remember any of it, but the name of the village, and that it is somewhere in the wilds of Alberta.

Again thanking you and Aunt Eunice, I remain your affectionate niece,
Vera Brown.

A few hours later the two aunts knocked at the door of Mrs. Turnham's house where Vera was staying, and enquired for Miss Brown. They were shown into a pretty drawing room opening into a small conservatory. The maid said she thought Miss Brown was in the garden and would go and call her.

"I feel quite uncomfortable about it," said Aunt Caroline, as they waited. "It is very difficult to tell a girl to her face that she is not wanted, and perhaps she will not take a hint."

"Her own common sense should tell her," rejoined Aunt Eunice. "Is it likely that Sylvia should want a practically penniless girl sponging on her?"

"Well, we must make her understand somehow," replied her sister.

There was a sound by the doors of the conservatory that made them both look round. The tall slight figure of a girl in black was standing framed in the doorway, and as they saw her she drew herself up but did not advance to meet them.

"I quite understand Aunt Caroline and Aunt Eunice," she said quietly, "I heard everything you said, I was in the conservatory and I must have dropped off to sleep. I thought at first that Mrs. Turnham had visitors." She paused, but as the aunts said nothing, she went on. "I had no intention of eavesdropping, but I am glad I heard what you said, it has saved you all the trouble of explaining. I will tell Mrs. Turnham that you are here."

She swept past them and out of the room taking no notice of their feeble protests. They looked at each other uncomfortably. They had certainly meant all they had said, but they had intended to coat the pill with sugar before offering it to Vera. They had not long to discuss the subject, however, for Mrs. Turnham arrived in a few minutes bringing a message from their niece.

"Vera," she said, "quite understood the reason of their visit, and wished to assure them that she would on no account go to Aunt Sylvia. She begged them to excuse her from seeing them again as she had a good deal of business to attend to."

In vain the aunts protested to Mrs. Turnham that they had not intended to hurt Vera's feelings, and hoped that she would come and see them again before they went. It was all of no use, and at length they took their departure feeling very uncomfortable over the whole affair.

Sylvia Marks was their youngest sister. She was fifteen years younger than Aunt Eunice, and they had never been able to give up treating her as a child, though she was eighteen years old, when ten years previously she had decided to strike out for herself, and had gone west in the

capacity of a school teacher. At first her letters had been frequent, but latterly they had been very few and far between. They gathered always that Sylvia was doing well, and as she was in no way dependent on the salary she earned, they had no anxiety about her temporal needs. It was perhaps a feeling of resentment that Vera should choose rather to go to her Aunt Sylvia than to come to them, that had made them declare that she would only be a burden to her and would not be welcome. They had not wished particularly to have their niece with them, but having made up their minds to it they felt resentful that she should not appreciate their hospitality.

Though Vera had managed to appear extremely dignified as she swept out of the room and left her aunts, she was in reality almost in tears. The whole of her little world had seemed to go to pieces on the death of her father. Her mother had died when she was only ten years old, but she had been practically mistress of the house from that time though nominally she was under the charge of her father's old housekeeper. She had qualified as a teacher, for her father had said that every girl should be able to earn her own living. But she had never done any teaching up to the present time, as there had been no need for it. Now, however, she felt thankful that there was no need for her to be dependent on anyone. She ran upstairs to her room after leaving the aunts, and throwing herself on her knees by her bed, burst into tears. There was no one, she thought, who really cared for her now. Mr. and Mrs. Turnham had been very kind to her since her father's death, but at best they were but acquaintances. She had looked forward so to going to Aunt Sylvia. She could just remember her before she went west, when she had come to make a farewell visit. "Some day, little Vera, you must come and visit your auntie and see what the big prairies are like," she had said, and Vera had wanted then and there to go with her pretty young aunt.

That it was possible that her aunt should not want her or that she would not be welcome now that her father was gone, and she was alone in the world, had never occurred to her. She had been so sure of a welcome, and the thought of it and the adventure of going west had to a certain degree turned her thoughts from her trouble, and help to comfort her through the last few weary days. She had certainly never intended to sponge on her aunt Sylvia as her other aunts had suggested. She was able and ready to earn her own living, and she knew that there would be no difficulty in doing this for there was a great shortage of teachers in the prairie districts. As she grew calmer she asked herself why she should give up the idea. There was no need to go to aunt Sylvia, but she could still keep to her plan of going west, and when she had made up her mind to this, she felt cheered and determined to forget what she considered her aunts' unkindness.

The next few days went by in a whirl of preparation and packing, and then at last she was off on her long journey. The novelty and excitement of it chased away the last remnant of the depression that had been hanging over her. She was young and strong and life was before her, and probably new friends and new interests awaited her in the far west.

Vera never forgot that journey. The days and nights in the train until the eternal rattle and jar of traveling seemed to become so much part of herself that she found herself missing it when the train stopped at a depot. Then the wonder of the changing views from the windows of the car until at last there burst upon her view the level stretches of the vast prairie in which she was to make her home. On and on through the same prairie, relieved here and there by the wheat fields vividly green against the brown. Now and again a small wooden house and outbuildings, and over and over again colonies of the little brown gophers that stood on their hind legs to watch the great train go by. But much as she enjoyed it all Vera was not sorry when at last she reached the city of

Edmonton. Here she was to stay for a few days with the family of an old school friend, and after her long lonely journey it was delightful to see Hazel Jackson's bright face at the depot to greet her. But she did not make a long stay, for the summer term was about to begin, and she wished to get to work at once. As it was she found she was rather late and many of the best vacancies had been filled. Also her lack of experience proved to be against her. However, at last she had a position definitely offered to her at a good salary. It was a country school in a newly opened district many miles from the city, and thirty-five miles from the nearest railway station. She enquired how she was to reach the place and was told that she was to hire a team to drive her straight out after reaching the depot, and that she was to lodge in the house of one of the trustees.

She arrived at Fairgreen station very early in the morning after traveling all night. It is sometimes a source of wonder to the inhabitants of prairie villages whether there are any places where the trains arrive at reasonable times. Certain it was that Fairgreen was not one of them, for it was very little after five o'clock in the morning when Vera stepped from the train. She stood on the deserted platform and looked about her. All round stretched the boundless prairie wrapped in the golden hush of dawn. The sun was just appearing from behind a slight rise towards the east, and a golden light seemed to enfold the little prairie village, while on the horizon appeared in mirage, distant villages and farmhouses invisible in full daylight, but now appearing like fairy visions in the clear air. Vera could hardly tear herself away from it, but at last she came back to earth and remembered that she was hungry. It was far too early yet to get a team, so arranging to leave her boxes at the depot for a few hours, she went to the hotel for breakfast.

The first part of the drive across the prairie was a wonderful experience to Vera, accustomed as she had been all her life to living in a town, but it was not until they had driven nearly half the distance that her adventures began. The driver had not seemed particularly anxious to drive her out. He had said that the roads were in a very bad state owing to the recent rains, and he would certainly not be able to get back to Fairgreen that night, but during the first part of the drive everything had gone all right, although there had been several muddy places through which he whipped up the horses fearing that they might stick fast. Now they had reached a part of the road which ran through swampy ground. It had been graded high above the swamp, and an iron culvert ran through to take off the water. The trail for some yards was only just wide enough for the buggy, and the driver pulled up the horses to a quiet walk. But though the grade appeared firm enough the recent rains had been doing their work, and softening and wearing away the sides. Before Vera had time to know what was happening, the soft earth gave way, and with a sickening lurch the buggy tipped for a moment over the brink of the grade. The horses plunged and struggled, but it was too late, and in another minute Vera found herself pitched right out in the soft wet rushes at the edge of the swamp. She lay for a minute half stunned, then hearing the driver shout to her to "look out" she rose staggering to her feet, sinking in the swamp almost to her knees as she tried to struggle out onto firm ground. She managed however to get clear of the frightened horses and the buggy which they were dragging along on its side in their efforts to escape. Fortunately the driver, like herself was unhurt, and whipping out his jack knife he succeeded in cutting the traces and setting the horses free.

Then he turned to Vera to enquire if she was hurt.

"I don't think so," said Vera feeling

somehow inclined to laugh, "but I'm awfully wet."

They discussed the situation for a minute or two, and then decided that there was nothing for it but to walk on in search of a farm house. The buggy certainly was in a hopeless state, and the driver said that as soon as he had seen Vera to some sort of a house, he would walk the horses home. Meanwhile, he had succeeded in catching them and tying them up to what was left of the buggy. Then they walked along the trail, a curious looking couple, both covered with mud from head to foot, and Vera hatless, with her long fair hair hanging down on her shoulders. Her hat had flown out too far into the swamp to be retrieved, and of her hairpins she could only find one. However, as she cheerfully remarked, they had a great deal to be thankful for, they were both alive, and it was a warm day, so they were not quite so uncomfortable as they might have been.

So they trudged on until at last they came to another trail which crossed the one on which they were walking. As they did so they heard the rumble of a wagon, and presently as they neared the cross roads it came in sight. A man was driving, and a woman sat perched up on one of the boxes with which the wagon was loaded, a baby in her arms. They drew up as they saw Vera and her companion.

"Can you tell me?" he began, but stopped suddenly when he saw their plight. "Why, you've had a spill, haven't you?" he asked smiling.

"Yes, indeed we have," said Vera. "Is there any house near?"

"I was just going to ask you the way to Greenhills," said the man, "I'm a stranger here."

"Are you going to Greenhills?" exclaimed Vera. "Oh, I wonder if you would take me?"

"Why, certainly," replied the man, "If you don't mind sitting on a box and going slowly, I've too big a load to trot the horses much."

"I don't mind a bit," said Vera, "and you will be able to go back at once she continued turning to the driver."

In a few minutes more she was perched up on one of the boxes and making the acquaintance of Mrs. Davies and her baby. They had still a long drive before them, and Vera found out that Mr. and Mrs. Davies were just going to settle on a farm close to the village of Greenhills. They had sold their farm nearer town for a good sum, and had built a comfortable house on the new land. It was all ready for them and this was the last wagon load of things from the old home. After they had talked for some time the baby woke up, and Vera began to make friends with her. She was a dear little girl of eighteen months old, and Vera who was very fond of children was delighted with her.

"She seems to take to you wonderfully, Miss Brown," said Mrs. Davies.

"Yes," replied Vera, "I believe she knows that we are going to be neighbours. What is her name?"

"Sylvia Vera," was the answer.

"Why she's a namesake of mine," exclaimed Vera, my name is Sylvia Vera I was called Sylvia after my aunt."

"Sylvia Vera Brown!" exclaimed Mrs. Davies, and you have an aunt Sylvia! "Why you can't surely be my little niece Vera?"

Vera stared at her in amazement. "I thought your face was somehow familiar," she said at last. "Are you really my auntie, Sylvia Marks?"

"I was," said Mrs. Davies smiling, "I am Sylvia Davies now, and however do you come to be wandering about the prairies all by yourself?"

Then Vera told her story, and her aunt Sylvia listened with the greatest interest.

"Poor old dears," she said as Sylvia came to the part about overhearing her aunts' conversation, "you were a foolish girl to mind what they said, and you might have known that your auntie Sylvia would have given you a warm and loving welcome. I was only thinking of you the other day, and telling John that it was quite time we wrote and confessed about our marriage and asked you out to see us. I somehow kept putting off telling the old dears for I knew they would be quite upset at the idea of my doing anything so foolish as getting married, but I think it is quite time we wrote and told them now."

Continued on page 41

THE MAGICIAN

By W. R. Gilbert.

Jimmy was irresistibly drawn towards the Fiddler.

Of course he knew that he was really a wizard. One could tell that he was by his long pointed shoes, by his clothes that were of a greenish color and shabby, though not ragged; and most of all, by his funny high hat, unlike any other on the sands, with its faded ribbon through which somebody had stuck a raggedy peacock's feather.

When the Fiddler played Jimmy stopped making his sand castle in order to listen. He said to his mother, a delicate lady leaning back in a deck chair. "That's fairy music, that is."

The delicate lady listened. Then she said, "I believe it is," and shut her eyes.

Jimmy was quite satisfied; he knew his mother best with her eyes shut and her little pensive chin turned upward as if she were listening to something other people did not hear.

The Fiddler's music was all Jimmy heard, and he was sure that elves had often danced to it. He half believed that elves would come dancing over the sands after the Fiddler. But they didn't and the Fiddler turned about; his music began to grow faint. Not many people had given him money; perhaps he was going away. Jimmy scrambled hurriedly to his feet.

"Mother, give me a quarter for the Fiddler, do please!"

"We are much too good at spending quarters you and I," said the lady pensively, and without opening her eyes.

"I haven't one, either. However, you may find one lying loose in my bag. Give it to him. It's too much, of course—or perhaps it isn't enough."

Jimmy didn't bother about understanding all of this. His mother said a great deal that he didn't understand; but there was always one point that he did. There was one now. That point concerned the quarter in the bag. Jimmy found the bag at his mother's feet, and ransacked it feverishly. "I do hope he won't go very far away," he said, "before I find it."

The quarter was there all right—it wasn't always—and the small boy gave a whoop of joy.

"Don't go out of sight, there's a dear," enjoined his mother. "And before you go, like a darling, pick up my hanky and arrange my sunshade."

Grown-ups were just like that, especially mothers, understanding perfectly one moment, and the next moment forgetting the whole thing and wanting a man to do things for them when he was in the most dreadful hurry! Jimmy repressed a sigh, and did as he was asked.

"Thank you darling. Tell the Fiddler man that the music was nice," said his mother.

Really she was a mother who thought of delightful things.

Jimmy scudded across a stretch of sand. Not a sign of the Fiddler anywhere. Oh, surely he couldn't have got so very far. But then he was a wizard.

"Oh please, don't be gone! And I've got a quarter for you!" breathed Jimmy. He felt that the Fiddler must hear.

Scrambling over the breakwater at the not-the-cleanest point, he flew over the next stretch of sand, examining anxiously the folk that disported themselves there. No Fiddler!

"He can't be gone. But, of course, he could vanish," thought Jimmy. He was torn with agitation, and the prey of two emotions. That the Fiddler should be gone was a tragedy. But then the fact would prove without doubt that he was a wizard.

Jimmy climbed over the second breakwater, not very hopefully—and there was the Fiddler stretched at his full length upon the sand, his fiddle at his side, with a green cloth round it, and just above the fiddle the Fiddler's hat.

Jimmy's heart beat furiously. Surprise and excitement held him. The Fiddler looked more like a wizard than ever with his long dark hair blowing in the breeze, and his pointed chin turned toward the sky. He seemed to know that Jimmy was there, and sat up and said "Hullo."

"Hullo," said Jimmy. He advanced slowly from the breakwater. He was rather glad that nobody was sitting near the Fiddler, obviously people did not

think that he was a wizard.

There were large smudges on several portions of the small boy's white suit, but he was unconscious of them, only joyfully satisfied to have discovered the Fiddler.

"Here's a quarter," he said happily. "I asked and mother gave me a quarter. She said, 'tell him the music was very nice.'"

"It was," the Fiddler agreed; he added gravely, "and so is the message—and the quarter."

"It isn't a fairy one," the boy reminded him. "And that was fairy music, wasn't it?"

The Fiddler turned on him dark eyes. "It was," he said simply.

"I thought it was," said Jimmy in a satisfied tone.

The Fiddler gave a funny smile, all twisty. Jimmy was fascinated by it, he felt that it was the kind of smile that by rights belonged to a wizard. But he only said, "In town I piped to them, and they would not hear," and that was beyond Jimmy.

The small boy sidled close, and slipped down on the sand. His glance turned to the Fiddler's hat.

"Take it up and look at it if you like," said the Fiddler, and yawned and stretched his arms.

It was a queer hat. Jimmy turned it round dreamily, and stroked the feather.

"I don't know who stuck that in there," said the Fiddler—"but what does it matter? A peacock's feather is unlucky they say. Tut, tut! Bad luck like mine can't be beaten, so let the feather do its worst."

"It can't do anything to you, can it?" said Jimmy. "And it's ever so pretty."

The Fiddler seemed amused. "You agree that my luck's rotten?" he said.

Jimmy was mystified. He said slowly, "The feather can't hurt you, because — because you're a wizard."

The Fiddler drew a long breath and shut his eyes. "Am I?" he asked.

He didn't seem to be asking Jimmy; but as there was no one else there the small boy felt the question must be meant for him, and replied confidently. "Yes. I hope you don't mind my knowing. I guessed it, when I heard the music, nearly at once. I shouldn't be surprised if mother knew, too."

"The folks in town didn't know it," said the Fiddler, and smiled again that twisty smile. "Still, they might have tumbled to the fact had I been able to get a fair hearing."

"They were too busy to listen, I suppose," Jimmy proffered, not very certain of his ground.

"No doubt that was it," said the Fiddler after a pause. He seemed to have given the remark a fair consideration, and Jimmy felt encouraged.

He gave the hat in his hands a little pat. "You didn't buy it in a shop, did you?" he questioned delicately.

"No, it belonged to my father, and to his father before him," said the Fiddler. His tone was absent. He lay staring at the sky.

Just for a moment the small boy was disconcerted. It had seemed so probable that the hat had been found hanging on a tree, or had been made to order by funny gnomes. Still, it seemed a not unsuitable proceeding that a wizard should bequeath his hat. Jimmy asked timidly—"Is—is your father dead?"

"He is," said the Fiddler. He added casually, "As I fancied the hat, I took it, I got little else, for he cut me off with a quarter. That was a surprise. Somehow I didn't think he would do it, though he threatened often enough. Didn't like the music business. Funny thing is that he was musical himself when he was young. I must have inherited the thing from him, for the mater couldn't tell one tune from another. Lordy, lordy!" he threw out his arms, "what a funny world."

This speech was worrying; there was so much in it that one couldn't understand. A small sigh escaped from Jimmy. The only point to be seized upon was some bother about a quarter. His mother sometimes was worried in that way too. Jimmy said consolingly, "But you have one now, that's something."

The Fiddler stared. "I have what?" he asked.



Winter is Hard on Horses

Whether they are on the high road, in the bush, on the back lot or in the barn. If they are working, it is hard on them because of the frozen roads—they slip and strain; knees get cut and tendons inflamed. If they stay in the barn, they get soft and muscle-bound.

If you are teaming this winter, you ought to have handy a bottle of

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

to keep the animals in good shape—to relieve strains and stiffness, to take the soreness out of muscles, and heal calk cuts and bruises.

If you are taking things a little easier you have time to treat the horses for Swellings and Soft Bunches—to rid them of Spavins, Thoroughpins, Shoe Boils—and get the horses in shape for early Spring work.

Even in these days of motor cars and trucks, horses are a necessity on the farm—and it pays to keep the animals in prime condition.

ABSORBINE does not blister under bandages or remove the hair, and horses can be worked while being treated.

USE ABSORBINE to reduce Bursal Enlargement, Bog Spavins, Thoroughpins, Puffs, Shoe Boils, Capped Hocks, Swollen Glands, Inflamed Parts, Thickened Tissues, Rheumatic Deposits, Enlarged Veins, Painful Swellings and Affections, Strains or Lameness; to repair Strained, Ruptured Tendons, Ligaments or Muscles, to strengthen any part that needs it.

Druggists and General Stores can supply ABSORBINE or we will send a bottle postpaid for \$2.50. Write us about any special case on which you would like advice.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lyman Building, Montreal.

"A quarter," said Jimmy. His tone was cheery.

The Fiddler laughed, a sudden ringing laugh, delightful to hear. It made Jimmy even more certain that he was a wizard. "So I have," he said. And then in a rather soft tone, "I've been bothering you, you queer kid. Well, I'll play you a tune."

Taking up the fiddle, he did. A dear soft little tune it proved to be, and full of tip-tapping steps—Jimmy drew his breath. He leant towards the Fiddler. "Fairies" he whispered.

The Fiddler nodded. Then he set the fiddle abruptly down. "Not good for you too much of this kind of thing," he said. He took up his hat. "like to see some magic?" he asked.

Oh, that was gorgeous. Jimmy had not hoped for anything so delightful, so convincing. "Yes, yes," he urged.

The Fiddler set the hat on its brim on the sands; the peacock's feather stuck out grandly. "Find a pretty shell," he commanded.

Jimmy searched with eagerness and chose with care. The shell was a real beauty, like mother of pearl.

"Drop it into my pocket," said the Fiddler. Jimmy did so, thrilling.

Then the hat was picked up, and there lay the shell beneath it. Jimmy thought, "It got in-vis-ible, and flew there."

The Fiddler held the hat in his hand while Jimmy smoothed the shell, recognizing it rapturously "You see that there is nothing there on the sand?" he asked.

Jimmy nodded.

The Wizard set the hat down. "There will be a quarter there in a minute," he said.

And so there was.

"Now you have two quarters." Jimmy said happily.

Again the Fiddler laughed his ringing laugh. "So it seems," said he.

He brought from his pocket a shabby notebook and tore out a leaf. "Write your name on it," he said, and produced a stump of pencil. Then he threw himself back again, and began to whistle. 'Twas exactly like a blackbird whistling

Jimmy thought. So as he wrote his name with a loving care; **JIMMY LAWLESS** in large bold print.

"Now place it inside this handkerchief," commanded the Wizard.

The handkerchief was torn, but clean, and there were yellow and green dragons on it, Jimmy noticed.

The Wizard folded it with the name inside, and placed it in his pocket. Then he did three whistles, like different birds, and took up the hat, and there was Jimmy's name on its strip of paper lying on the sand.

Requested to examine it, Jimmy found that the paper was undoubtedly the same. He replaced it on the sand, and set a pebble at each corner. It looked very well, he thought.

The Wizard seemed to think so too. "I wish everybody wrote as plainly," he said.

He twirled the hat round in his hand. "Just one more surprise," said he. He wrinkled his brow. "What shall it be? Oh, I know, this is going to be something very special so please examine that hat to make sure that nothing is inside."

Jimmy's heart beat. What was to be produced this time? Supposing, supposing it were a fairy.

"I shall shut my eyes while you make a thorough examination," said the Wizard. He stretched himself, yawned, then shut them. Some people might have thought that he was going to sleep. But Jimmy knew better; he was a wizard, and plunged in a wizard's thoughts. Jimmy gave his attention to the hat. It was interesting; for now, he felt, he might look inside and see how it was made. He did so.

"How funny, there's a bit of paper inside the lining," he murmured after a moment.

"Padding, I dare say," the Wizard said in a preoccupied tone.

"It has been sewed in, but the stitches have come out—nearly out." Jimmy wanted to be very exact. "The paper could come out," he added.

"Ah.....then pull it out," said the Wizard.

Continued on page 44

"God sends his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again."

Bliss
Carman

This verse has been in the minds of a good many people in the towns and cities of the west during the past few weeks since Bliss Carman has come amongst us, and by reading them, has made us realize tenfold the beauty and the wonder of the verse that he has written.

It will be good news to many that in the near future there will be issued by Bliss Carman, himself, an anthology which will contain practically all of the verse which he has written which he, himself, wishes to remain permanently in print. At the present his works are scattered through many small volumes and a complete collection is not only difficult to obtain but would cost in the neighborhood of \$40 which would be rather beyond the purse of the ordinary citizens. A single volume will not only bring the price more within the reach of all but will place his work in a form where it will be more available for use in schools.

No child of the present generation should grow up without an intimate knowledge of many of his poems.

His tour of the west has not only deepened and strengthened the love of his work among those who have followed his verse for years, but has roused interest in those who previously had not been familiar with much which he has written.

In Winnipeg he appeared under the auspices of the University Women's Club and the University students of 1921, certainly owe a debt to the women who provided this opportunity for them. The great singer seemed almost overcome when he first glanced round the large audience and later he dwelt on the fact of his pleasure in seeing so very many young people, it was not only that they attended but the close attention and sympathetic applause showed that every line of the reading went home.

"I think if we were to board the teacher this year, it would give us a little extra money," said Mrs. Hope, one day, to her son Alec.

"But wouldn't it be too much work for you, Mother," asked Alec, who for the last four years of his life, had always considered his mother first.

"I don't see why," answered Mrs. Hope. "There's Miss Milne, for instance. Mrs. Brown told me she was a great help."

"That's true," put in Alec. "Still, Miss Milne does not seem like the other teachers one hears about. However, you must please yourself, mother. If you don't like the teacher, or find it too much work, she can easily go somewhere else."

"I think I'll try her," said Mrs. Hope. "When you are away in the field, it's pretty lonely, in this big house, for me. I'll telephone the Secretary, so he can bring her here, from the station. He asked me once if I would be willing; but I thought I'd talk it over with you first."

Her son smiled. "Well, I'd better be getting along with my work," he observed. "Don't tire yourself out, preparing for her. If she wants to stay here, she must take us as she finds us."

In spite of her son's injunctions, Mrs. Hope had a rather tiring day; but as she put her heart into her work, probably she did not notice it. She had always longed for a daughter, so now she made countless castles in the air, after the manner of women, and pictured to herself how pleasant it would be every afternoon, when the teacher came back from School. She prepared the extra bedroom, making the bed and turning it down, invitingly, just as she might have done for her own child. She put up clean, lace curtains, and hung up a few pictures. Then going outside, she brought in a huge bunch of flowers and put them on the kitchen table. At first, she thought that, with a teacher here, she ought to have supper in the sitting-room, then she realized that she would not keep this up. It was too inconvenient, and she might as well begin as she meant to continue.

Alec was doing his chores when Mr. White drove up to the door with the teacher. Hearing the sound of wheels, Alec went to help unload the trunk.



As he read a number of his poems dealing with nature in her many moods some of his audience could not refrain from hoping that our own beloved prairie land, as yet unsung, may inspire some verse from him, who is, in reality, if not officially, the poet laureate of Canada.

Pearl Richmond has been treating readers of the Monthly to some very delightful snatches of verse from Canadian poets and has quoted from Bliss Carman, but I want to give a few verses from a poem which has been rather rarely quoted namely "At the Making of Man."

According to the poem there were gathered:

"First all the host of Raphael
In liveries of gold,
The seraphs of the morning calm
Whose hearts are never cold"

They declared:

"He shall be born of spirit,
Part of the soul that yearns,
The core of vital gladness
That suffers and discerns."

* * * * *

"And he shall live by kindness
And the heart's certitude,
Which moves without misgiving
In ways not understood,
Sure only of the vast event—
The large and simple good."

Following Raphael came:

"Gabriel's host in silver gear
And vesture twilight blue,
The spirits of immortal mind,
The warders of the true."

Gabriel's host declared that:

"He must be born with reason,
And have the primal need
To understand and follow
Wherever truth may lead,—"

* * * * *

"And out of primal instinct,
The lore of lair and den,
He shall emerge to question
How, wherefore, whence and when,
Till the last frontier of the truth
Shall lie within his ken."

Following the host of Gabriel:

"Michael's scarlet-suited host
Took up the word and sang;

* * * * *

"He shall be framed and balanced
For loveliness and power,

* * * * *

To stand within the vortex
Where surging forces play,
A poised and pliant creature
Immutable as they,
Till time and place and energy
Surrender to his sway."

The man thus framed of soul, mind and body beautiful is to have:

"—dominion
Of all created things,
To fashion in the likeness
Of his imaginings,
To make his will and thought survive
Unto a thousand springs."

The world shall be his province,
The principedom of his skill,

The tides shall wear his harness,
The winds obey his will;
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,
Will work to do him ill.

A creature fit to carry
The pure creative fire,
Whatever truth inform him,
Whatever good inspire,
He shall make lovely in all things,
To the end of his desire."

Mr. Carman did not read this poem in Winnipeg; the writer wishes he had. He did, however read "The Ships of Yule" and one could not help feeling that the little lad with his "fleet of forty sail" was a bit out of his own childhood.

A Picture which rose in the mind also, was that of the Rectory at Fredericton so intimately associated with the lives of all the Roberts family. Mrs. C. F. Fraser in speaking of it says:—

"In summer weather in the old-fashioned garden, haunt of all fragrant and time-forgotten-flowers was the favorite meeting place. There, in and about the hammocks with their Cousin Bliss Carman, extending his great length on the turf below, and Nestor, wisest and most understanding of household dogs, wandering from one to another." One lost for a moment the crowded lecture hall and saw the spiritual face of the reader etched against the green turf of that old garden and felt that in some such surroundings there had come to him—

"This is the law of being
That links the threefold chain;
The life we give to beauty
Returns to us again."

Christmas At the last moment it comes 1921 to mind the "Editor man" said something about this being a Christmas number. It would not have made any difference had it been remembered earlier. This mortal never, never can project holiday and Christmas enthusiasm two months ahead. Nevertheless and notwithstanding may every reader have a truly happy Christmas

The Teacher from Town

By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

"I've brought you Miss Mark," said Mr. White. "O there you are, Mrs. Hope." He introduced them, and drove off saying, "You'll be in good hands here, all right, Miss Mark."

The teacher sat down to the good supper prepared for her, but she did not eat nor speak much.

"It will be different to-morrow," thought Mrs. Hope. "Of course, she's strange at first."

But neither to-morrow, nor any other morrow brought a change. The teacher had scarcely finished her meals when she went upstairs to her own room.

"You can use the sitting-room," suggested Mrs. Hope.

"Thanks," said Miss Mark. "But I prefer to be undisturbed. I have my studies, to which I must give all my attention."

On Sundays, Miss Mark wandered around the woods alone. She did not go to the same Church to which the others went, so as her Church was, evidently, not represented, she spent Sunday in solitary grandeur.

"She doesn't do much to help you, mother," remarked Alec, when they were alone.

"No," said his mother. "We're just people where she boards. She certainly thinks she pays for 'full attention,' so, as long as she gets that, she is satisfied."

"Why don't you send her away?" asked Alec.

"It's rather hard to do that. We live the nearest to the School, and no one else seems anxious to have her."

"I should say not," remarked Alec. "By the way, I heard she was a friend of Miss Milne's. I wonder how they get on."

Mrs. Hope laughed. "Anyone would get on with Miss Milne," she ventured to say. Then she looked curiously at her son, wondering if perchance, he was in love with the teacher he praised so frequently. Somehow, Alec guessed her thoughts.

"Don't you bother, mother," he said,

bluntly. "I'm not in love with anyone. It wouldn't be of any use, if I were. Miss Milne is engaged to Jack Campbell."

"I never knew," remarked Mrs. Hope, inwardly drawing a sigh of relief; for she was in no hurry to lose her son.

"What do you think," asked Miss Mark, at supper that night. "Miss Milne is going to marry Jack Campbell."

She was excited out of her ordinary calm. "He'll get a good wife," put in Alec.

"And she a good husband," added Mrs. Hope.

Miss Mark looked from one to the other, in surprise.

"But think of it," she went on. "She might have done so much better for herself."

"Jack Campbell's an excellent match," said Mrs. Hope. "He's well off. He owns half a section and he has money in the Bank, I've heard. Besides, he's honest and true. I don't know what woman could ask more."

"She might have married a city man," said Miss Mark, tactlessly. "Jack Campbell is only . . . after all, what is he?"

"You mean, he's only a farmer," suggested Alec, coldly.

Miss Mark blushed and looked uncomfortable.

"Evidently," remarked Alec. "You've a very low opinion of farmers, Miss Mark. I expect we're not quite up to your standard!"

The teacher felt more and more uncomfortable. To her knowledge, Alec had never even dared to speak to her. Now she felt that it was not that he had not dared, as she had supposed. It was that he had not cared to do so! Naturally, she resented this. She had presumed that people looked up to a teacher and were honored by having her. Here, it seemed different, as seen by Mrs. Hope's next remark.

"If you don't care to stay with farmers, you're always at liberty to remain in town," she said. That any one could

come to her house and run down her son's business was too much even for the kind Mrs. Hope!

"I'll go to my room," announced Miss Mark, icily, rising from table as she spoke.

"Perhaps we were a bit hasty with her," said Mrs. Hope, to her son.

"Not at all, mother," he answered. "I think it's time someone told her a few plain truths."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hope, doubtfully. "Still it may do her good in the long run."

Every succeeding Saturday after this, Miss Mark called on Miss Milne, under pretence of helping her get ready for her wedding. Association with a girl like Miss Milne could not fail to do another person good. By degrees, Miss Mark began to realize that farm folk were just as human as other folk. If there were something lacking in the way of polish, she also found that this something was of minor importance. Many of the farmers and their wives made up for it by a generosity and largeness of view not to be met with in town.

Seeing people with Miss Milne's eyes, made her realize what a good son Alec was, and what a delightful and perfect understanding there was between mother and son.

"I wonder you don't fall in love with Alec," remarked Miss Milne, one day. "You see him every day."

"I couldn't fall in love with . . . Oh, how absurd," said Miss Mark. "I think he hates me just about as much as I do him."

"People respect him a lot around here," went on Miss Milne. "He's one of the Trustees for the School District. He wouldn't have such a good position, at his age, if he weren't reliable."

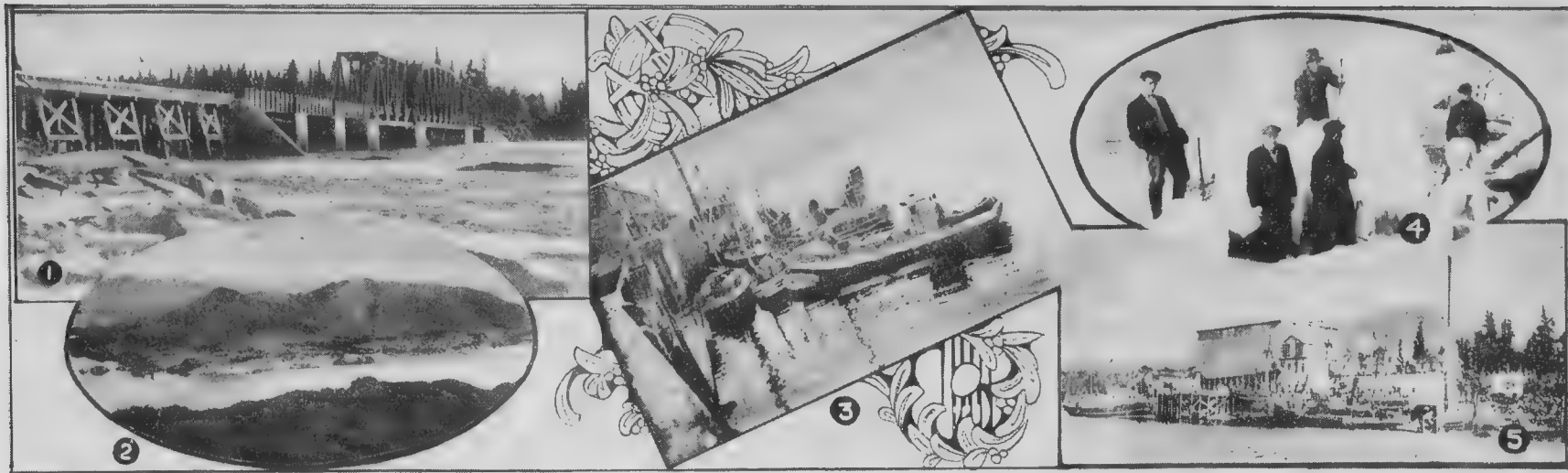
"Oh, he'll pass in a crowd," said Miss Mark. "But tell me, do you always help Mrs. Brown make the pies and cakes and do some of the housework on Saturdays?"

"Of course I do," answered the other. "Mrs. Brown is very kind to me, and I like to save her a little."

"She's paid for it," added Miss Mark.

"Oh, there you make a mistake," said Miss Milne. "She may be paid

Continued on page 39



1. This picture speaks for itself. The mainland is the portion of land seen at the far end of the bridge.

2. Prince Rupert as seen from a high mountain. It is on an island. Kaien Island is the name. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow neck

of water over which the railway crosses.

3. A busy spot—Prince Rupert Harbor.

4. Halibut fishing boat, showing ice-

covered rigging, after making port safely through a winter storm.

5. The Canadian fish and cold storage two miles from town.

The Home of the Salmon and the Halibut

By Max Bowden.

ALMOST everyone eats fish, at least occasionally, and in thinking of this fact, I have been prompted to record a little information for the benefit of those readers who have not had opportunities to see for themselves. And in doing so I hope these few facts will prove of interest to all.

As all who read this article are aware, the terminus of the G.T.P. Railway is in Prince Rupert, on Kaien Island. This town and the locality around about is the scene of extensive fishing operations. All, or nearly all, nationalities seem to be representative among the crews of the vessels taking part in it.

The season is now opened again for the salmon fishing. Up to the present the catch has not been extra good but hopes are running high for the future. The length of the season is from June to the end of September, and in that length of time quite a lot may happen.

There are several varieties of salmon caught here, namely, sockeyes, humpbacks, cohoes and chums. Of all these varieties, the first named is the most popular.

There are 28 canneries in the district (14 of them being within a few miles of Prince Rupert) engaged in canning these fish and from June till September they are usually working at high pressure. As the salmon-pack last year ran to about 900,000 cases some idea will be obtained of the amount of work entailed in this industry.

Besides the salmon, there is an extensive halibut fishing in which a fleet of nearly 300 vessels are engaged.

The largest cold storage plant on the continent, engaging in fishing is at Prince Rupert: the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company's plant. It has a capacity of 781,000 cubic feet, an insulated capacity to store 14,000,000 lbs. of fish above the first floor. The ground floor is devoted to preparatory work, sharp-freezing, etc. It has ice storage for 2,000 tons and produces 90 tons of ice a day for local use. Provision is made for 4 boats to unload at one time, and in May 1920, as much as 30,000 lb. of fish, an hour was handled. The company operates a fleet of 12 vessels, including 3 steamers and eight auxiliary schooners, and also has a cannery across the harbor.

There are two other smaller plants in operation besides the one just mentioned, the Booth and Atlin Fisheries.

The salmon fishermen make good money if bad luck of some sort doesn't overtake them. On some trips they may make \$200 in two or three days, and again they may be as many weeks and make nothing.

They troll for the salmon with herring as bait, and have several lines out at one time. With engine slowly turning

over, the boat slips quietly through the water, presently a jerk on the line, and then the fun begins. It is quite exciting work to land a 40 or 50 lb. salmon, his struggles would upset a small boat easily. At the end of the day the fishermen tie up at the brege, where their fish are bought and packed away. This saves a fisherman the trouble of taking ice out with him, as well as the necessity of traveling several miles to town every time his boat is full. As the fishing grounds are 100 miles away, for a part of the season, it will be seen what an advantage it is.

The halibut fisherman has no easy life, especially in the winter time, when there is so often a good dusting to be had on the way home. There are very few serious accidents, however, although one boat was lost in a February gale this year, with all hands.

Besides those fish already spoken of, flat fish, soles, plaice and brill to the tune of \$100,000 a year are sold; about two and a half million lbs. of herring are caught, and a large proportion of these are salted and shipped to China and Japan.

There are cod-fish taken here in numerous quantities, as well as our old friend the crab. There is a cannery at Port Simpson, that is devoted to crab canning exclusively, not to forget a fertilizer plant, that uses up the fish offal for making fertilizer.

Anyone not knowing that we have other industries besides would think from this account that this is a fishy locality.

But I can assure all and sundry that despite our fishy activities we are all on the square, and pretty well thank you.

The Teacher from Town.

Continued from page 38

to cook for me, but she has never been paid for her kindness. It isn't any fun for a woman to have to board a teacher and put up with us at all times."

"She needn't do it. There are plenty of other places."

"Most farmers' wives won't do it. It is the good-natured ones that come to our rescue, or I guess we'd pretty often be homeless."

No one spoke for a few minutes, then Miss Milne went on. "You'll be my bridesmaid, won't you?" she asked.

The following Saturday, to Mrs. Hope's surprise, Miss Mark offered to help with the cooking. She made a delicious cake. Alec was surprised when he heard of it. After that, he got used to seeing Miss Mark around the place. She no longer remained in her room.

"You're looking better, mother," he remarked.

"Yes, I am, thanks to Alice" (she called Miss Mark by her first name!) She helps me such a lot when she's free, that I'm afraid I'm getting lazy."

"Nonsense," said Alec, sharply; but he turned and smiled at Miss Mark for the first time since she had lived with them.

On Sundays, they began to drive to Church together. Sometimes Mrs. Hope went, sometimes she remained at home. So it happened that Alec and Miss Mark grew to know each other and, as the icy wall between them was broken, they grew to respect each other too.

Miss Milne's marriage came, and while Miss Mark was bridesmaid, Alec acted as best man. When he drove the teacher back, he observed, "I think those two well matched, don't you?"

"Decidedly," agreed Miss Mark. Then she laughed.

"You did not think so at first," said Alec.

"No," she replied. "But I'm learning. There are many lessons I've learnt, since I came here."

"There's one lesson you'll never learn, I'm afraid," said Alec.

"What is that," asked Miss Mark.

"I might try to teach you," he went on, looking at her intently. "Shall I, Alice?"

No woman could have failed to guess his meaning, now.

"Some lessons come naturally," she said, then turned away her head.

"But no city girl could ever learn to love a farmer," suggested Alec.

"That depends," answered Miss Mark, looking at him, this time.

"Do you think your mother will mind," asked Alice Mark, when a considerable time had elapsed.

"She'll love you," assured Alec. "She always wanted a daughter."

By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

OUR YOUNG GIRLS

"Our aim is the building up of character. We are building every day. A temple the world may not see, Building, building every day, Building for eternity."

This ideal is emphasized before every group of Canadian girls in training in the provinces of Canada.

The churches everywhere in our dominion are bringing in the young girls from far and near to train them to be spiritually, mentally, physically and socially fit for their country.

Special attention by energetic leaders is being given to this most important of all organizations for girls. Let us hope that every church, every woman's organization, every home will encourage this splendid constructive movement for our girls. Do you feel inclined to criticize the girls of your community? Use the energy in another way—scorn to be so criminal for it is criminal to destroy a beautiful young life through bitter gossip.

Just a brief outline of the work of the C.G.I.T. (Canadian Girls in Training), convinces us of the praiseworthy efforts of the leaders:

Physical

The joy of health. The leader shows the relation between a girl's physical

well-being and her appearance and suggests plans for physical activities.

Debates, outlines for good reading, studies of pictures and travel and other mutual helps are planned to help the girls.

Religious

Life habits that help, study of Bible and nature work, and heart talks, all are used to create religious thought.



Cuticura Girls Are Sweet and Dainty

Nothing so insures a healthy, clear complexion, soft, white hands, and glossy, luxuriant hair as Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when necessary. Cuticura Talcum is delicate, delightful, distingué. It imparts to the person a charm incomparable and peculiar to itself.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

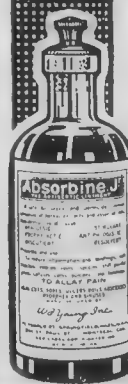
Cuticura Soaps shaves without mug.

for swellings

Swellings usually mean inflamed tissue. Absorbine, Jr. gently rubbed on the swollen part will quickly reduce the inflammation and the swelling with it.

Though powerful, Absorbine, Jr. is absolutely harmless, and can be used with safety and comfort. It is a dependable antiseptic and germicide. Keep it handy.

\$1.25 a bottle at most druggists' Send 10 cents for trial bottle W. F. YOUNG, INC. 509 Lymans Bldg., Montreal



Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

CHRISTMAS SMILES

A man of optimistic temperament has recently become sad and silent. One day I asked him why he smiles so seldom now. "Nobody smiles these days," he replied, gazing blankly into space. "Nobody smiles?" I repeated thoughtfully. "No—nobody smiles"—business is bad and we do not know what is ahead of us—failure I presume," he continued. "It takes the heart out of all of us—we're simply groping in the dark"—he reflected slowly. "Is money necessary for the happiness that makes men smile and women too?" I asked. "Yes," he responded. "I do not care what anyone says, it takes money to bring the smiles to all of us."

Some awful thoughts flashed through my mind at this last remark. What are we women doing? We do mould the minds of men—yes we do. Are we measuring men in terms of dollars and cents? Are we commercializing the affections of our splendid men? Do we see the limousine, the expensive fur coat, the diamond ring, the tailored gown before the man who pays the bills? And they—if they cannot furnish these—rank themselves as failures! Is the man who is strong, courageous, clean, and spiritual a failure—while the degenerate who has a bank roll classed a success? Why have strong men forgotten to smile? Have they?

Ah—that brings us very close to the Spirit of Christmas—it is peace in the hearts of men that makes them smile. No one can smile sincerely unless he have peace in his heart. Is it not up to women and girls to bring peace into the hearts of men? The continual reaching out for another dollar is robbing men of that which money can never replace. Leaders of men have not been men who regarded wealth as the highest goal in life. Honesty, integrity, courage, gentleness are the elements of success that bring peace into the hearts of men.

Perhaps the husband has lost his grip on life. Then he needs encouragement. If his wife creates an atmosphere of comfort and gratitude and encouragement in the home, he will soon gain hope and faith and rise above difficulties. The daughter may help a discouraged father—a sister may inspire new ambition in the life of a down hearted brother.

This is a Christmas when we girls and women must bring peace into the hearts of men again and smiles to their faces. Let us convince them that our greatest desires are not for the paltry gifts in shop windows but we crave the joys that come from character reflecting the strength of Christ. Peace is capital. It brings smiles to the faces of men—Christmas smiles for humanity's needs—"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

CHRISTMAS GRACES

The other day I heard a woman complain of her place in life because she had to work so hard. She had a kind husband, two lovely children, a comfortable home and an environment clean and wholesome. But she whined continually because her work required every minute of her time. Gradually this spirit of discontent filled the home with gloom. Mother was always too tired to help the children with their lessons—or she could not play a game with them. The husband came home from a day's work of business worry and anxiety to an irritable wife. At the evening meal—first one then another expressed disappointment over something. Such an atmosphere will wreck any home.

The other day a mother of eleven children said: "I do not mind work—I am glad for work. My children some day will leave the home roof and then I shall miss them. It is true we have not much money but we have good times and I would not change my place for that of any woman I know." It is all in the way we look at life. We see with the lens of our heart—not our eyes. Listen to Helen Keller "I feel as if I were a music box with all the play shut up inside of me." Again she says: "Knowledge is happiness, but it must be broad and deep. Knowledge is to know true ends from false, and lofty things from low. To know the thoughts and deeds that have marked man's progress is to feel the great heart-throbs of humanity through the centuries; and if one does not feel these pulsations a heavenward striving, one must indeed be deaf to the harmonies of life." The harmonies of life that create Christmas graces!

Oh that bothersome pronoun "I" grows so high that it touches the sky, and our

days are one long sigh for the things that money can buy. Christmas Graces? Where may we get them? "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

CHRISTMAS PATHS

She was a beautiful girl belonging to a good family in England, but a young man from Canada persuaded her to marry him without delay. He told her he was wealthy—that he owned a large ranch and other interests. Her parents begged her not to marry him till they investigated his affairs. But she was determined. Strange is it not that girls will listen to the smooth words of a total stranger before the pleadings of a loving mother and a kind father—why do they? Those parents who have toiled and sacrificed and planned and whose very instinct warns them of a dangerous man are well worth obeying. They know these men who boast of their wealth or position—beware of them for that very boasting indicates treachery and deception. Brave men do not boast. They are not self-centered. (Men are like waggons, rattle most when there's nothing in them). Furthermore any man who persuades a girl to deceive her parents is a coward. He is the very man who in turn will deceive the girl. This is a test as sure as fate. So this beautiful girl resisted the pleas of her father and mother, married the brutal beast and came to Canada. He first used her beauty and musical talent to make money for himself, then when her health broke down, he put her in a shack with no heat and little food. With that splendid English pride she would not write her parents of her suffering. (By the way I have known other English and Scotch girls who in trouble have said: "My mother must not know. She is such a good woman—it would break her heart. My mother must not know.") And so this dear innocent girl suffered and starved and shivered in the cold shack—locked in by a key that was in the man's pocket. Today she is in a Canadian Insane Asylum. The mother is distracted—her other children are suffering from the tragedy and that splendid clean living father in England has so aged that he cannot carry on his business.

Christmas paths? What are they? Where do they lead? Up—up to the mountain peaks of life where girls can see clearly and decide wisely.

Roads of discipline they are but obedience to the right leads one to the very top. And as one goes on along these Christmas paths—they become roads of joy—joy—real joy walks.

So many times a girl is puzzled at the question—"How shall I decide?"

"If it is right, there is no other way!" Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;

A flag to guide the battle of each day, A motto that will peace and courage give

"If it is right, there is no other way! Wise words that clear the tangles of the brain;

Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

If it is right, there is no other way! This is the voice of God, the call of truth; Happy the girl who hears it to obey, And follows upward, onward from her youth."

CHRISTMAS HEALTH

A middle aged woman of my acquaintance who has always worked hard, and has experienced more trouble than the average is so youthful in appearance that she looks fifteen years younger than she really is—and she uses no artificial make up. She is the mother of several grown boys and girls. This is her "beauty secret:" "Treat nature right and she will treat you right."

This makes me think as I watch the customers at the face lotion counter of the corner drug store. There is a girl buying

lip stick and face-rouge—when her physical body craves a walk in our invigorating outdoors instead of a five hour's dance in a crowded hall. Again a girl buys a preparation to make her eyes sparkle. Sleep—sleep is the cry of nature.

Then there is the girl dissatisfied with God's creation because her hair is brown instead of auburn. So she buys some stuff that will change it to her liking. I do not care what advice may be given her, one day she will find her hair coarse and thin from the use of the false preparation. Nature is in harmony with God.

This climate is cold at times. Yet girls abuse nature's demands when they wear silk instead of wool.

To us is given the most sacred and beautiful privilege in life—the power with God to create life—the privilege of motherhood—physical and spiritual. We are responsible for the physical and spiritual atmosphere of the home—and nature demands careful preparations. We must prepare body and mind and soul. A diseased unsound body reacts upon the mind and many unnatural homes are formed as a result.

Happiness and health are habits. Do you assume the attitude that your life is beyond control? This thought is disastrous to all endeavor. We are the product of our own way of thinking and living. Real power lies in repose. As girls and women we give way too much to emotion. We do not reason—we simply feel and suffer and hamper our mental growth through emotionalism. We are given a brain to cultivate. Nature demands us to control our feelings—yet watch the faces of women and girls as you go about and determine for yourself the percentage who have treated nature right in this respect.

I like the poem our Canadian Archibald Lampman wrote. It has helped me so I shall quote it for you:

THE TRUTH

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.

Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords,

He that sees clear is gentlest of his words, And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.

The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.

Dull in our age, and passionate in youth, No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,

Nor shalt thou find it; therefore friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool, The babler of consistency and rule;

Wise is he, who, never quite secure, Changes his thoughts for better day by day:

Tomorrow some new light will shine, be sure, And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

Yes—"Be kind to nature and she will be kind to you."

CHRISTMAS STRENGTH

"Keep my mental home a sacred place, golden with gratitude, redolent with love and white with purity. Let me send no thought into the world that will not bless, or cheer, or purify, or heal." For many years the above quotation was printed on the programme of lessons for the girls in my club.

I would have them strong. A strong young woman realizes the triumph of truth and honour. The leader of man she is—be it down or up. Her power of saving fascination is in proportion to her virtue. Facing fate she may be, therefore, she must be strong. Has a girl ambition to reach a certain position? She can. It is possible.

Listen: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

CHRISTMAS GEMS

Every girl likes to receive a gem at Christmas. Now it is possible for every one who reads this page to possess gems

that increase in value and brilliancy with every year.

They must be kept in the mind where no robber can steal them. The more they are shared the finer they become. In fact they become dull, and valueless if they are not shared. That is why they are Christmas gems. Here they are: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

"Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee."

"Be patient, like the seekers after gold; Under the rocks and rubbish lieth what May bring thee wealth untold, Reflected from the vastly infinite. However dulled by earth, each human mind Holds somewhere gems of beauty and of light Which, seeking, thou shalt find."

"Miracles are within us, not without us."

"Dear, we must share if we would keep All blessings from above; Ceasing to give we cease to have— Such is the law of love."

"Let us not waste hearts and life thinking of what might have been and forgetting the may be that lies before us."

"When you hear of good in people—tell it; When you hear a tale of evil—quell it."

"There is no wound Christ cannot heal."

"Be sure that ease comes after pain, That God makes sunshine follow rain, That all God's blessings yet remain."

"Build it well what e'er you do, Build it straight and strong and true; Build it clear and high and broad, Build it for the eye of God."

EXPERIENCE IN PRAYER.

Dr. A. T. Pierson says that he asked Mr. Muller, of Bristol, a short time before he died if he had asked anything of God that had not been granted, and he told him he had prayed sixty-two years three months and five days (with his mathematical precision) for two men to be converted, and neither of them was converted, and there were no signs of that happening.

Dr. Pierson asked, "Do you expect God to convert them?"

"Certainly," was his reply. "Do you suppose that God would put upon His child for sixty-two years the burden of two souls if He had no purpose of their salvation? I shall meet them in heaven certainly." Shortly afterwards he died, and Dr. Pierson was preaching in his pulpit at Bristol, and referred to this occasion. As he was going out a lady said, "One of those men was my uncle, and he was converted and died a few weeks ago."

A FORGIVENESS THAT IS NOT PROMISED.

Gipsy Smith tells of a Yorkshireman who professed conversion in one of his meetings. He was a rough man—a drunkard, a swearer, a gambler—but after his conversion he joined the Methodist Church. One of his old companions said to him.

"Jack, I hear thou's gotten converted."

"Yes," said Jack. "I have."

"And joined t' church?"

"Yes, and joined t' church."

"Well, Jack," he said, "you remember so many years ago you borrowed a sovereign off me?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "I remember very well."

"Well," he said, "now you are a Christian I shall expect that sovereign back."

"Oh," said Jack, "the Lord has pardoned my sins, and that is one of them."

Purely Inspirational.—The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women coming out of church were heard commenting upon his address.

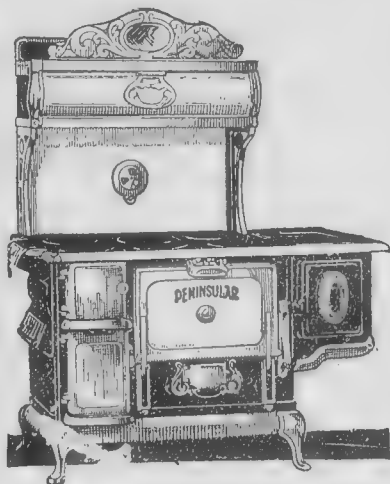
"'Tis a fine sermon his reverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget.

"It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—Tid-Bits (London).

If You Would
COOK
Successfully
You Must
COOK
Cheerfully

but not even a cook with the disposition of an angel can do it if she is compelled to operate with a poor or even an indifferent range. The best that scientific knowledge and 60 years of experience has yet designed for the kitchen is the

CLARE COOKER



Paramount Peninsular
High Closet and
Crested Mirror.

Here is one type of this celebrated line—the "Paramount" Peninsular—that has a representative in thousands of Western homes—that has plowed its way into popularity by no other means than the silent driving power of its great personality and splendid service. It is an exceedingly handsome range, so simple in its design and parts the least experienced cook is at home with it at once. Burns coal or wood and needs little of either for its big returns in perfect cooking.

Cut off and mail the coupon at bottom before you lay aside this paper. On receipt a copy of our great story of happiness in the Kitchen will be sent you free. It gives the fullest particulars of our great

"LIGHTER DAY"
HIGH OVEN RANGE

and some of the best information published on the great art of home cooking.

Let A Clare Brighten Your Christmas Day and Start the New Year with a New Song.

CLARE BROS. WESTERN, LIMITED
WINNIPEG.

Clare Bros. Western Ltd., Winnipeg
Please send me copy of your illustrated story "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen."

Name..... Address.....

W. H. M. Dec. 21.

Great Britain and the United States in Prophecy.

Continued from page 20

in England, or the mention of Lincoln's name in America.

(9). **The Coming Race will possess the Strategic Points of the earth.** "Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies." (Gen. 22:17).—Gibraltar, Cyprus, Malta, Suez Canal, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and the influence of the Monroe Doctrine on the international diplomacy of the world.

(10). **The Coming Race will exert a great influence upon the remote parts of the earth.** "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blest." (Gen. 28:4). It is a remarkable fact that the Anglo-Saxon Race is possessed by a great missionary enthusiasm. The missionary schemes of the world are fathered and mothered by Great Britain and the United States.

(11). **To the Coming Race shall be given the supervision of the sea.** "He shall have domain from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth." (Psa. 72:8). The peaceful sovereignty of the sea has belonged to the English-speaking race for one hundred years, and the German specimen of ocean burglary and naval anarchy will never occur again as long as the Anglo-Saxon Race endures.

(12). **The Coming Race will be a Sabbath-loving and a Sabbath-observing race.** "My Sabbaths shall be a sign between me and you." (Ezekiel 20:20). There are two great countries where the sacred regard for the Sabbath has not entirely passed away—Great Britain and America still cling to the fundamental principle of one day's rest in seven. The legislative guarantee of a Sabbath depends on the adoption of a universal law that the "one day" shall be the same day.

God is looking for a race: a race which shall lead the nations of the earth. That race must have a world-religion, a world language, a world policy and a world program. There are world problems which must be solved. There is coming on the scene of action a new race, an imperial race; in the physiognomy of which the features of every great nation will be reflected. The Anglo-Saxon with the face of Shakespeare, the Englishman with the face of Gladstone, the Russian with the face of Tolstoi, the Frenchman with the face of Victor Hugo, the German with the face of Luther, the Scotchman with the face of Knox, the Welshman with the face of Christmas Evans, the Irishman with the face of Daniel O'Connell, the Bohemian with the face of Huss, the Jew with the face of Disraeli, and the Italian with the face of Michael Angelo. A race imperial in the quality of its brotherhood, wearing the garland of a universal sympathy. A race which shall write the first lines of the world's Anthem and prepare the fabric of a universal ensign.

We are Anglo-Saxons. We move on the high tide of time. Let us see to it that we are true to our origin, history and destiny. Let us fulfill the splendid affirmation of Bishop Berkeley:—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Out West.

Continued from page 36

"I feel quite rich" said Vera after they had all talked for some time and told the news on both sides. "I came out thinking I was going to be 'all alone in my glory,' and I have not only found my dear Aunt Sylvia, but a new uncle and the sweetest little dear of a cousin."

"A very tiny cousin Vera" laughed Uncle John, "I think you will have to turn her into a niece."

And so it was that this jolting ride in the piled up wagon over the prairie, was the beginning of a very pleasant home life for Vera in the far west, for her uncle and aunt insisted on her making her home with them, which it turned out she was able to do as their farm was only a short walk from the school house.

"And I think" wrote Vera to her friends at Edmonton, "that it was quite worth while being tipped out of a buggy to find Aunt Sylvia, Uncle Jack, and little Vera."

Graceful Competition

The cordial word between master and man, the mixture of unclouded assurance and deference with which the poorest and most unlettered approach the rich and the learned; the dignity on both sides, which permits equality and a happy fellowship, throughout the Egyptian villages visited by Mr. S. H. Leeder, he often comments on in "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt." He tells of the graceful habit of speech among the poor fellaheen, which lends a touch of poetry to lives of toil and drudgery.

It is extremely interesting, and sometimes amusing, to see the ingenuity and persistency with which two friends, especially after a long absence, will sustain a competition in courtesy. They heap one compliment upon another, in obedience to the command of the Koran.

"Salaam Aleikum."

"Aleikum Salaam."

"With you be peace, and the mercy of God, and His blessing."

"May your day be blessed."

"May your day be blessed as yesterday."

"May your prosperity be increased."

And so on. There is something in

the Arabic language which lends itself to a rhythmic repetition and phrase expansion. Mr. Talbot Kelly, who knows the out-of-the-way people of Egypt so well, from his travels as an artist, speaks of this "old-world courtesy."

"I am frequently salaamed by a native," he says, "who asks, 'Does your work prosper?'"

"Thanks be to Allah," I reply.

"God increase your prosperity! Our Lord and the Prophet know the good men."

Pot and Kettle.—"You have such strange names for your towns," an Englishman remarked to one of his new American friends. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, and ever so many others."

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh no," said the unsuspecting Briton, "I spend a part of my time at Chip-ping Norton, and then I've a place at Pokestogg-on-the-Hike."

—Harper's Magazine.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object.
Cost 5c word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

MISCELLANEOUS

PEACH'S CURTAINS—New reduced prices. Illustrated colored catalogue free. Curtains, colored casements, cretonnes, household linens, underwear, etc. 64 years' dependable values. Buy direct. The weave that wears. S. Peach & Sons, 658 The Looms, Nottingham, England. 12-21

FANCY SHELLED PEANUTS 4 lbs \$1.25 prepaid; Crisp, Crunchy, delicious. Great fun roasting them. Recipes for candies and salted peanuts included. Chesterfield Plantation 3, Norfolk, Virginia. 2-22

MARVELLOUS OUIJA Talking Board.—Answers any question. 25c. postpaid. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St., "A", Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 12-21

"WINONA" magnificent new California California flower bead necklace. Price \$2 postpaid. An ideal Xmas gift. WAYNE SUPPLY CO., Dept. W., Hamtramck, Mich. 12-21

HEMSTITCHING and Picoting attachments, work on all sewing machines. Price \$2 postpaid. WAYNE SUPPLY CO., Dept. W., Hamtramck, Mich. 12-21

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it. Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. 12-21

HEMSTITCHING and Picoting attachment, fits any sewing machine, price \$2.50. Personal check 10c. extra. Bridgman Sales Agency, Box 42, St. Catharines, Ont. 12-21

240 SILK PIECES \$1.00. On receipt of 10c we send 12 silk pieces. Also 300 Big Bargain Catalogue. Address Allen Novelities, St. Zacharie, Que 12-21

"A RANCHER'S LIFE IN CANADA"—and Guide to Rural Industrial Fruit Growing," also in keeping pigs, goats, hares, capons, geese, ducks, turkeys, pigeons, bees, flowers, and in incubating, feeding and brooding chicks, plant growing, etc., 25 cents post paid. Chas. Provau, Langley Fort, B. C. 4-22

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. 2-22

HOME WORK—We want reliable parties to knit for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish machine, yarn, etc. Send your name and address at once for full particulars. Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Dept. 5, Orillia, Ont. 12-21

SPORTING GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS. Revolvers, Accessories, for all purposes. Send inquiries to Andrews Fire-Arms and Accessories Co., 131 Kennington Park Road, London, S.E., England. (Established in 1869.) 12-21

FOR SALE

SCHELTER'S GREAT DISPOSAL SALE of exhibition White and Buff Orpingtons. I herewith offer to my valued customers and public, their last chance to purchase a pen or flock, or singly or breeders. Special prices on pullets and cockerels. Also three pairs of White Burningham Roller pigeons at \$6.00 for the lot. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 1-22

OUR METHOD of selling Dogs is different. We tell the unvarnished truth. Every animal guaranteed to be healthy. Cattle Collies and hunting Airedales, a specialty. All the popular breeds. Write us your requirements. Chetwood Kennels, 435 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont. 12-21

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES—Instructions furnished. Colin Reid, Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 8-22

"Heaven and Hell" and a real world beyond. Swedenborg's great work on the life after death; over 400 pages. Only 25 cents postpaid. W. J. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont. 12-21

FOR SALE—Pure bred Saanens. Mature bucks, and buck kids, \$25.00 up. A deposit will hold the kids till weaning time. Leslie J. Marshall, Saan Ranch, Edson, Alta. 1-22

FOR SALE—Choice silver black breeding foxes. Instructions furnished. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario. 1-22

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

GRAND FORKS VALLEY, B.C.—Do you want nice fruit, chicken or dairy farm? For reliable information and free booklet, write, Meggitt Farm Agency, Grand Forks, B. C. 12-21

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 12-21

WANTED—to hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 12-21

AGENTS WANTED

AGENT to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25.00 to \$75.00 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply Bovel Manufacturing Company, Dept. 28, Toronto, Ont. 12-21

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Girls—women. Become Dress designers. \$135 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute. Dept. T 529, Rochester, N. Y. 12-21

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will compose music, secure copyright and print. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 192, Chicago, Illinois. 12-22

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, Hinges album, 15 cents; large packet album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals; we buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. 1-21

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. 1-21

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-TTERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 2-22

HONEY FOR SALE

HONEY—Clover \$10.00, Fruitbloom \$8.00. Buckwheat \$6.00. F. W. Krouse, Guilph. Ont. 1-21

CLOVER HONEY—60-lb. can \$11.30; two, \$22.00; mixed, \$9.00. R. E. Adamson, Mt. Elgin, Ont. 1-22

Do you know that

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Has been established 89 years.
Its Capital is \$9,700,000.
Its Reserve Fund is \$18,000,000.
Has total Resources of \$230,000,000.

A sure friend in emergency:
A Saving Account
in

The Bank of Nova Scotia.

Interest paid at 3% per annum
—compounded semi-annually.

Offices at all principal points.

Let Us Be of Service to You in Sending Money Abroad



TRANSFERS of money to all parts of the world, by draft, post remittance, or cable, can be made through this Bank quickly and at advantageous rates.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.

399 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



What Can
We Give
the Kiddies?

Give them a Bank Account
—the gift that grows, and
teaches the first lesson of success in life—regular saving.

Call at one of our branches, or mail us \$1.00 or more, and we will see that this useful gift—a Union Bank Savings Account—arrives in time for Christmas.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

ONE SURE WAY

TO GET HIGH-GRADE SERVICE
IN MARKETING YOUR GRAIN

—Is to "TAKE NO CHANCES." In other words, deal only with a Proven Reliable House, whose years of experience have served to teach them the True Value of Careful, Individual Attention. Liberal and Prompt Advances. Absolute Safety. Courteous and Business-like Methods.

Consign Your Car Lots to

THE CANADIAN ELEVATOR CO. LIMITED

Grain Commission
Merchants

WINNIPEG

Grain Exchange
Building

Reference—Any Bank or Commercial Agency.



A GENERAL SURVEY OF CONDITIONS

Canada is facing difficult times. There is nothing to be gained by ignoring this fact and a great deal to lose by foolishly refusing to consider the problems involved. We have two main difficulties; one is the serious position of agriculture as an industry and the other is the discontent and feeling of uneasiness which has resulted therefrom. One difficulty deals with economic conditions; the other with psychological forces. The probability is that the latter is the more dangerous. A discontented people never gives its best to the common cause. The Canadian people must be shown that present conditions are temporary; that the country is sound; that the future is sure and that the first and foremost need today is the re-establishment of confidence. Those who will look beyond the valley; who will look over the hills which now surround us will see—and profit by the vision—the verdant pastures of the future. Having established confidence we can work with a will towards solving our problems. What are these problems? Freight rates must come down, the recent reduction should be but the beginning of the downward movement. The farmer must be given a square deal. He is not getting it now. City and country must combine to right these wrongs for in their solution we have the thing which stands between us and prosperity. Prosperity for agriculture means prosperity for Canada as a whole.

FORDNEY TARIFF HANDICAPS THE FARMER

Very few people really understand how seriously the Western farmer has been hit this year by a number of untoward circumstances. The Fordney Tariff, coming as it did at a time of depression, has had a demoralizing effect on certain classes of Canadian exports. As examples of the drop in these exports to the United States the following comparative figures are submitted. These figures show the quantity and value of such exports during the four months ended September 30th, 1921 as compared with the corresponding period of 1920, and are taken from figures issued by the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce:

	1920	1921
	Quantity	Value
Butter, etc.	3,626,182-lbs.	\$1,907,303
Cheese, etc.	290,143-lbs.	84,512
Meats	1,369,408-lbs.	304,064
Potatoes	479,411-bus.	1,060,198
Cattle	96,497-head	7,421,708
Sheep	62,631-head	635,665
Wheat	1,653,221-bus.	4,456,773
Wool	1,603,124-lbs.	716,620
	Quantity	Value
Butter, etc.	342,912-lbs.	\$ 109,047
Cheese, etc.	17,743-lbs.	6,831
Meats	450,269-lbs.	74,622
Potatoes	175,094-bus.	159,475
Cattle	34,305-head	835,982
Sheep	39,307-head	226,695
Wheat	1,751,771-bus.	3,069,268
Wool	19,691-lbs.	2,948

Careful examination of the above figures will reveal the tremendous drop in our exports both as to quantity and value. Live stock, meats and dairy products are the chief sufferers. Contrary to the belief entertained in some circles the Fordney Tariff has not affected the volume of wheat exports, although it is worthy of note that the quantity of wheat exported increased in 1921, the value when compared with 1920 shows a reduction 33%. The world wide drop in prices, coupled with numerous other disabilities under which the farmer is laboring has made the present period a time of severe test for our agricultural population.

DECLINE IN PURCHASING POWER

The startling decline in the purchasing power of wheat, oats, cattle and hogs is referred to in the current report issued by the Sanford Evans Statistical Service of Winnipeg. These commodities have declined in value during the past few months much more rapidly than other commodities with the result that the purchasing power of the farmer has been correspondingly curtailed. Wheat is selling today at 76.4% of the average price in the pre-war period; oats at 68.9%; cattle at 46.2% and hogs at 64.2%. This means that instead of getting \$100 for a certain quantity of these products, as he did in pre-war days, the farmer today gets for the same quantity of wheat \$76.40; oats \$68.90; cattle \$46.20 and hogs \$64.20. These declines would not be serious if all other commodities had declined at a similar rate, but they have not. Before the farmer can hope to make ends meet as they should all classes of commodities which they have to purchase such as machinery and farm equipment must be brought down to a corresponding level. The country is suffering from a lopsided decline in purchasing power and conditions will not improve materially until the general drop in price has been spread uniformly over all commodities. This must be done as soon as possible and although it will bring in its trail a certain amount of financial disturbance, it is in the best interests of all concerned that it should come quick so that we may reach bottom and recommence our forward movement to that period of prosperity in Western Canada which is certain to come, on a sound foundation.

BLUE SKY LAWS

What looked like an organized attempt to load Western farmers up with a considerable quantity of valueless securities was nipped in the bud by the Manitoba authorities a few weeks ago. For some months past a gang of professional stock salesmen have successfully peddled valueless securities in the rural districts of Ontario and they are said to have taken over \$1,000,000 out of the pockets of unwary would-be investors. Having cleaned up Ontario the gang moved West and commenced operations in Manitoba. They had hardly got a start when Commissioner P. A. Macdonald who administers the Sales of Shares Act in Manitoba, in co-operation with the attorney-general's department, caused the arrest and conviction of one of the gang.

For maximum of service consign your grain to
The Old Reliable Grain Commission Merchants

James Richardson & Sons Limited

Established 1857

Liberal Advances Prompt Settlements

Enquire through any Bank or Commercial Agency as to our Financial Standing

WESTERN OFFICES:

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man. Grain Exchange, Calgary, Alberta.
Canada Building, Saskatoon, Sask

The Royal Bank of Canada



The Bank follows a liberal policy in extending Credits to Farmers.

If you are going to need a loan to buy seed or live-stock, see the Manager of the nearest branch of the Royal Bank early about your requirements.

This is an invitation to call at the Royal Bank the next time you are in town.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000
625 BRANCHES

AN INCOME FOR LIFE

Pay us a few dollars a month till you are 65 and we will then pay you a big monthly income to the day of your death. In that way you make the comfort of your old age absolutely certain. It is worth thinking about.

363

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

NORTHWESTERN BUILDING WINNIPEG CANADA
J.F.C. MENLOVE PRES. R.Q. MABER, SEC. TREAS.
H.R.S. McCABE MGR. DIR.

FARMERS' COURSE

ENQUIRE about our special course in business for farmers and farmers' sons.

Other Departments:
Stenographers', Music,
Household Science,
Teachers', Preparatory.

REGINA COLLEGE Sask.

E. W. STAPLEFORD, President
W. HAWKINS, Director, Business Dept.

and the rest speedily left for parts unknown.

As a sequel to this the officials of the Prairie Provinces whose duties are to administer the legislation covering the public sale of stocks and shares met in Regina to discuss ways and means of warding off any future attempts at palming off worthless securities on the public and to endeavor to formulate some plan whereby the various provinces could act together in driving out these unscrupulous stock salesmen whenever and wherever they appear. The conference produced very satisfactory results and the general public may rest assured that it will be their own fault if they join the ever increasing body of "suckers" who jump at the attractive but very much camouflaged bait which professional crooks persistently place before them in the form of "gilt-edged" investments whose only claim to this title is the gilt-edge which usually illuminates an otherwise worthless stock certificate.

Unfortunately for themselves, we still have in our midst individuals who believe that it is possible to get something for nothing. The slick salesman comes along and offers them an opportunity to invest in a fake proposition. He tells them of the fortunes that have been made in similar propositions and persuades them that he is doing them a favor by permitting them to buy some of these shares. Beware of the gentleman whom you never met before who singles you out to do you a good turn—it is not natural for strangers to do this kind of thing.

To those who are considering investment of money we recommend the following advice recently issued by McLeod, Young, Weir & Co.

1. Save money now. Your dollar will buy more bread, coal, clothing, shoes or housing accommodation, one or three or five years hence than it will today.

2. Buy only bonds of the highest grade. The investment bargains are in the highest grade of bonds.

In addition to the foregoing we would add that an investor can always afford to think an investment proposition over. Snap judgements do not pay in the long run. Do not be misled by promises of large profits. Remember that the vital test of any investment is "Will you get your money back if you wish to at some future day?" If you are sure that you will, you can be satisfied with a reasonable income on your investment. Above everything else, keep in mind the absolute necessity of knowing who you are giving your money to. It pays to deal with a reliable firm of stockbrokers rather than take chances with any Tom, Dick or Harry who happens along with a tale of huge profits and quick returns.

A Useful Invention

At a sportsman's show in New York one of the novelties shown was a portable wireless telegraph apparatus which could be carried in a hunter's pack, says the New York Mail. It attracted much attention from the visitors.

"That thar is shorely a great thing," said an old Maine guide. "Suppose here's a dude hunter got lost. What does he do? He climbs a tall tree, fixes the majigger, and lets go.

"Click, clackety, clack, click—I'm lost in the woods."

"Clack, dashety dash, dot, click—W're be ye?"

"Clackey, clack, dash, click—I dunno. If I did I wouldn't be lost."

"Then all they got to do is to send out a search party and find him. That's shore a great invention."

Her Candid Opinion

An enthusiastic young settlement worker, in her kindness of heart, decided to take to the seashore a little six-year-old child who had never breathed purer air than that of Mulberry Street, New York.

"Jennie's delight will do me good," she said to those who expostulated with her. "It will help me to rest in my vacation to see her growing rosy. How she will enjoy it!"

But it turned out that Jennie was a young woman with opinions of her own, says the New York Sun, in telling the story. As the train drew into the station of the seaside resort, they could see from the car window a wide stretch of beach and sea.

"Look, Jennie!" exclaimed her philanthropic companion. "There is the ocean!" Bursting into tears, Jennie flung herself sobbing, into the arms of her friend. "O my, ain't it homely!" she cried.

Christmas Trees and Stockings

This year your little ones will have their usual filled stockings and Christmas tree. Your keenest pleasure will be in their enjoyment. To them Santa Claus is a reality to be looked forward to through a year of anticipation.

Next Christmas

How would you feel if you knew that your kiddies would have no Christmas—that perhaps they might even be hungry on that day of days.

Providing Against the Unexpected

It seems impossible now, but who would provide these pleasures and necessities if you should be called hence before next Christmas comes?

Life Insurance shows the way to many Christmases for your family. Delay no longer. Write at once for particulars of a suitable policy. Courteous and prompt attention to all enquiries will be given.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

Head Office - Winnipeg.

When writing ask for a "Mother Goose Nursery Rhyme Book" for your little one—free on request.

The Customer and His Bank

should be on intimate terms. They can be mutually helpful. The Bank of Montreal is always glad to give to its customers the benefit of its financial knowledge and experience. All transactions are absolutely confidential.

BANK of MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Head Office: Montreal

Total Assets in Excess of \$500,000,000





TALKS ON SWINE

Interesting Facts on the Bacon Trade That Canadians Should Know

No 3

Denmark and the British Bacon Market

DENMARK is a small country, not much larger than four average Ontario counties, yet she is a "Giant" in the bacon trade.

Before the war Denmark supplied the British market with more than half of the 512 million pounds of bacon imported by Britain each year.

But Denmark's bacon trade with Britain suffered during the war. She had to curtail her production of hogs because of the shortage of feed. She also had to slaughter great numbers of young sows to provide meat for her own population in the closing year of the war.

Denmark Coming Back Fast

The number of hogs in Denmark in July, 1914, at the outbreak of the war, was 2½ million.

In July, 1919, ten months after the war, they numbered only 715 thousand — a very great shrinkage.

But Denmark is coming back fast. By July, 1920, she had increased her hog population to more than one million.

Her shipments of bacon to Britain are also increasing rapidly.

In 1920, Denmark exported to Britain 79 million pounds of bacon.

But Canada excelled her. Canada's bacon exports to Britain in 1920 were 166 million pounds. For the two years following the war Canada was holding a very large share of the bacon trade she built up during the war.

Denmark Ahead of Canada

Results are now reversed.

For the first three months of 1921, Denmark's exports of bacon to Britain were 40 million pounds—more than half the total she shipped to Britain in the previous twelve months.

For the first three months of 1921, Canada exported only 29 million pounds of bacon, which was 11 million pounds less than Denmark shipped.

At this rate, Denmark will soon be far in advance of Canada in the British market.

Why Denmark Is Successful

The chief factors of the Danish success are quality and steady volume.

The British market knows it can depend upon a large quantity of high-finished bacon from Denmark month in and month out.

The Danes produce the bacon-type hog—the "Wiltshire side" exclusively. The Danish hog is a cross with the native breed, which resembles the Tamworth and the English Yorkshire.

The producers work on a thorough systematic plan to improve the quality of the pigs—a plan that is faithfully followed throughout the country.

Co-Operative Associations

Practically every hog producer in Denmark is a member of one or more co-operative societies.

Danish producers are given a practical education in breeding, feeding and marketing.

Danish Bacon Exhibitions help materially in keeping the interest in the industry up to a high pitch.

At these Exhibitions, expert judges give marks in accordance with the quality of the bacon on the same day it would likely reach the retailers' hands in England.

If it appears that pigs are not up to a good standard, a report is asked from the manager of the plant from which the inferior bacon was received, as to the general average of pigs in his neighborhood.

Experts Sent to Farms

If it is thought that farmers are not exercising sufficient care in the feeding, an expert attached to the Co-Operative Association is sent to the neighborhood to help producers improve the stock.

By this Danish system, the

uniformity of the size and of the quality of the animal is maintained with wonderful efficiency.

By this system, the Danes are able to supply the quality of bacon the particular British buyer demands.

The pig necessary to produce the quality of bacon required should weigh 160 to 240 pounds, live weight, with an even thickness of fat on the back. This fat should be 1½ inches in depth, clear white in color, and there should be a high percentage of lean in proportion of fat.

The Danes exercise great care to produce this quality of animal.

Steady Supply

The uniformity of supply is as carefully maintained by Danish producers as is the quality. The Danes realize that it is necessary to keep up a steady volume to Britain if they are to hold their own in the greatest bacon market in the world.

Therefore, every member of a Co-Operative Swine Association is required to guarantee a certain number of pigs each season, depending upon the size of the farm, etc.

Failure to supply the guaranteed number brings a fine of so much per animal short of the guarantee.

But fines are scarcely ever required, so religiously are the guarantees carried out. The Danish farmer fully appreciates the value of the British market to him and faithfully co-operates with his brother producers to hold the British trade. The Danish farmer is not in pigs one season and out the next. He stays with pigs month in and month out, year after year, and thus enables Denmark to maintain a steady flow of bacon exports.

In Denmark, Canada has a formidable, well-organized competitor, striving for supremacy in the British bacon market.

To successfully compete with Denmark, Canada needs to put forth her best efforts.

The Future

Britain wants high quality bacon the year round.
Britain will always want bacon in large quantities.
Canada won the British bacon market during the war.
Denmark is now striving for supremacy.
Canada can hold the British market permanently by maintaining steady volume and high quality.

The Dominion Live Stock Branch
Department of Agriculture
Ottawa

14

The Magician.

Continued from page 37

Jimmy did so with care. This was the funniest kind of paper—he hadn't seen any quite like it and he didn't want to tear it. When he unfolded it, which he did in a leisurely way, it cracked.

"There's writing on it," said the small boy. "There's big letters, like in books, too."

"What's that?" said the Wizard. He sat up. His dark eyes fell on the paper in Jimmy's hands.

Then Jimmy's heart bounded, for the Wizard gave the queerest kind of shout, and his face lighted up as if someone had flashed a torch on it.

"Give it to me, give it to me," he commanded.

Jimmy passed the paper over, trembling with excitement. What wonderful thing was going to happen?

What happened was that the Wizard gave a leap to his feet. He threw back his head and all his black hair danced. Holding out the paper he began to read in a high, triumphant voice. "The last will and testament . . . to my only son."

Jimmy did not catch much of it, and the Wizard suddenly broke off. He seemed to have forgotten Jimmy. "What possessed him to put it there?" he asked, his eyes sweeping the sea. "What possessed him?"

"Is it a treasure?" asked Jimmy. "Praps praps it is a spell."

"That's exactly what it is," said the Wizard.

He seized the hat with the peacock's feather, swung it in the air, then crammed it on his head.

His eyes were dancing. Jimmy was fascinated. He had never seen anybody look like that.

"A spell that's what it is," shouted the Wizard. "A spell to open the door called Opportunity, a spell that will give me a hearing, a spell to sweep away all the shadows and let one see the blessed sun."

He stopped suddenly, looked at Jimmy, "God bless you child."

Snatching up his fiddle, he tucked it under his arm, and started to run across the sands toward the big path. Bolting across that, Jimmy could see him running through a dipping field. The peacock's feather went mid-nid-nodding. One moment Jimmy saw it, the next it was gone. Jimmy strained his eyes. But of what use? The wizard had disappeared behind a little hillock. He was gone.

Jimmy gave a great sigh. It was not of grief, though more of satisfaction. So clearly the Fiddler was a Wizard, and, of course, he had disappeared in the way wizards do.

Jimmy picked his name up from the sand. 'Jimmy Lawless,' here was a proof of his adventure. He looked about for the shell, was lucky enough to find it, too. Then he turned away.

"You've been gone some time haven't you sonny?" his mother asked dreamily. "I was talking to him," Jimmy answered with importance.

"I've only known one other person to play like that," said the delicate lady in the same dreamy tone, and that was young Ralph Courtenay.

"I wonder if he ever made good."

Jimmy was engrossed in his own thoughts. He gave her the fruit of them. "He was a wizard," he said.

"I thought he was," said his mother. "There seems to be several of them about." She gave a sleepy sigh.

Jimmy gave a little thrilled laugh. Oh what a glorious world to live in, what a glorious world!

It is now forty years ago since the D. R. Dingwall Co., Ltd. opened its first jewellery store on Main St. Winnipeg. A very unpretentious store it was too, in those days, but it was not long before a reputation for square dealing was set up and business thrived.

During the past five years the best increase in the volume of business necessitated the acquiring of larger premises not less than three times. The present location takes up the ground floor of the Paris Building, Portage Ave. (right in the centre of the store life of Winnipeg) and the store is not only, perhaps the largest, but the most perfectly appointed jewellery establishment in Canada. The catalogue of this year is unusually attractive and full of all information that tends to make shopping by mail easy and a real pleasure.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, CANADA

SEND 25 CENTS

For a neat Propelling Pencil with thin lead, never requiring sharpening.

Five Mailed for \$1.00

(Trade discount on gross lots)

A. J. McCRAE 23 Scott St. Toronto



Art Embroidery Needle
Anyone can learn to use it. You can make a piece of embroidery in a few hours that would take weeks to embroider with an ordinary needle. Full instructions and designs, \$1.00 complete. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Agents wanted
Artist Needle Company
Box 2503 Montreal Que

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

NOTES ON THE WESTERN WHEAT-STEM SAW-FLY.

The damage brought about to the field crops of the West by the Western Wheat-Stem Saw-Fly during the past season is another expensive lesson on entomology as applied to agriculture. However the ways and means of combatting this pest may be effectually put into operation now to prevent a recurrence of the outbreak or at least to seriously handicap the ambitions of the pest for the coming season. It is by a study of the life habits of any given insect that we are able to forestall it in its depredations on the crops and though it is not possible to be prepared for every emergency it is not a wise policy to let any outbreak leave us in ignorance of the proper measures to be taken to control any future occurrences of a similar nature. Thus an insect attack may be an expensive lesson but to ignore points gained by the experience makes it a doubly expensive lesson.

The Western Wheat-Stem Saw-Fly originally lived in native grasses such as wheat grass and rye grass and is a native of North America. It has a habit of resting head downwards on the stems of grain or grasses. Before the settlement of the country the insect in question had to depend on the native plants for food and any failure in maturity of such plants naturally had devastating effect on the insects which fed upon them, but with the settlement of the country and the growing of such crops as wheat, rye or barley this insect was no longer dependent upon the native plants but had ample feeding grounds to which to turn for its subsistence.

The flies are to be seen during part of June and July and larvae are present in the straw in the early part of July, which travel down the straw eating out the tissues of the stems as they go. After they reach the roots they cut off the stem level with the ground and the following June the flies emerge from the cut off stems. This cutting off of the straw gives the field the appearance of having been subjected to a fall of hail. Fields of grain may be found cut down at their edges but practically untouched toward the centre as the female insects do not fly far when once they have found suitable places to deposit their eggs. These eggs are deposited above the topmost joint of the straw and the larvae works its way down inside.

The remedies suggested to combat this pest are as follows: "Plough all infested stubble down not less than 5 inches between the first of August and the last of May of the following year, to be followed by some method of packing when the ploughing is done in spring.

When ploughing cannot be accomplished over the whole area, an attempt should be made to turn down those portions of the field where the sawflies were most numerous, this being in the first hundred feet or two next to last season's grain fields, and after July on the edges of recently harvested crops.

All infested grasses, such as Western Rye grass, timothy, and the prairie grasses, next to growing crops, should be cut between July 10th and August 1st. By this means the larvae will be caught in the straws before they can reach the ground, and will thus perish from lack of proper nourishment.

When only a small area is under cultivation, the sowing of oats or root crops instead of wheat, rye or barley, would free the land and either kill or cause the fly to return to wild grasses."

The first intimation of the presence of the saw fly is after a heavy wind or rain storm when the crops become broken as if hail had struck them but if the straws are inspected by cutting some of them open they will show an unusual hollowness and there will be large quantities of dust here and there left by the larvae while tunnelling. Another indication of the presence of sawfly trouble is a blackening of the stems near the joints.

Couch grass is an important host plant of the sawfly. Speltz is another host plant. Oats are not injured by this pest. Western Rye grass sometimes harbours larvae but has proved less suitable for the free passage down the stem hence it cannot be considered as a good ally to the insect. Timothy too has been found

attacked but it does not seem to suffer very much from such attacks.

In its attack upon cereals the sawfly is always exposed to a danger that was not present when it used its native grasses which are stiff in texture. Wheat or rye, especially wheat bends over very readily by means of wind or rain and in this bending process the sawfly larvae which may be feeding at the weakest place is killed in the breaking. Or again the stem in bending over will form a trap from which the larvae cannot escape as the bend may occur between it and its objective viz. the ground, and as a consequence the stem is safe from further molestation.

Burning stubble or straw piles to destroy the insect is of practically no value as the larvae will be located below the ground at the time when stubble can be burnt.

Loose shallow ploughing in springtime is not to be recommended as the flies will easily be able to make their way through the soil to the surface.

It would appear from observations that a cold cloudy season or an unusually dry one would be disastrous to these insects.

THE WINTER EGG HARVEST

It is hard for those who keep hens to have to turn down tempting offers of high prices for eggs in the winter season simply because their hens have retired from active business for the duration of the cold weather. To have egg producers in the summer is one thing and to be able to collect a good supply of eggs in the winter is a different proposition. It is when the snow flies and the thermometer stays in the vicinity of the zero mark that the anxious enquiries begin to circulate over the country in regard to obtaining fresh eggs. Hospitals, hotels etc. where the daily supply of fresh eggs is an essential, are on the alert for sources of supply of this commodity and it is then that the good winter layers not only earn their board but are able to show a considerable margin of profit.

To be assured of a supply of fresh eggs in winter one has to outline an intelligent plan of care and feeding. No old back shed that is poorly lighted and badly ventilated is going to give the results that a systematically arranged poultry house will. The birds that prove the layers are the alert healthy ones, and the necessary adjuncts to alert healthiness are fresh air, sunlight and exercise. The old log stable that has ceased to function as a shelter for horses or cattle may at first sight appear to be a cheap winter hen house but one season's trial may prove it to be a very expensive experiment.

The constant gloom of the interior of such a building as described above will soon damp the enthusiasm of the hens and though they may be let out for an occasional run in the sunlight, such a luxury may have to be suspended for many days on end owing to unfavorable weather and it is on these occasions that the housing becomes foul and the vermin pest has a good opportunity to get in its work.

With a cotton front poultry house facing south one gets the maximum of sunlight together with an unlimited supply of fresh air. With proper feed and care it is surprising how the birds will continue to lay in weather of extremely low temperature. The fresh air and sunlight together with the exercise induced by the scattering of hard grain on the floor among the cut litter have a very marked effect on the birds.

Pullets are to be preferred as winter layers and even a so-called poor laying strain may be induced to lay well if the right kind of feed and management is brought to bear. Take for instance birds that have been roaming around the poultry plant in the summer and fall and suddenly find themselves shut up and their natural insect food cut off, one can easily understand that there will be a failure in some direction as the absence of the meaty feeds that the insects provide are a serious loss to the birds. The same thing applies to green feeds, and the wizard who juggles eggs out of a silk hat for our amusement has a far easier task than the hen that finds herself deprived of egg-forming material and is expected to carry on "business as usual."



A Sure Sign of Spring —Steele, Briggs' Catalogue

AS the dreary winter months drag to a close, man yearns for Spring. The arrival of the Seed Catalogue is opportune. It serves to dispel the gloom of winter, and points unfailingly to brighter days. Page after page tells of the good things one may have, and impels one to plan hopefully for the future—to strive for the best.

Steele, Briggs' 1922 Seed Catalogue

lists the World's Finest Seeds by the World's Best Growers—all tested and reselected on our own Trial Grounds.

A copy of this Spring Annual ready January 1st, mailed on request.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED Co., Limited

221 Market Street

Winnipeg Man.

En-ar-co
SCIENTIFICALLY REFINED
MOTOR OIL

**Canadian Oil Companies
LIMITED**

Branches: Toronto, London, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary

Guaranteed Goodness

We know En-ar-co Motor Oil is good. Every drop of En-ar-co is scientifically refined. We can therefore safely guarantee it. En-ar-co lubricates perfectly, and saves money. Buy it with assurance.

If you do not know an En-ar-co dealer near you write our nearest branch for particulars and prices. We will also send you free a Long-Spouted Oil Can. Address Dep't

"They wear longer because they're made stronger."

Insist on Getting G.W.G. Accept no Substitute.

UNION MADE

G.W.G.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Overalls

43

GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM

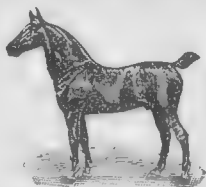
THE STANDARD REMEDY
HUMAN and VETERINARY



It is generally true that an external remedy that is good for the animal is also good for the human body, and Gombault's Caustic Balsam is no exception to this rule. The many testimonials received from physicians and veterinarians are convincing proof of its merits. Rheumatism, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Stiff Joints, in fact any ailment requiring an external application can be treated with absolute safety and the beneficial results produced are all that could be desired.

Soothing and Healing--A Perfect Antiseptic

As a veterinary remedy its curative qualities have been acknowledged for many years in cases of Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. A trial will convince anyone that here is a remedy without an equal. Write for any information desired. \$1.75 per bottle at druggists or sent by parcel post on receipt of price.



The Lawrence-Williams Co., - - - Toronto, Ont.

Wheat is one of the best grains for laying hens and corn which has been cracked is one of the best winter grains. Care should be exercised to see that the grain is scattered in deep litter in order to make the hens work for every scrap of it but do not throw any soft feed in this manner as it will get trampled under foot and become waste. A hopper kept full of charcoal will act as a tonic and another hopper supplied with oyster shell will supply a necessary part of the feed ration. Barley is a good feed and is superior when boiled. Meat scraps should be given to furnish the necessary animal food and act as a substitute for the insects that are not forthcoming in the winter months. There are other insects that are a possibility in the winter and they should be strictly avoided. These latter referred to are lice and mites. Treat the former by dusting the hens that show evidence of them and the latter should be combatted by having the houses well white-washed inside seeing that the cracks in the woodwork get a plentiful supply of the wash.

Cleanliness and sanitation are a very important consideration and if this point is neglected it will only counteract the effect of the feeding and other factors in the management of the flock.

In regard to the exact amount of feed to give, it is rather difficult to give any specific directions in this regard as the conditions must be taken into consideration and it will be largely dependent on the good judgement of the feeder. The birds should be kept in a state of alertness and in order to lay well they must be good eaters and by good manipulation of the hard grains a flock may be induced to give a substantial increase in their production. Cognizance should be given the fact that it takes more feed to produce eggs in winter than in summer, because it takes more heat and energy to maintain body temperature of a normal state.

A good system of feeding that is recommended and is finding favor with many poultrymen is as follows:

After the birds have gone to roost, a mixture of hard grains is fed in the litter. This gives the birds an inducement to work the first thing in the morning, thus generating the heat and energy necessary to early production. A dry mash is placed in a self feeding hopper and is available at all times.

At noon two or three times a week, depending on the weather, a wet mash made up from the waste from the table, milk, etc., and thickened until crumbly with bran, corn meal, middlings, etc., is fed. Do not allow any mashes to freeze in the trough or become sour.

In the afternoon, shortly before roosting time, a full feed of hard grain is given in a trough. On the colder nights this grain should be warmed in the oven and will give the birds a comfortable start to the long winter night.

THE WINTER CARE OF POTATOES

The growing of potatoes is an extremely common occupation among the citizens of the West but the carrying of them over winter is not as generally successful as it might be if the few essentials necessary were more widely known. There is a good deal of labor expended on the raising of a vast number of bushels of potatoes that are destined to rot which is rather a discouraging thought when one considers that the raisers may be good conscientious workers and bring to bear a creditable amount of intelligent effort to bring their crop to maturity.

Potatoes should be stored in a cellar which is perfectly dark, it should also be dry and well ventilated. If success in the storing of potatoes is earnestly desired by all means see that they go into storage dry, as it only takes a fairly warm and poorly ventilated cellar to start them rotting. If it is considered worth while to go to the expense of raising a crop of potatoes it is just as much worth while to expend a little money in the preparation of a proper place in which their value will not be affected by failure in their keeping. In the rush of the various kinds of work that has to be done in short order in the fall one is inclined to dump the potatoes in a heap in the first clear corner of the cellar and let it go at that, the main source of self congratulation being the fact that they are dug up but if they are not going to be in sound condition in the spring with the possi-

bility of a shortage of the crop, a smaller crop might just as well have been planted and the same time taken up in the exercise of the necessary precautions to insure their soundness in the spring.

Instead of piling the potatoes against the wall or on the floor, slats should be nailed a little apart about six inches or more from the wall. This will give a circulation of air behind the pile. A temporary floor should be put down about six inches above the permanent floor with cracks between the boards and this will permit air to circulate through the pile. If the piles have to be made very large which of course will make it more difficult for the air to penetrate through them, a good plan is to make square ventilators of wooden slats running from the top to the bottom of the pile and placed at intervals through the piles. This is far better than keeping the potatoes in a solid pile. Another good plan is to crate the potatoes in wooden crates the slats being placed at a sufficient distance apart to prevent the tubers from falling out through the openings.

The cooler potatoes are kept without freezing the better. The temperature of the place where they are stored should be kept as near 33 to 35 F. as possible. These precautions will save a good deal of unnecessary sprouting and as a consequence of not sprouting the tubers will not be subject to the shrinkage that takes place in cases where the conditions of storage are favorable to sprouting.

At times owing to increased calls on the transport service that comes during the busy fall season it is difficult to get all the crop to the cellar at digging time and to provide for this contingency the potatoes may be "camped" on the ground by putting them in piles of forty or fifty bushels and covering them with straw with a little earth on top to keep them dry. Should the weather become cooler, more earth should be put on top of the piles. This piling in the field should be avoided if at all possible as any sudden visitation of winter weather may mean a good deal of unpleasant work in bringing the potatoes to the cellar. By seeing that the potatoes are quite dry when putting them into storage is to give them an excellent chance of coming through the winter in sound condition provided that the temperature and ventilation are favorable.

TRAVEL A GOOD INVESTMENT.

In every person's life at some time or other there comes a feeling of utter exhaustion, or, as some say, "Fed up", with a general lack of interest in their everyday surroundings. Hard work is as a rule blamed for this condition, and little is done to remedy it until too late and the family physician is called. Work may be to a certain extent responsible for this condition, but the chief reason is the lack of a change, a relaxation of the mind. Get away for a few weeks vacation, see new sights and how the rest of the world live. Enjoy a change of climate. There are thousands of interesting places in Canada which may be enjoyed either winter or summer, and within easy reach via the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A trip at any season of the year will prove a good investment and send you back with renewed vigor, broader views and much wiser from the knowledge gained. A postal card to any Canadian Pacific Agent will bring you literature and any information desired.

A Combination Notice

It is told of Doctor McCosh of Princeton, that he was accustomed to giving out notices at the morning devotional exercises, which always closed with prayer. One morning he forgot a certain notice until he had begun his last prayer. Praying for the professors and students of the college, the notice from the French Professor came to his mind, and the students were astonished to hear the doctor say, in pious petition:

"And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French lesson will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of at half-past ten, as usual."

The Real Totterers.—"Are Rents Tottering?" inquires the Literary Digest. No, but those who are paying them are.—Greenville (S.C.) Piedmont.

Keep Hens Healthy— Then They'll Lay

Poultry health is the foundation of poultry profits. Keep your flock healthy and laying by adding to their feed

Pratts Poultry Regulator

the guaranteed poultry tonic and conditioner. A tested combination of roots, herbs, barks, etc., which regulates and tones up the system, stirs the hens to greater egg-producing activity, increases the egg-yield. Give your birds a chance to prove it to you at our risk.

Money Back If Not Satisfied
Made in our Own Factory in Toronto
DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

ADVICE FREE. Let our experts help solve your poultry problems. Write. Ask for FREE booklet—worth dollars to you.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada Limited
332N. Carlaw Ave. Toronto.

pratts

"BETTER COOKERY" means BETTER HOMES.

SINCE the inception of our "BETTER COOKERY" service department, thousands of women have taken advantage of Miss Gertrude Dutton's practical advice on cookery.

Miss Dutton has made a life study of cookery as it applies to the making of better homes, through the preparation of Digestible, Appetizing and Economical food for the table. You will always find Miss Dutton's advice practical. Not impossible or expensive. ADDRESS your cookery problems to

Miss Gertrude Dutton, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

INDIANS HAD COPYRIGHT LAW LONG BEFORE WHITE MAN CAME IS PROVED BY TOTEM-POLES

Continued from page 8.

After the pole has been raised, the owner steps forth and gives the pole its name, and in sonorous voice relates all the history and tradition attaching to it, naming as he goes along each crest or figure upon it and declaring his sole right to the arrangement as placed upon the pole. This is the first declaration of copyright ever used in North America, and is very similar to the white man's declaration of to-day when registering a work of art at the capital of his country. The owner of the pole also confers the ownership of crests and figures upon the members of his maternal house. Ending his speech, the owner takes all the assembled people into his house, where all take seats according to their rank. To the gathering a



Very finely executed Tsimshyan Indian poles.

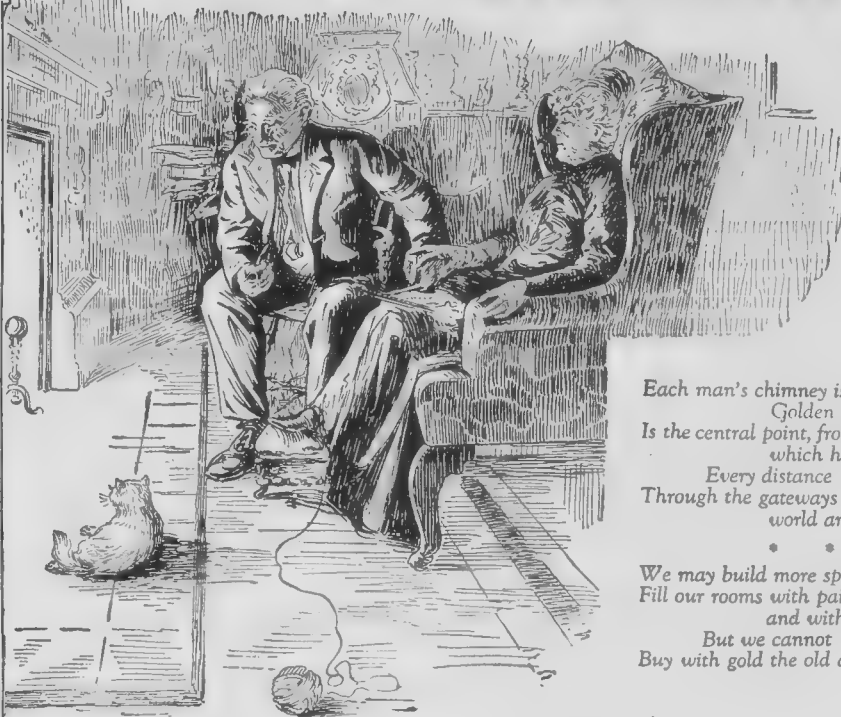
great amount of wealth gathered by the owner and his household through the past one, two or even three years, is then presented. This is one form of a ceremony to which white men have given the name "potlach" but the significance of the potlach has never been made clear. The gifts in early days consisted principally of furs, and sometimes rare food and canoes. These gifts were very carefully presented; first the chiefs according to their standing are presented, then come the counsellors. In recent times the gifts have consisted of white man's blankets and cash money. Very often the owner of the totem-pole impoverished himself and his near relations to make this display. At the conclusion of the gift giving great quantities of food are brought in and served to the guests. The eating finished, the singers start their songs, relating the history of the house. In this way the totem-pole has been incorporated for centuries among the Tsimshyan, Haida and Tlinket Indians of British Columbia and Alaska, and no Indian was permitted to copy a song or design already existing.

In the present article the present tense has been used throughout in describing the ceremony of the totem-pole as now and then a pole is still raised by men among the more primitive tribes; but the custom is fast dying out. Probably another ten years will see the end of such ceremony forever.

MY SON

Corra Harris is a well-known and a much admired writer. Many will remember her novel "A Circuit Rider's Wife". "My Son" takes up the thread of this autobiographical novel, and tells in a compelling, tender, humorous manner about the son who stood midway between father and mother - not so visionary as the father, not so entirely practical as the mother, but a fine blending of both. A man who like Oliver Cromwell put his faith in God but kept his powder dry!

Milestones



Each man's chimney is his
Golden Milestone;
Is the central point, from
which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the
world around him.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings
and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

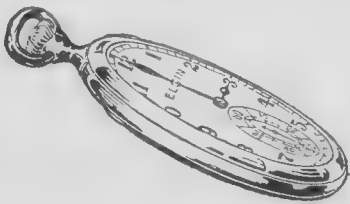
—Longfellow.

THE older we grow, the more tenderly do we dwell on those "Golden Milestones" of which Longfellow wrote—unforgettable incidents which marked epochs in our lives.

Recall the memorable day when someone gave you a watch! Whatever the period of your life that warranted the gift, the long-coveted watch gave you a new sense of assurance and consequence.

The world does not change. To-day, even as fifty years ago, Elgin Watches are punctuating the years for young and old. As the months of 1921 have come and gone, we have recorded here, little stories of some of those "Golden Milestones" in the lives of others—of the bride, the girl graduate, the laurel-crowned athlete, the college boy, the mother. And, as the present echoes the past, so the future holds in store many more "Golden Milestones" to be happily marked by that gift—unrivalled as a suitable token of the passing of Time—an Elgin Watch.

46R



Elgin

Faithful Guardian of Time

WESTERN CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL ALBERTA COLLEGE NORTH EDMONTON, ALBERTA RESIDENTIAL AND CO-EDUCATIONAL

Public and High School work. Special attention to backward students.
All Commercial Branches including Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy.
Complete Conservatory Courses in Piano, Voice, Organ, Violin, etc.

Our rates are the lowest and most attractive.
400 positions filled last year by competent students.
For full information and calendar write to
F. S. McCALL, B. A., Principal

Your College Course

Let us aid you by our modern systems and methods toward a high-class position in the business realm.
Write today for complete particulars.

Western Canada's Pioneer Business Schools

Winnipeg Business College
Portage Business College
Dauphin Business College
Regina Federal College

*Costs no more per pound,
And, less per cup,
Gold Standard Tea "Full of Flavor"
The Godville Company Ltd.*

3

Imitated!

IT is a familiar fact that no article lacking in outstanding individual merit is ever largely imitated.

It is equally true that widespread imitation is a penalty to which almost every product or principle which does possess distinctive merit must be subjected.

It is the open admission of competing manufacturers that that product or principle is a better one than any they themselves have been able to devise or originate.

If you would measure truly the outstanding superiority of RUBBERSET brushes, forget if possible every good thing you know about them from personal experience and every good thing anyone ever told you about them.

Simply think what this means: The trade name RUBBERSET and the old original RUBBERSET process of gripping bristles everlastingly in hard vulcanized rubber is the ONLY brush trade name and the only KNOWN QUALITY WAY of brush making ever widely imitated in an effort to build markets for "would-be" competing lines!

Know the REAL from the imitation by seeing this trade mark shown below on every brush you buy

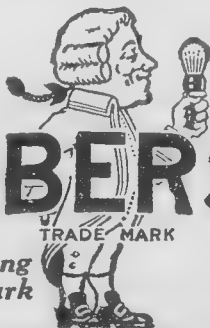
RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.

FACTORIES

TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA

"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"

Be guided
by our
trade mark



Be guarded
by our
guarantee

RUBBERSET

Brushes bearing
this trade mark

Are made in
CANADA

23

every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

GOVERNMENT WOOL BLANKETS

AN OPPORTUNITY SELDOM OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC

We can supply them to you wherever you may be situated, from our stores at
325 Donald St., Winnipeg.

Remember they are government surplus supplies guaranteed as to quality and cannot be duplicated.

New White Hospital Blankets, 60x80, \$9.75 pair; 64x84, \$10.75 pair; worth \$17.50
New Red 3 point Officers' Blankets, \$10.75 pair, worth \$17.50 pair.
New Officers' Grey Blankets, \$7.25 pair, worth \$10.50 pair.
New All-Feather Pillows, \$2.50 pair.
New White Honeycomb Spreads (large), \$3.75 each.
New Art Sateen Comforters, 72x78, \$5.75 each.
Heavy Ribbed Pure Wool Underwear, \$3.50 suit.
Heavy Ribbed Pure Wool Combinations, \$3.75 suit.

JUMBO SWEATERS, beautifully knit and finished, will give every satisfaction and comfort. Nothing better suited to our climate and nothing more appropriate as a Christmas Gift, all sizes \$3.50.

We are paying particular attention to mail orders and are filling duplicates to many who have appreciated the exceptional values offered.

SMITH & CAREY, Distributors

325 DONALD STREET.
WINNIPEG

Raisins Destined to Become Even More Popular with Everyone

By Marie B. Hartman

Raisins were generally regarded as a holiday luxury barely a decade ago. It has only been since the war, when laboratory investigation of food products revealed the raisin as nature's own concentration of nutritive elements, that it has become a household staple. Even now the average housewife does not appreciate fully the many uses to which it may be put. But her attention is being constantly directed to it and she is utilizing it more and more in her daily cookery. It has a distinct appeal as a health food, and as it can be kept for an almost indefinite period in the larder, it is becoming the one dependable, ever-ready emergency dessert.

Raisins are of three varieties, - seeded, from which the seeds have been removed; seedless, grown without seeds; and clusters, served on the stem, just as they are dried in the vineyards. The seeded and seedless varieties are the ones used in cooking, while the seedless and cluster varieties are preferred as a confection, to be eaten uncooked. Raisins as a confection are growing steadily in popularity. It may be that the new custom of serving clusters at afternoon teas is a fad that will pass. But raisins are not only tempting and delicious,—that have distinct health value because of their heavy content of medicinal iron. They aid digestion, they revitalize anemic blood, they

Here are just a few suggestions as to what may be done with raisins.

Stewed Raisins.

Cover one-half package of Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and soak over night. In the morning add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on the fire in the same water in which they have been soaked and allow to cook slowly for thirty minutes. Sugar may be added but it is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Raisins contain natural fruit sugar. Serve with or without cream.

Favorite Boston Cookies.

Butter or other fat. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup
Egg, 1
Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Baking powder, 1 teaspoon
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Sun-Maid Raisins, chopped $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Walnut meats, chopped $\frac{1}{4}$ cup
Cream butter and add sugar slowly, creaming them together. Add well beaten egg. Sift 1 cup flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon together and add to egg mixture. Mix remainder of flour with the raisins and nuts and add. Mix thoroughly and drop from teaspoon one inch apart on a flat greased pan. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. This makes about 36 cookies.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

Seedless Sun-Maid Raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup
Cottage cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
Pepper $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
Lettuce
French dressing
Steam raisins over boiling water until plump and tender. Moisten cheese with a little milk or cream. Add salt and pepper and mix with raisins. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves and pour French dressing over it just before serving.

Raisin Pie.

Seeded Sun-Maid Raisins, 2 cups
Boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Orange rind grated, 1 tablespoon
Corn starch, 2 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 2 tablespoons
Lemon rind grated, 1 tablespoon
Juice of one orange
Walnuts chopped, 1 cup
Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes; pour into it sugar and Cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick; remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

Apple Sauce Cake.

Apple sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups
Sugar, 1 cup
Flour, 2 cups
Seeded Sun-Maid raisins, 1 cup
Cinnamon, 1 teaspoon
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Hot water, 1 tablespoon
Soda, 1 teaspoon
Egg yolks, 2
Cloves, 1 teaspoon
Cream the butter and sugar, add dry ingredients, beaten egg yolks, then apple sauce. Beat thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven. Use white icing on this cake.

Caramel Raisin Apple.

Seeded Sun-Maid raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Tart apples, 6
Butter, 2 tablespoons
Light brown sugar, 1 cup
Water $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Pare, core and halve the apples, and arrange in a broad saucepan or aluminum frying pan. Cover with the raisins, then sugar; add the butter, cut into bits, add water and stew gently until apples are tender and the butter and sugar have formed a rich caramel. May be served hot or cold, with or without cream, or as an accompaniment to plain boiled rice.



By Marie B. Hartman,

Manager Domestic Science Department,
California Associated Raisin Co.

satisfy a between-meal craving for stimulating food. Therefore is there every reason to believe that the custom will prevail, will become more popular even, both as regards clusters and the little seedless raisins.

But the popularity of raisins in the kitchen is increasing tremendously, too. No matter through what process of cooking it may be put, the raisin retains its vitalizing, health-giving iron, easily assimilated in the digestive processes. To my way of thinking, there is no tastier dish than stewed raisins, served at breakfast. Nor is there made a pie more luscious than raisins pie. But these are the more common ways of serving cooked raisins. Everybody is familiar too, with raisin bread and raisin cake.

Delicious salads may be made with raisins. They lend zest and flavor to puddings. No palate can resist the call of the raisin-filled biscuit. When winter sits upon the land, the housewife has merely to consult her recipe book, fetch a package or two of raisins from her pantry, and bring to her table a hint of California sunshine along with the flavor of the fruits of midsummer.

Mothers' Section

"THIS IS THE WAY: WALK YE IN IT"

By Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

The following letter, recently received, alludes to a difficult and delicate subject to handle; and from many similar letters, which we have been reluctant to answer, we have no doubt but that the writer is correct in supposing her case "not an uncommon one."

"Mrs Beecher:—Will you listen to me a moment, and advise me what to do?"

"I began my married life about eighteen months ago, with every prospect of unusual happiness. But a great change has come over the spirit of my dreams. My husband is always kind and gentle, but no longer, as at first, shares his thoughts with me or takes me into his counsel and confidence on all matters where we should be supposed to have mutual interests. Gradually a barrier that I see not how to remove or overcome has risen between us. I know not what it is, or how or why the estrangement—no, it is not quite that—but a cloud, a veil, has come between us. I cannot go to him as I used to—He will not come to me for explanation. I cannot say: 'Tell me what is wrong.' He would—not unkindly but indifferently—say, 'Nonsense! nothing, that I know of.'

"If I could only know just what was the right thing to do—his love, respect and confidence are so much to me—no pride would stand in the way of a full and loving understanding. Do tell me what I can do. Through the experience of the last few months I am led to believe that by helping me you will aid many more young married people than I generally supposed. I have reason to think that my trouble is not an uncommon one, but it is none the less hard to bear."

In many cases—perhaps in most—it is quite probable that what seems a "cloud" is but a freak of the imagination, springing up through over-sensitiveness on the wife's part, or from too great anxiety to do what would be most pleasing and acceptable. Women are much more thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others in little things than men. The little courtesies, attentions, graceful and gentle words, that are to them, when coming from the best and dearest, as the breath of life, are of much less importance to their husbands. But, judging by their own appreciation of the tokens, they are freely offered, and if accepted carelessly, or with no response, it hurts. How silly most husbands would think their wives if they could for a moment realize how sharp the pain is. It is no lack of affection, no sign of estrangement, no cloud rising in the distance, threatening disaster in many cases; it is only want of thought, inability to understand the needs of organizations so unlike their own. Then, again, the wife is in danger of forgetting, in her less absorbing cares, that her husband's duties are often complicated, requiring close attention and perhaps much anxious thought, and it will not be strange if, returning from such responsible and difficult labors, the affairs of shop or office will linger in his thoughts, making it sometimes difficult to give a prompt and hearty response to loving attentions.

But the danger lies in lack of openness and mutual confidence. If these peculiar traits are not understood by both, by-and-by serious coldness and misunderstanding may spring up that must eventually mar the beauty of their married life.

These little clouds, however, unfortunately, are not always the offspring of over-sensitiveness on the wife's part, and the cause not always absent-mindedness and too great absorption in business on the husband's. Lack of confidence between husband and wife is the canker-worm which has destroyed the peace of thousands. And here the wife is usually more in fault, at the beginning of their married lives, than the husband. She keeps to herself the little mistakes and troubles that are to her a source of pain and annoyance, because they may seem childish and insignificant

to him, and she shrinks from being teased or ridiculed. But let her go to her husband freely with her troubles, mistakes, or follies even, and if he is at all worthy of that sacred name, he will assist her to overcome or help her to bear them. He is not her judge or master, but her other self, and, being one, it is safer to bear the frets and vexations of life together. Let both confide each in the other. He will give her strength and courage, and her quick instinctive penetration will often help him to see things in a truer light than he would have done alone. He is in the busy world all day, his thoughts distracted by many details and perplexities, but she, away from the turmoil and vexations of active outside business life, and often much alone, or with only her young children about her, if her husband has confided in her, thinks over the topics they have talked together about, looks at them from every point of view, without such interruptions as distract his thoughts; and has the time to pause, ponder, and reflect, which he needs, but in the whirl of business cannot secure.

Without perfect confidence married happiness cannot be permanent. There can be no true union where, either through pride or fear, or the mistakes or errors, one conceals from, or attempts to deceive the other, or holds back from any motive that which each has a mutual right to know. Of course, professional men are an exception, in so far as they withhold from their companion the affairs of others committed to their care professionally—not a step farther. In all else, they who practise concealment, even in business matters, lose half the joy and blessedness which God designed that marriage should bestow.

Wretched, indeed, are they who, having taken a companion "for better or worse," find that, like sieves, they are incapable of keeping that which was committed to their love and honor. But until hope is vain, and one is compelled to give up all confidence in a companion, let there be no concealments.

Want of confidence on the part of the husband, after the novelty of married life and having a "home of his own" has worn off, is more frequently practised from the foolish fear that by confiding truly in his wife, she may learn to exact it as a right, and his pride takes the alarm, lest, trusting to his other and often far better half, he may risk the loss of some of his boasted independence.

The wife is sometimes tempted to concealment, and alas! too often to deceit and falsehood, through fear of her husband's anger or, worse, dread of his ridicule. She may have erred in judgment, or done some foolish, weak, but not wicked thing; and having learned too soon that his tones are not always of the gentlest, feels that, instead of guiding her to a clearer light and a higher tone, he will be more likely to sit in judgment on her mistake, or, what is the sharpest thing for a loving heart to endure, make a jest of mistakes, or ridicule her weakness.

Rather than face either of these, she sins against her conscience and conceals her fault. Successful in this, the next concealment is easier and less repugnant, or, if conscience lifts a warning voice, she silences it by the plea that the blame must rest with him, who, if gentle and loving, she would have so gladly flown to, keeping nothing back, but making him always her head and her guide.

Married life, begun with every promise of perfect love and harmony, is often wrecked—the mischief begun by "just one" trifling concealment. This is followed by another and another, with shorter intervals. Mistakes concealed grow more frequent and less simple, and when at last exposed, recriminations, bickerings, and heart-burnings destroy the home where the light and purity of love once held undisputed sway.

This wife of eighteen months, who fears that "a cloud" is rising between

Continued on page 51

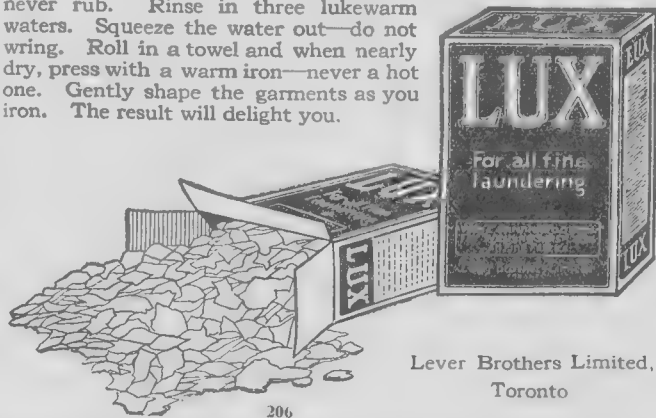


Silk Under Things

Would you like to know how to make them last three times as long as you expect they will? Guard them against silk's great enemy—perspiration—which rots and discolors them. How can you do that? Wash them in the gentle LUX suds—so easy, so pleasant, so safe.

Launder silk things with LUX

Whisk a tablespoonful of LUX into a thick lather in a gallon of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Press the rich suds through the soiled spots—but never rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel and when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Gently shape the garments as you iron. The result will delight you.



The Collapso "Queen" Adjustable Dress Form AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

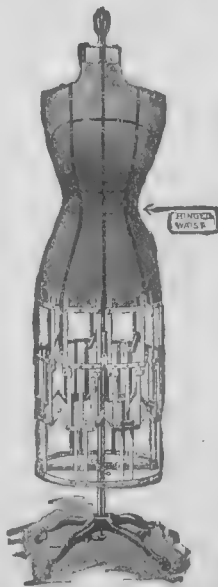
For the Woman Who Sews

A Dress Form which will duplicate a figure exactly; ensuring a perfect fit of any garment made on it—is the only form to consider buying. The COLLAPSO "QUEEN" can be accurately adjusted to duplicate a person's figure, whether short, stout, thin, tall, round shouldered, or one hip higher than the other. All are easy to duplicate on the "QUEEN."

Write Today for Special Christmas Offer

The Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited

Dept. W, 14 Millstone Lane, TORONTO, ONT.





Better Cookery.

Candies For Christmas.

A dainty box or basket of home made candy is always an acceptable gift.

Fondant is the basis of French Creams, bonbons, and chocolate creams.

White Fondant.

Granulated sugar, 2½ lbs.
Cold water, 2 cups
Cream of Tartar, ¼ teaspoon
Corn syrup, 4 tablespoons

Place in a saucepan over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When it begins to boil, put on a cover for 2 or 3 minutes to steam down any grains of sugar that may be on the sides of the saucepan. Avoid stirring or jarring after the syrup begins to boil. If any grains of sugar form on the sides of the kettle, wash them down with a cloth dipped in cold water. If a thermometer is used, insert it very carefully. Cook to 238 degrees F., or to the soft ball stage.

Maple Fondant

Brown Sugar, 4 cups
Boiling Water, 2 cups
Maple Syrup, 2 cups
Corn Syrup, 1 tablespoon

Boil and test like white fondant. Longer boiling is necessary. This makes delicious centres, which should be dried before dipping.

While the syrup is cooking, dampen a pan, platter, or marble slab with the hand dipped in cold water. Pour the hot syrup carefully and quickly onto the platter. Do not let the last of the syrup drip out and never scrape the kettle. This may make the whole mass granulate. The drippings and scrapings may be used for some other purpose, - sweetening apple sauce for example. Let the candy remain on the platter till just warm, testing with the back of the hand. It will be firm and smooth. With a spatula begin at the edge of the platter, and work towards the centre, scraping clean from the edge each time, and working till the mass is creamy, then gather into the hands and knead. Place in a bowl and cover with a damp cloth to sweat. Wrap in waxed paper. In 24 hours it will be ready to use, but may be kept a considerable length of time.

To Test Syrup.

While testing, remove the saucepan from the fire to prevent over cooking. If one makes much candy, a candy thermometer is a good investment.

Soft Balls.

(1) - Have a spoon-standing in a dish of cold water. Plunge into the syrup and back into the cold water. With the fingers, shove the candy off the spoon. If it forms in the water a soft ball which will just hold its shape, it is boiled sufficiently.

(2) - Dip a fork into the syrup, and let it drip from the fork back into the kettle. After all drops have run off, if a long, hair-like thread, about 8 inches in length, remains, the soft ball stage has been reached.

(3) - The thermometer will register 238 degrees F. This is the point to which we cook syrup for fondant, fudges, and penoches.

For salt water taffy, which is pulled and makes a "chewy" candy, we cook to the hard ball stage, at 250 degrees F. At 265 degrees F. we get the light crack, used for the candy which is allowed to stand after pulling, in a warm place in a

jar of powdered sugar to become tender and sugary. After-dinner mints belong to this class. The medium crack is reached at 272 degrees F. The syrup becomes very brittle in cold water, and is used for pop-corn balls. The hard crack stage, at 290 degrees F. is used for such brittle candy as butterscotch. At 300 degrees F. we use it for barley sugar, striped candy, etc. At 360 degrees F. the syrup is light brown, and can be heated no higher without burning. This we use for nut brittles.

Bon Bon Centres.

After fondant has stood for 24 hours, knead a small amount of it, working in a few drops of flavoring and coloring, if desired. One-third as much chopped nuts or fruits may also be worked in. Form in small balls, and place on waxed paper to harden before dipping. Fondant bon bons will not keep unless they are dipped.

To Coat Bon Bons.

(1) - Put some fondant in a bowl and set in a dish of hot water, or use a double boiler. While melting, stir constantly, adding a few drops of coloring and flavor-

ing. creamy enough to drop from a spoon on waxed paper to dry. If it becomes too stiff before the creams are all made, soften by placing the saucepan in a dish of hot water, stirring constantly till the candy is soft enough to continue dropping on the paper.

Peanut Butter Penoches.

Brown Sugar, 2 cups
Peanut Butter, 4 to 6 tablespoons
Milk, ⅓ cup

Boil the milk and sugar to the soft ball stage. Remove from the fire, add the peanut butter, from 4 to 6 tablespoons according to taste, and beat till thick. Pour into a buttered dish and cut into squares. Cool.

Cocoanut Snowballs.

Dates, 1 cup
Figs, 1 cup
Nuts, 1 cup
Honey or Syrup, 2 tablespoons
Cocoanut

Stone the dates. Put the figs, dates and nuts through a food chopper. Mix to a paste with the honey or syrup. Form into balls and roll in the cocoanut.



Home Made Candies for Delightful Christmas Gifts

Sultan's Delight.

Gelatin, 3 tablespoons
Cold water, ¼ cups
Boiling Water, 1 cup
Sugar, 3 cups
Orange juice, 3 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 3 tablespoons
Coloring
Flavoring

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve in ½ of the hot water. Put the remaining ½ cup of hot water, and the sugar in a saucepan and boil 15 minutes. A few minutes before removing from the fire, add the dissolved gelatin. Divide into 3 portions. To one add the grated rind of an orange and the 3 tablespoons of juice. To another, add the lemon juice and pink or red coloring. To the third portion add mint flavoring and color it green. Or, the lemon syrup may be colored green, and the pink or red flavored with rose extract. Pour each

syrup into flat dishes which have been dipped in cold water and let stand overnight. Next day, cut in cubes, roll in granulated sugar, and leave in a cold place to crystallize.

Mint Wafers.

Put a little plain fondant in the upper part of a double boiler, and melt, stirring constantly. Add flavoring and the desired color. Do not allow it to become hot, or the candies will lose their gloss. Drop when melted sufficiently, from the tip of a spoon on to waxed paper. This is good way of using up the surplus fondant after dipping centres, as enough must be melted to entirely coat the number of centres used.

After-Dinner Mints.

Granulated Sugar, 2 cups
Cream of Tartar, ¼ teaspoon
Water, ⅓ cup
Vinegar, 1 teaspoon

Put all ingredients in a saucepan and boil to the light crack stage - 265 degrees F. Pour on to a greased marble slab or large platter, and cool till it can be handled easily. Lift the candy and pull it, folding over and pulling it out as long as possible, avoiding any stirring motion and keeping the grain one way. Add flavoring, and coloring if it is desired, while pulling. When too stiff to continue pulling, stretch and twist into a half inch rope - cut in pieces with scissors. Stir till well covered in a bowl of powdered sugar. When dry, put in a covered glass jar in a warm place for several days, to become tender and sugary.

Salt Water Taffy.

Sugar, 1 cup
Cornstarch, ½ tablespoon
Corn Syrup, ⅓ cup
Flavoring
Butter, 1 tablespoon
Water, ½ cup
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Coloring

Mix the sugar and cornstarch, add the corn syrup, butter and water, and stir until it boils. Cook to 250 degrees F., the hard ball stage. Add the salt, pour on to a greased platter or slab, and when cool enough to handle, pull till light colored. Flavoring and coloring are added during the pulling process. Cut in pieces with scissors, and wrap each piece in waxed paper if preferred.

English Monkey.

Butter, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Strained Tomato, 2 cups
Paprika, ¼ teaspoon
Cheese, 1 cup
Eggs, 2
Salt, ¼ teaspoon
Crisp Crackers.

Melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the tomato, - stirring constantly till cooked. Reduce the heat slightly, add the beaten eggs, grated or chopped cheese, and seasonings, and stir constantly till the cheese is melted. Serve at once on crackers.

Lemon Jelly

¼ box gelatine or 1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons granu- ½ cup lemon juice
lated gelatine ½ cup cold water
2½ cups boiling water

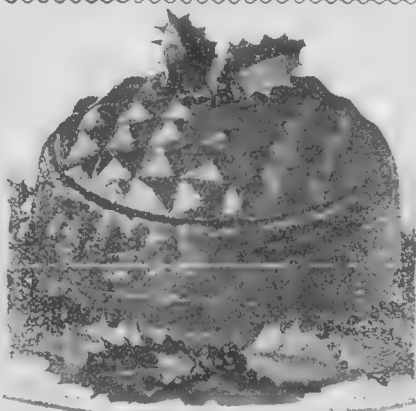
Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Add to the boiling water, sugar and lemon juice. Strain, mould and chill. This may be used as the basis of many desserts or salads.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

DESSERT and CANDY for CHRISTMAS

IN planning your Christmas dinner this year why not try the ever welcome Plum Pudding made in the new, up-to-date way? It is so delicious and dainty and makes such a perfect ending to the usual hearty Christmas dinner. It may be made the day before and no more attention given to it until serving time. I am giving the recipe here and if you try it I am sure every member of your family will feel like extending me a vote of thanks for telling you about it.

Then, too, it would not be a real Christmas unless you had some good, pure, wholesome, inexpensive, home-made candy—the kind you can make with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. This may be served with your dinner or put up attractively in boxes for gifts. I can give only one recipe here but others will be found in my booklets and special candy recipe slip.



KNOX PLUM PUDDING

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1/2 cup dates |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 1/2 cup sliced citron |
| 1 cup sugar | 1/2 cup chopped nuts |
| 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla | 1/2 cup currants |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | 1 cup seeded raisins |
| 1 cup figs | 1 cup milk |
| Pinch of salt | 1 cup coffee |

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Cover raisins and other fruit with 1 1/2 cups water and cook until thick, then add the lemon juice. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate and when scalding point is reached add softened gelatine and sugar and stir until dissolved. Add coffee and salt, remove from fire and when mixture thickens add vanilla, cooked fruit and nut meats. Turn into large or individual molds first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream or any plum pudding sauce, and decorate with holly.

ST. NICHOLAS CANDY

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 1/2 cups boiling water 1 cup cold water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

Other Christmas Recipes

My booklets contain other Christmas Desserts, Salads, Candies, etc. Sent for 4 cents in stamps and grocer's name, together with my special candy recipe slip.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W Montreal.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine, think of KNOX"

MOTHERS' SECTION

Continued from page 49

her and her husband's love, may not at first find any help from these suggestions; but possibly, after careful self-examination, they may at least lead her to act well her part, being very rigid with her own shortcomings and very lenient with her husband's—above all, avoiding all confidants of either sex. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, which should only be remembered to warn her from the same mistake. But while we now speak chiefly to wives in reply to a wife's request, these suggestions, if of any assistance, are equally needed by the husband. As one, they should be governed in these things by the same rules.

A PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN

We pray for the children. Will the Lord grant that they may grow up in strength, in manliness, and in virtue. May they grow up to love their country, and to love their fellow-men of every land, with a larger Christian patriotism, and with a larger charity for mankind than we have had. We pray that they may be saved from vice; from all the evils of inexperience; from the waste and wear of all passions; and may they grow up confirmed in virtue and in piety, to do nobler work in a nobler way. We long for the time when the earth shall be crowned with a better generation of men, and when living and life shall be purer and grander. We beseech of Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt not let the years delay, but make haste and come; for the whole earth is weary with waiting. How much is yet dark! How much is but in twilight! How much of that which is in twilight promises but a cloudy day! Come, Lord Jesus, to complete Thy work; to advance the conditions of men; to perfect the glorious things which Thou hast spoken by the mouth of the prophets. Bring in the latter-day glory, when there shall be no war, and no misunderstandings, and no animosities, and no separations, and no envyings, and no jealousies, and no malign feelings; but when joy, and peace, and purity, and truth, and meekness, and gentleness, shall have possession of the whole earth.

And to Thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son, and Spirit. Amen.

I Saw You Smile

By Fred Scott Shepard

I saw you smile
A cheery smile,
To greet the morn,
So newly born;
The sky was clear
And glad some cheer
Was everywhere,
On balmy air—
Who would not smile?

I saw you smile,
As when, erstwhile,
The work was hard—
As though on guard
With cheer to meet
What might defeat
With cruel blow,
If hope were low—
Be brave to smile!

I saw you smile,
Care to beguile
Where sorrow's reign
Brought others pain,
The while you knew
Grief's burden too;
Through mist of tears
Your smile appears—
Love's tender smile!

'Tis good to smile
For, in the while
With cheery grace
All life you face,
Your heart will glow
And cheer bestow,
Be strong and bright
To lift and fight—
So ever smile!



"Spreads like butter"

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

THE richness, the purity, the flavor always measure up to the "Ingersoll" high standard.

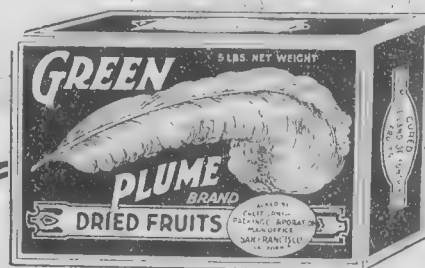
"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

21



19

*Judge it on merit alone,
Buy a can today,
Gold Standard BAKING POWDER
"It-raises-the-dough"
The Godville Co. Limited.*

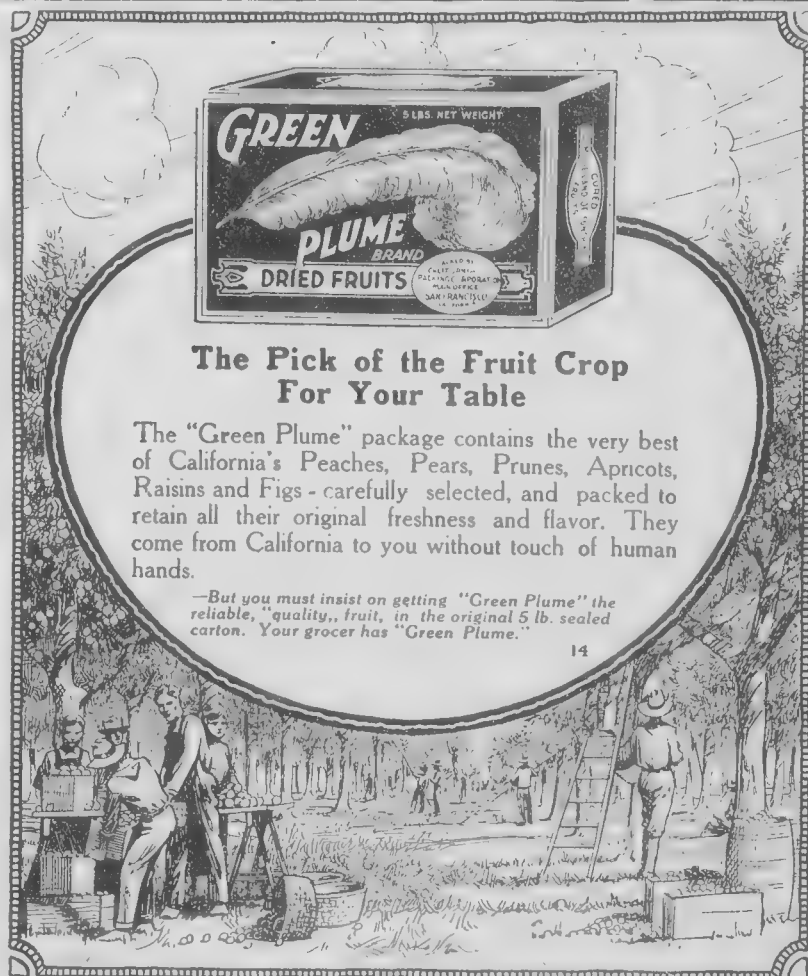


The Pick of the Fruit Crop For Your Table

The "Green Plume" package contains the very best of California's Peaches, Pears, Prunes, Apricots, Raisins and Figs—carefully selected, and packed to retain all their original freshness and flavor. They come from California to you without touch of human hands.

—But you must insist on getting "Green Plume" the reliable, "quality," fruit, in the original 5 lb. sealed carton. Your grocer has "Green Plume."

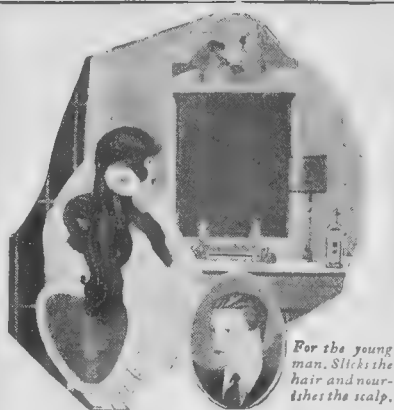
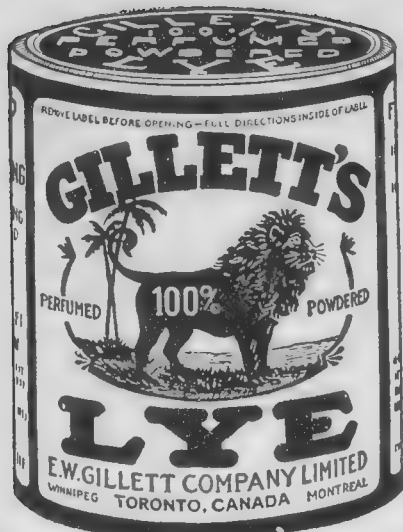
14



GOOD!
Because Its
Fine Qualities
Are Protected
by the Sealed
Package

82

Christmas Gift Suggestions



Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

If your dealer cannot supply you send 10 cents for trial size.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Street Montreal P.Q.



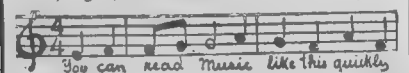
Catalogue Notice

Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1921-1922 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING. ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Building, Chicago.

TWO DAINTY APRONS

Pattern 3348 supplies these styles. It is cut in one Size: Medium. No. 1 will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36 inch material, and No. 2 will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Lawn, dotted Swiss, diminity, crepe and embroidered materials are attractive for these styles.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR COMFORTABLE GARMENT

2264—House Coat For Men.

This model has fronts and collar cut in one. It is suitable for serge, cheviot, double faced mixtures, broadcloth, drill and alpaca. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY SET FOR THE BOUDOIR

Pattern 3770 supplies these three models.

It is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. The Cap No. 1, will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27 inch material. No. 2 will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard. One Pair of slippers will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for a medium size.

For the caps: lace, batiste, net, lawn, satin, silk, cretonne and chintz could be used. The slippers are attractive in silk, satin, cretonne, chintz flannel and eiderdown.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A SET OF BAGS FOR MANY USES

3817. For shopping, for sewing, for embroidery, one will find these models useful. They may be fashioned from crash, cretonne, chintz, silk or satin. No. 1 would be attractive in cretonne with lining or facing of plain crash or sateen. No. 2 could be made of canvas or leather, as well as of cotton or linen. It may be finished with a flat base or folded, as illustrated.

No. 1 will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32 inch material. No. 2 will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 24 inch material. These two attractive models are cut in One Size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

SET OF HAT AND COAT FOR DOLLS

3799 For the new doll this coat and hat are exceedingly attractive and very practical. With so many pretty scraps in mothers' remnant bag the little dress-makers will find something suitable and have dolly ready for a walk in short order.

Crepe de chine, silk, velvet or satin are nice for the hat, though it could be made of the same material as the coat, for which serge, velvet, silk, angora, cashmere or flannel are very nice. Braid, fur, embroidery or simple stitching are fine for decoration. For an 18 inch size the coat, will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 24 inch material and the hat $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18 inch material. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes, for Dolls, 16, 18, 20, 22, and 24 inches in length.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A "LITTLE TOT"

3802. A "four year old" will ever be true to comfort and ease as shown in this charming model. It is simple in construction and lends itself well to all materials.

Soft crepes and silk, wash fabrics, flannel, challe, check and plaid suiting, gabardine and voile. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 3 yards of 27 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A SEASONABLE TOP GARMENT

Pattern 3346 is here illustrated. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6 year size will require 3 yards of 44 inch material.

Chinchilla, cheviot, mixtures, plush, velvet, corduroy and other pile fabrics may be used for this design. The facing may be omitted or it may be of contrasting material.

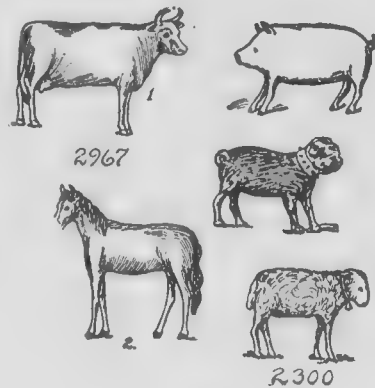
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A "TRIM" SUIT

3808—Very important in the life of a little boy is a comfortable suit—whether it be for school or play. The style shown here is good for cheviot, flannel, serge, homespun, velvet and corduroy. Wash goods are also attractive.

The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 3 yards of 27 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



Home Doctor

—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR WORK OF GLANDS

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Why are the faces of women, usually divested entirely of all capillary "dis-adornment," sometimes bedizened with hair?

Prof. Charles E. de M. Sajous points out the fact that all glands of the living anatomy are not independent in action, but are an interlinked system. In this discovery lies the key to the "hypertrichosis," or superfluous hair upon the chin, lips and cheeks of women.

The fluids formed in the different glands enter into the lymph channels and blood streams of veins, arteries and capillaries, just as water and moisture permeate the soil and later become a babbling brook or sparkling spring. The fluids which leave the sex glands flow into the thyroid gland at the neck or the pineal and pituitary glands below the brain. Which particular gland initiates the chain of glandular stimulation depends upon irritants from the outside world.

"Internal secretions" and "hormones" are the names given by pundits to the substances made by such glands as the thyroid, pituitary and others. Human life depends in a large measure upon the impulses continuously generated and maintained by these various glands.

The gonad glands are contradictory in power to the activities of the thymus, pineal, pituitary and adrenal glands. With overgrowth of one occurs a shrinkage of the other. Moreover, there is an equally intimate relationship between the thyroid and the pituitary gland, as well as between the other glands. Removal of the thyroid may induce an overgrowth of the pituitary gland. Therefore, the human emotions of love, hatred and passion depend much upon the thyroid and the other glands. Other characteristics of a secondary nature and not necessarily concerned directly with racial propagation seem to hinge for the most part upon the suprarenal glands.

What has all this to do with superfluous hair on a woman's face? just this: Beards and moustaches and all hirsute adornments if they, as secondary masculine characteristics appear even slightly in a woman, it means a misfit of several glands. One gland alone cannot be responsible for misplaced characteristics. The combination of errors necessary to reverse these things demand antagonisms between several different types of glands.

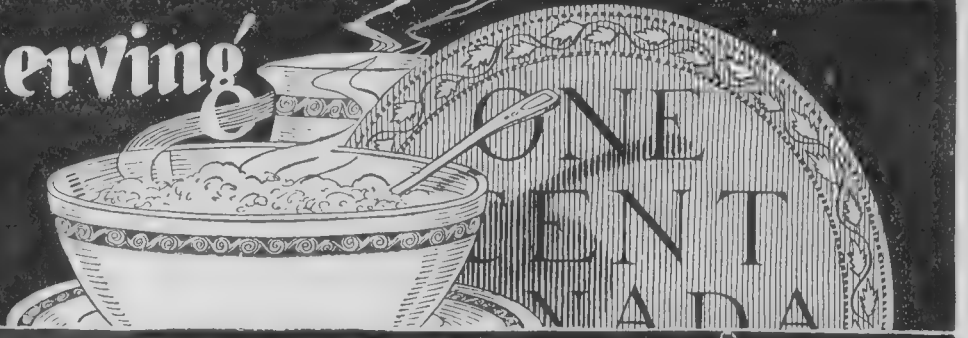
It is now known that superfluous hair on the faces of women is traceable to disorders of normally balanced activities of the suprarenal, pineal, hypophysis, thymus, thyroid and other glands. These discoveries are destined to have valuable and helpful results. The day may be near when depilatories and razors will give way to a measured mixture of sheep glands.

How to Make a Poultice

The making of a linseed poultice requires more skill than is generally imagined. A poultice to be effective must be hot and so arranged that although firmly fastened on it is easily removable. Poultices should always be made in the patient's room, in the proximity of the bed. Pour half a pint of boiling water into a hot basin. Stir in slowly enough freshly-crushed linseed meal to form a batter capable of keeping the spoon in an upright position. Spread the linseed immediately over a square of linen, leaving a small margin all the way round. Turn this margin rapidly over the linseed and apply quickly. If the patient's skin be very tender a piece of thin muslin should be laid over the surface of the plaster. Flannel bandages should be used to keep the poultice in place. Have ready a warm towel with which to dry the skin when it is removed and a large piece of cotton wool to lay over the place in order to prevent the patient taking a chill. Mustard poultices are seldom used now. Mustard leaves, which are obtainable at a price so low as to be within the reach of all, are in universal use. It is a good plan to keep one of these plasters always in the house. Directions for using these leaves are printed on the plaster.

ROMAN MEAL

One Serving
One
Cent



And it's the Best Porridge you ever tasted

ROMAN Meal porridge makes breakfast a delight, with its appetizing nut-like flavor. —Serve it every day and you satisfy the family.

It is also the most economical food you can buy. Made of the nourishing whole wheat and whole rye cut into little granules, and blended with bran and flaxose,—a balanced human food—a small serving of Roman Meal sustains you longer than a big serving of any other cereal. It has more actual food value than bacon, eggs, lamb chops—and it costs only one cent a serving.

Get a package from your grocer to-day. The family will love the porridge that is "different" and delicious.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY - TORONTO

Barber - Ellis
FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match





BABY MOSS.

"Owes her robust health to Virol."

Cranfield,
50, St. Albans Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.
Gentlemen, Aug. 20, 1920.

Enclosed you will find photograph of my daughter at 17 months old. I think you will agree that she is a splendid testimony to the value of Virol as a body builder. From early days Virol has been added to her milk food, and I am quite sure that she owes her robust health to this addition.

I have many times recommended Virol and in every case there has been improvement in general health, rapid growth and easy assimilation of food.

Believe me to be,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) GEO. MOSS.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,500 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk: it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.



Show the Button

and if it's DENT'S the quality of the glove is at once recognized.

DENT'S Gloves are esteemed for their quality the world over.

Many styles and varied materials: Kid, Cape, Wool or Fabric.

It's good taste and good sense to insist on DENT'S

At best stores everywhere.

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Christmas almost with us again finds mother, aunt and sister, wondering what she shall make for the baby. Here are a few suggestions. If instructions are carefully followed this set including sacque, overalls, bonnet, mitts and booties will make a warm and dainty outfit that any baby may be very proud to own.

BABIES SACQUE

Monarch Floss
2 Balls White
3 Balls Sky
1 Pair No. 10 Needles.

Back—With Blue wool, cast on 30 sts. Knit 1½ inches. Break off wool. Make another piece same, then cast on 8 sts. at end of 2nd piece and knit across the first piece knitted. 68 sts. now on needle.

row. Knit 1 row plain. On following row knit 30 sts. Turn, knit 12 sts. Turn, knit 13 sts., turn knit 14 sts. Continue in this manner, knitting 1 extra st. every time you turn, till 48 sts. are on the needle again. Knit for 2 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 4th ridge, till 36 sts. are on needle.

When leg measures 5 inches at back, start vamp as follows:—Knit 24 sts.,

A Merry Christmas



To All Our Readers

Knit 5 inches. Cast on 40 sts. at each end of needle for sleeves, knit 2½ inches. On following row, cast off 22 sts. in centre for neck. Knit 4 ridges for shoulder, then cast on 14 sts. at neck end. Knit for 2½ inches. Cast off 40 sts. for sleeve and knit to foot of coat. Cast off. Repeat same for other side.

Cuffs—With White wool and wrong side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge across sleeve. Knit 11 ridges. Cast off. Sew up seams. Band around coat, starting at one side of slit at back of coat, with White wool, pick up and knit, 1 st. in each ridge; then along entire bottom of coat from centre back to front. Then up front to neck Knit 10 ridges, but increasing 2 sts. at front and back corner every ridge to keep work flat. Cast off. Repeat same for other front, sew the two loose ends of border one on top of the other to the 8 sts. that were cast on between the 2 pieces at foot of back.

Band Around Neck—With right side of work towards you, and Blue wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire neck of coat. Knit 2 ridges. Slip 1,* wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together, knit 1 st. Repeat from * across row. Knit one row plain. Break off Blue and with White wool knit 3 ridges. Cast off. Run ribbon through neck.

INFANTS' BOOTEES

Monarch Floss
1 Ball White
1 Pair No. 13 Needles

Cast on 48 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting 4 rows, then 1 row holes as follows:—Slip 1,* wool over needle. Knit 2 sts. together. Repeat from * across

turn knit 12 sts., knit 15 ridges on these 12 sts. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row till 4 sts. remain. Break wool. Tie on wool at instep. Pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge along instep. Knit across 4 sts. on needle. Pick up and knit sts., along other side of instep. Knit to end of needle. Knit 8 ridges, and knit 2 sts. together at each side of centre 4 sts. every ridge, 8 times. Knit 2 ridges. Cast off.

Sew up seam neatly and finish with ribbon.

BABIES' OVERALLS

Monarch Down
2 Balls White
1 Pair No. 9 Needles

Cast on 72 sts., knit 2, purl 2, ribbed

knitting for 6 rows. 7th row—Slip 1,* wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together. Repeat from * across row. 8th row—Knit plain. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 6 rows. Then knit plain 36 ridges. Knit 2 sts. together at beginning and end of every other row until 48 sts. remain. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 14 rows. Cast off.

Do another piece the same. Sew together as illustration.

INFANTS' MITTS

Monarch Dove
1 Ball White
1 Set No. 16 Steel Needles

Cast 16 sts. on each needle. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 2 inches, then 1 row holes as follows:—Wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together. Knit 1, repeat around row. Knit 4 rows plain.

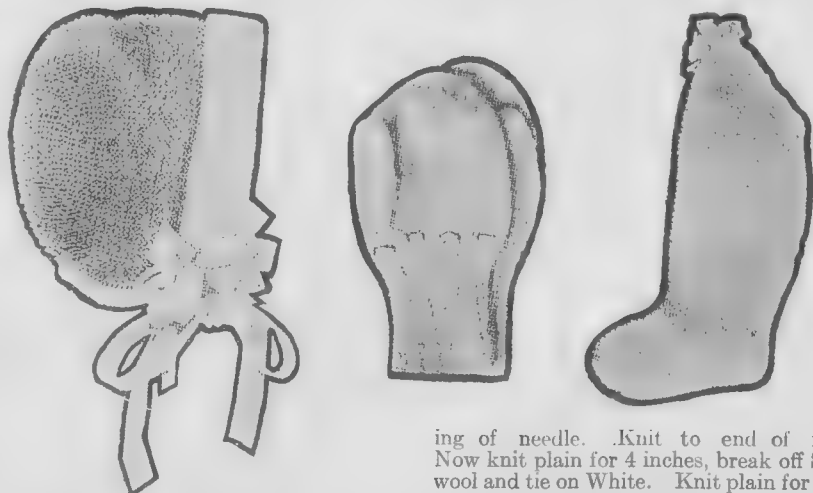
Start **Thumb** as follows:—1st row—purl 1, knit 2 sts., purl 1. Knit to end of row. 2nd row—purl 1, increase 1 st. on each of 2 knit sts. Purl 1. Knit to end of row. 3rd and 4th rows—Purl 1, knit 4, purl 1. Knit to end of rows. 5th row—Purl 1, increase 1 st., knit 2 sts. increase 1 st., purl 1. Knit to end of row. 6th and 7th rows—Purl 1, knit 6, purl 1. Knit to end of row. Repeat these 3 last rows, increasing 2 sts. every 3rd row, till you have 10 sts. between the purls. Now slip the 10 sts. on to a thread. On the next row cast on 4 sts. for the hand. Join around and knit 1½ inches. Then decrease as follows:—Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 4 sts. Repeat around row. Knit 3 rows plain. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 2 sts. Repeat around row. Knit 2 rows plain. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 1 st. Repeat around row. Knit 1 row plain. Knit 2 sts. together all around. Break wool. Draw wool through all sts. Fasten securely on wrong side.

Thumb—Pick up sts. around thumb. Knit 1 inch. Knit 2 sts. together all around. Knit 1 row. Draw wool through sts. and fasten securely.

INFANTS' BONNET

Monarch Floss
1 Ball Sky
1 Ball White
1 pair No. 10 Needles

With Sky wool, cast on 7 sts. Knit 1 row plain. 2nd row—Increase 1 st. in each st., having 14 sts. on needle. 3rd row—Knit plain. 4th row—Increase 1 st. in first st. Knit 1 st. Repeat across row (21 sts. in row). 5th row—Knit plain. 6th row—Increase 1 st. in first st. Knit 2 sts. Repeat across row (28 sts. in row). 7th row—Knit plain. Repeat these two rows alternately, having one more st. between increasings every other row until you have 12 sts. between each increasing (98 sts. in row). On following row cast off 4 sts. at beginning of needle. Knit to end of row. Next row cast off 4 sts. at beginning



ing of needle. Knit to end of row. Now knit plain for 4 inches, break off Sky wool and tie on White. Knit plain for 1½ inches. Cast off. Sew up back seam of bonnet. With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit one st. in each st across entire neck of bonnet. Knit 1 row plain. On following row knit to within 4 sts. of centre of needle. Knit 2 sts. together 4 times. Knit to end of needle. Knit 5 ridges plain. Cast off. Turn back border of bonnet and sew ribbons either side.

How to Clean Lace

Everyone knows that delicate lace requires careful handling, and although washing it, provided that it is properly done, does not injure the dainty fabric, there are many people who do not care to trust the treasure to the wash basin. For these the best plan they can follow is to obtain some sheets of tissue paper, a sup

ply of calcined magnesia and a large book. Open the book, place a sheet of tissue paper on the opened page, sprinkle some magnesia over it; then spread the lace carefully on the paper, cover over well with magnesia, paying especial care to the folds, if there are any. Cover over with more paper, close the book, and leave it lying flat, under a weight for about three days. Then shake the lace free from the powder, and, unless it was very much soiled in the first place, it will be found looking as fresh and clean as it was when new.

When lace is washed warm sudsy water must be employed. Do not rub soap directly on to the material, and squeeze out the moisture. If the lace is wrung the pressure thus exercised is likely to break the meshes of the net. Black lace requires slightly different treatment, as in order to retain the color tea is used instead of water. Make the tea by adding three teaspoonfuls to a pint and a half of boiling water. When thoroughly well drawn add a little soap jelly to, say, half a pint of the liquid, and wash your lace by lifting it up and down, and squeezing through your hands. Rinse in half a pint of tea, and put the remainder in a small saucepan over the fire, together with the leaves, and let it boil up; then drop in a little knob of gum arabic. Simmer until it is quite dissolved, stirring occasionally. Strain through muslin. Soak the lace in this for half an hour, and then press between the hands. Shake well and pass through the wringer in between the folds of a thin cloth; pull out with the fingers, and then roll up. Iron when three parts dry in between sheets of paper. Hang up to dry in a draught. The foregoing directions referring to wringing, drying, and ironing are also applicable to white or cream-laces.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

God loved and gave. The gift was the most costly, precious, beneficent the universe afforded. The gift of all the stars would have been infinitely less valuable. The gift of all the angels would have been a trifle compared to it. The gift of His own glory, power, and wisdom would not have equalled it. The gift of His Son, to reign and serve in His might and glory, would have been immeasurably less than the gift of that Son as a sufferer, to be clothed in mortality, poor, despised, tempted, insulted, sorrowful, the brother of every lost sinner, the burden-bearer of our race, a sin-offering for all. On the anniversary of our Lord's birth in a manger, we should remember the Gift and the Giver. Such wondrous love should beget love in return.

Real love always gives. That is its nature. It cannot be restrained. Christmas is the day for gifts. Jesus takes pleasure in such celebrations of His birth. There is fragrance in the blooming of love far sweeter than in all frankincense and myrrh. Let it break forth freely. All possible expressions of it are worship. Give to the old, the middle-aged, and the young; give to the rich and the poor; to the loved and the pitied; to the joyful and the sorrowful, give for Jesus' sake; celebrate generously, joyfully. Give trinkets and treasures, toys and mementoes; the useful and ornamental; the cheap and the costly; the homely and the beautiful; both food and clothing; to the body and the mind; to the eye and the heart; to the family and the Church. Wherever love extends, gifts should go on Christmas Day, that the whole earth may be flooded with gladness and all hearts exuberant with praise. The Lord will recognize and approve it all; the clatter of presents will rise a sweet melody to the skies; not a note will be lost, and not a discord permitted. Love's work is harmony; love's gifts on Christmas Day whether to the grandmother or the baby, the relative or the stranger, rise a Psalm of praise to the Saviour, and send a bright smile of pleasure over His glorious face.

Love delights in receiving as well as in giving. Jesus has pleasure in saving, and in being welcomed to souls redeemed. Our gift to Him direct, should be our hearts. Christmas is a good day for consecration and entering into the joys of our Lord. There are many hearts not given to Christ. Let them be given as a Christmas present. They will gladden His heart and call down His benediction. Who will send a thrill of joy to heaven? Who will add to the pleasures of Christmas in glory? Jesus longs for gifts; angels await them with strong desire; in our giving let us give our hearts to Christ.



*Let your Kodak
Keep the Christmas Story*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**
For polishing Silver



Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

**For Sore
Throat,
Cold
in Chest**



Maps

Excellent pocket maps of
Manitoba or Saskatchewan,
or Alberta, showing all towns,
post offices, railways, range
and township numbers, etc.
Price only 25c. for each
province, post paid.

Other maps for all purposes
Write for price list or further information
Stovel Company Ltd.
A Complete Printing Service
Bannatyne Avenue
WINNIPEG

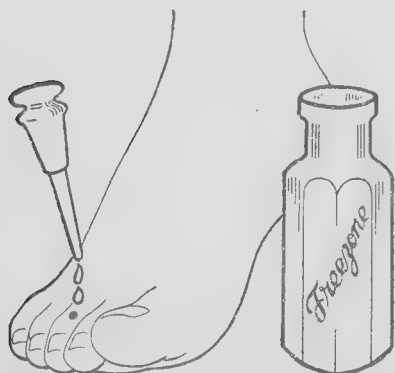
Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR

Soft, Warm and Durable—
Viyella
and
"Clydella"
Unshrinkable Flannels
are ideal for Winter Sports' Wear. Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvage.
For sale at first-class shops.
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd
(of England)
62 Front St. West,
Toronto, Canada
45 East 17th St., New York,
U. S. A.

Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

COMBINGS!

SPECIAL TO LADIES:

Any amount of combings made up
Also 15c Postage **\$3.00**

Elite Hair Parlors

283 Smith St., Winnipeg

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Although the question of skirt lengths has not been definitely settled, it is certain that the reign of the ultra short skirt is ended. Some of the newest models are only four or five inches from the ground.

Suit skirts show a comfortable width cleverly contrived in the shaping, or by the addition of plaits or godets. Dress skirts flare with grace and freedom of line as though glad of the change and youthful effect their fulness establishes.

There are no striking changes in this season's fashions. The new features are concerned chiefly with skirt hems, neck lines, the width and shaping of sleeves, and trimming effects.

To be properly attired one should choose good materials, fashions that have dignified and becoming lines, and wear the garments correctly on due occasions.

Many of this season's materials are soft and lustrous. Duvelyn and velours are the base of many materials. Crepe is shown in new and beautiful weaves.

Quite in keeping with the Spanish influence of the season, are lace and lace trimmings with which beautiful effects are obtained in dress and hat decorations. Shawls and fichus and fichu effects will be used extensively.

There is considerable diversity in the expressions of the various simple straight line models. Contrasts are not only in materials but also in colors. One sees purple velvet and majenta satin combined; green crepe, and tan satin, also embroideries in vivid colorings on black or brown, serge, crepe or broadcloth.

Coat lengths this season end anywhere from the hips to the ankles, which is a valuable concession, for it insures individuality to all figures. One may have a loose fitting sack coat with straight lines, or a coat with a semi-fitting body and flaring skirt sections; which seem to go well with skirts of circular or flare cut.

When choosing a color for combination or trimming, it is better to have little of it than too much. The new fuchsia shades have found an appropriate place with black, navy blue and brown, bright red should be used sparingly.

Gray will be worn during the winter season, especially in furs and fur trimming.

The fashions of the moment are not difficult to develop. The sleeveless dress has in a way solved much of the dressmaking problem, for one can wear any pretty guimpe or blouse under this popular garment.

There are also many practical materials of this season that may be combined with some "left over" of last season, to make a simple pretty dress of to-day. Your evening gown of the past winter, may, with the help of some lace or embroidered net or similar material, be turned into a very up-to-date gown, at little expense.

The moire, which has been made so very welcome is lovely for calling costumes, and its weaves are by no means sombre or sedate, but rather youthful and even gay.

Widely striped woollens are shown for tailored costumes.

Taupe in several shades of this charming color, is pretty with a decoration of coral or bead embroidery.

The new costume blouse, a long smock style, with sleeves, belted, or bloused with a sash finish and with collarless neck, is the prevailing style in two piece dress. This blouse may be worn with a separate skirt, or over a slip of contrasting material.

A great variety of sleeves is showing the most popular being the pegoda form. Many sleeves are of a color in contrast to that of the gown. Coats show high collars, but many seem smaller than the collars of last season.

High collars on dresses are usually of the convertible style.

The best shaped neck seems to be the most popular neck finish.

Many coats show close fitting sleeves, some flaring at the wrist.

As the season advances, we shall see all manner of new things in scarves and caps, and in coat and jacket trimmings, also in muffs.

The scarf that may be belted at the waistline to form a shawl is worn this year.

Sports skirts in strips, checks and brilliantly toned cloths are combined with jackets of duvelyn, velvet, and knitted materials.

Breeches or knickers are with us, for sports use as well as for business and street wear.

Plaited skirts are in style, those with plaits arranged in clusters are preferred to those with the plaits in regulation box or side effects.

Redingote styles are in vogue and popular because of their utility. One may have the redingote of cloth with the skirt of velvet.

The Moyen Age lines are very marked in afternoon and street dresses, with long "wrist-covering" sleeves and high collars.

The chemise dress is seen with various improvements, but still holding the slim straight lines.

Princess styles are shown for evening wear.

Dresses made of supple crepes, show bloused waists and full skirts attached at very low waistlines.

The cape type of wrap is shown for day and for evening wear. This style of top garment is ideal for the "knicker suit" as well as for the chemise and sleeveless dress.

Ostrich feather trimming will be used, as will also beads and pailletted nets.

Taffeta is used for evening dresses; brocades too are in vogue and these go well with the dresses that have fitted bodices and full skirts.

A PLEASING SCHOOL DRESS

Pattern 3454 supplies this model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 3½ yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham in check or plaid patterns, striped percale or seersucker, poplin, repp, serge, gabardine and plaid suiting could be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A UNIQUE AND STYLISH MODEL

3775. Here is a jaunty, youthful style for which many of this season's materials are appropriate. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 4 yards of 54 inch material.

Taffeta, Canton crepe, serge, duvelyn, gabardine, velveteen, satin, moire and poplin would be attractive for this design.

The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2½ yards. The sleeve may be finished without the cuff.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR APRON AND CAP SET

3805—So neat and trim and so easy to adjust this apron. To make the two pleasing models here shown will not

take very long. Percale, drill, sateen, lawn, cambric, unbleached muslin, cretonne or chintz are good for this cap and apron.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36 inch material for the Apron, and ¾ yard of 30 inch or wider material, for the Cap.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A NEAT AND BECOMING DRESS FOR WORK OR PORCH WEAR

Pattern 3344 was employed to make this style. It is cut in seven sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material.

Checked gingham in blue and white fancy braid is here shown. Linen, percale, lawn, poplin, seersucker and sateen are good for this design. The skirt with plaits extended measures about 1¾ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL MODEL (Underwaist and Bloomers)

Pattern 3773 was employed for this design. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will

require for the bloomers, 2¾ yards of 36 inch material, and 1¾ yards for the underwaist.

Muslin, cambric, lawn, drill or long-cloth may be used for the waist. Flannel serge, sateen, gingham, chambrey, repp, cambric or gabardine for the bloomers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING DINNER DRESS

3796-3798—Softness and simplicity stamps this model as youthful and becoming. Crepe de chine trimmed with a picot edge and tiny roses and leaves of chiffon would make it very attractive. The roses could be in a color contrasting to that of the gown. The dress may be made sleeveless. With long sleeves one could have this in satin, taffeta or velvet, with trimming of embroidery or jet.

The waist pattern 3796 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 3798 in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. To make the dress for a medium size as illustrated in the large view will require 7¼ yards of 27 inch material.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any



NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 595 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 day's FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

COLOR YOUR BUTTER

"Dandelion Butter Color" Gives That Golden June Shade and Costs Really Nothing. Read!

Before churning add one-half teaspoonful to each gallon of winter cream and out of your churn comes butter of Golden June shade to bring you top prices. "Dandelion Butter Color" costs nothing because each ounce used adds ounce of weight to butter. Large bottles cost only 35 cents at drug or grocery stores. Purely vegetable, harmless, meets all food laws. Used for 50 years by all large creameries. Doesn't color buttermilk. Absolutely tasteless.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal Que.



Use

Mentholatum

A HEALING CREAM

for After-Shaving,
Chapped Skin -
Burns, Scalds, etc.,

M-21 MADE IN CANADA

Once I was gray!



Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and you can soon make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean daintiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off. Fill out coupon carefully and enclose lock of hair if possible. Trial package and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle from druggist or direct from us. Don't risk cheap substitutes and ruin your hair.

Mary T. Goldman, 976 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 976 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....
Street..... Town.....
Co..... Province.....

Correspondence

With the approach of the Festive Season, the editor is reminded of the time many years ago when he first had the privilege of wishing the readers of the Correspondence Page the Compliments of the Season. Many of our subscribers will remember that the Correspondence Page was one of our very first regular features and its popularity has never given signs of waning. As we have remarked on more than one occasion, we welcome expressions of opinion from our readers on subjects of general interest and only request that letters be not too long and that they be moderate in tone. We take this opportunity of extending our heartiest thanks to those readers whose contributions to these columns afford the rest so much interest and enjoyment.

I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful flowers of Allah grow,
Through days of labor and nights of rest
May the love of Allah make you blest,
So I touch my heart, as the Easterners do,
"May the peace of Allah abide with you".

THE O. K. VALLEY

Dear Editor and Readers,

I wrote to the W. H. M. some time ago, but did not see my letter in print. However, I will try again and I hope to have better luck this time.

I am living on a farm in the Sunny Okanagan although at present I am attending school. I have not taken my matriculation exams yet, but I am only eighteen and intend to study medicine later on.

During the summer the letters to the Page were not so numerous, but I see in October they are up to full force again.

I think there is no place like the O. K. Valley. We came from the coast about two years ago. The weather there is, of course, very mild but the continual rain used to get my "goat". I do not remember one first of July or 24th of May when it did not rain in Vancouver.

I gather from Night Warbler's letter that she also lives in the O. K. Valley. I wish she would write me. I would be glad to hear from any of the readers and will answer all letters readily. Will Maybelle and Orphan Girl write. I will close for this time.

Mustang.

LONGS FOR MAIL BAG

Dear Editor,

Being badly in need of correspondence I am coming to you in search of some as I am very fond of writing and receiving letters. Mail days are our big events in this neck of the woods.

To tell you something of the spot I live in, I may say we have had a church service only every second Sunday this summer, and next Sunday the last service will be held. We have no school, no dances, socials or picnics, in short "No nuthin", but plenty of work.

I noticed a letter some time ago, regarding a debate namely "City vs. Country", but wish to say that I disagree as that subject has been gone over so often it is nearly worn out.

Hoping someone will write me,

Mona.

CITY VS. FARM

Dear Editor and Readers,

Some months have passed since my last visit here, but I hope you will let me come in for a little while, as I get lonesome for a chat with you all.

Yes, Barbara I for one liked your poem. No doubt there are many more who liked it.

City Bred suggested that we debate, "City Life vs. Farm Life", and as I am in favor I suppose I had better give my views. Being a country girl, I am with the farmers and farmerettes, and first of all I will mention the healthfulness of the country. We get all the pure, fresh air we can possibly use, and more. Think of the many who have been re-

stored to health by coming to the country. Why? Because here they have the pure, free air which we have need of to be perfectly healthy. Another thing which we have and which is worth living in the country for is the golden sunset. We can see it as the city people cannot, unobstructed by tall buildings. I can well imagine how much I would miss the sunset were I living in the city. Then comes the grain. How many city people have seen a field of ripening grain. How beautiful it is just when the sun is setting. Then, too, wheat is the backbone of the country. If it were not for wheat and other grain what would we all live on. One living in the country sees more of the natural beauties, because they were placed by a master hand. Then there are the rivers, the beautiful trees, the fruit and the birds and ever so many things which make this beautiful old world of ours.

So you have my humble opinion of country life. If you do not agree with me, come to the company and see for yourselves. There is room for anyone who wishes to come.

Well, well, the time has flown. I only intended to make a call, but instead I have made a visit. Now, I will have to stay away until you all have forgiven me for imposing on your good nature and until I get lonesome, then I will be sure to come again to see my old friends.

Aloha Oe.

FROM THE TROUBLESOME ISLE

Dear Editor,

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from a reader so far away as the Emerald Isle.

I happened to read a few of your magazines and was much interested in the letters in your Correspondence Page. It would be a source of amusement to me if any of your readers would exchange letters with one on this side.

I live in a small village in the heart of the country and cycle into town every day to business. I am very fond of reading, music, and photography. I spent several years in Scotland. My school days in Glasgow were very happy and I became familiar with all the beauty spots within reach of that City, particularly Loch Lomond. At holiday time I visited the numerous watering places down the Clyde. I shall never forget the beauty of Arran.

Life here gets monotonous at times, but there is no use grumbling. The arrival of a letter from the West will be something to look forward to, so let's hope I am not disappointed.

With best wishes for continued success for The Western Home Monthly.

A Colleen.

LET THE NICE ONES WRITE

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have many times thought of writing to The W. H. M. but never seemed to get up courage enough. Mother has taken your magazine for a number of years and I am sure we could not get along without it now. I always turn to the correspondence page first.

I am a farmer in Saskatchewan, like many others a bachelor, and find it hard to farm and keep house and make a success of both. In fact as a housekeeper I have been a failure.

I notice a letter in the August Number from June, saying there is room for men where she is. I would be pleased to hear from some of those nice girls June mentioned, if they will please write first.

Jim.

ONE CITY CHAMPION

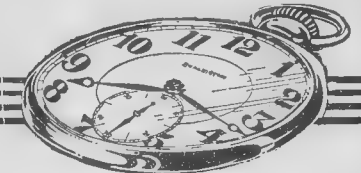
Dear Editor and Readers,

So much has been said about the country life by our country readers that I thought I must ask where our city champions are. Surely there are some who read the correspondence columns. Well, I have always lived in the city myself and I like the city. I would not care to go to the country at all. I live in one of the Western prairie cities and it is a very nice one, allow me to tell

Sent On Approval

Special To All Canadians

THE big money-saving "direct-to-the-buyer" offer on the Burlington—the only man's watch made exclusively in 21 jewels—is now open to you. For over 14 years, this great offer has been made in the United States, but this is the first time that Canada has been offered the Burlington. Our Canadian offices are now ready to fill orders. Write today for Free book.



THIS wonderful high grade 21-jewel watch—the acme of watch production—universally recognized by owners and experts as the peer of all watches—is now being sent out on approval. Take advantage of this opportunity—a rare bargain.

Free Book The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only \$5.00 a month. Send for the most complete watch book ever produced. Write letter or post card today—it is free.

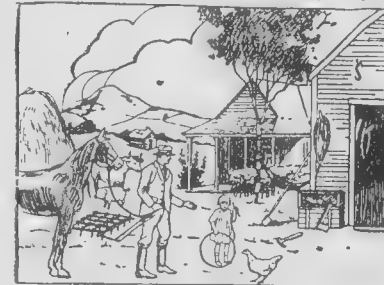
Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 109
311 King Street, East, Toronto, Ont.
62 Albert Street, Winnipeg, Man.

The Burlington 21 Jewels

\$1000.00 in Cash Already Given Away and \$200.00 More NOW OFFERED

1st PRIZE \$75.00 2nd PRIZE \$50.00
3rd PRIZE \$25.00 4th PRIZE \$15.00
5th PRIZE \$10.00 and

Five Prizes of \$5.00 each. ALSO
Hundreds of Merchandise Prizes, consisting of:—Aluminum Ware; Bird Charts; Cutlery; Cameras; Clocks; Cuff Links; Club Bags; Dolls; Fountain Pens; Flashlights; Hand Bags; Hockey Sticks and Skates; Knives; Moccasins; Magic Lanterns; Printing Outfits; Rings; Razors; Silverware; Snowshoes; School Outfits; Toboggans; Toilet Sets; Violins; Watches and Watch Chains for Ladies, Boys and Girls, etc., etc.

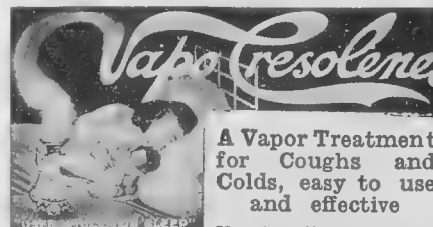


In the above Picture are a number of Objects and parts of Objects, the names of which commence with the letter "H." Can you find ten or more of them? If so, write out the names of those you find and send us the list at once, together with your name and address plainly written.

When received we will at once write you about a few other simple conditions that must be complied with in order to win one of the Cash or Merchandise Prizes offered. None of these conditions involve the spending of any of your money.

We will also send you the names and addresses of persons who have won over ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in CASH that has recently been offered in prizes by the Compilers of this advertisement. Address:

HOME MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. W.H.M.6, Cumstock Bldg.
Cor. Victoria & Lombard Sts. TORONTO



Vapo-Cresolene

A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds, easy to use and effective

You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the sore throat and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal



**Let Me Send You
FREE on trial a Pair
of Handsome
Tortoise Shell
Glasses**

Dr. Ritholz



For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from \$12.00 to \$15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you or your improved appearance. There are no 'ifs' or 'ands' about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velvet-lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., Station C, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Illinois State Society of Optometrists, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., D.R. 609', Station C, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at \$15.00 I will send you \$4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?

How many years have you used glasses (if any)?

Name

Post Office

R. R. Box No.

State

Coleman Quick-Lite

MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

THIS Lamp will make your home modern, 300 candle power. Costs but a trifle over a cent a night to use. No wicks to trim. No chimneys to clean, no smoke, no odor. Can't spill or explode. Let your dealer get you a Quick-Lite on approval. If not on sale near you we will ship on approval. Write for Free Book showing different styles of Lamps and Lanterns.

The Coleman Lamp Co., Ltd.
91 Coleman Bldg., Toronto, Can.



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

you. It contains many very beautiful buildings, nice parks and it does not take long to get out in the suburbs and on to the prairie. We also have beautiful parks with flowers and foliage in abundance in season. Then we have beautiful streets, with electric lights and drinking fountains, etc. Some of you will say, of course, the city is all hustle and bustle, but that is not so, we have our leisure moments here too. I will admit that down in the heart of the city things are a bit busy, but I rather like that. It seems to me that when things are busy it brings home the fact that our country is a progressive one and we are all the time striving to do great things. I like to see our street corners busy and traffic having to be regulated. Another thing I like the city for is that one can have so many friends. There are innumerable clubs and societies and membership in one is enough to keep one busy. I myself belong to three friendly societies and find it very hard work to take in all their social evenings, etc. Of course, some in the city are more unfortunate. They find it hard to find employment, but then in the country there are always some who have it hard too.

Well, this is just a little about the city. I could say much more, but perhaps others will be defending the city and I must stop and give them some space. Good-bye for the present
City Urchin.

WHITE STAR CRUISES.

With the announcement that the White Star Liner "Arabic" will be placed in the Mediterranean voyage-de-luxe service this winter, one cannot but observe the appropriateness of the selection of this steamer for such service. At first glance anyone familiar with the line of sea-going craft is struck by the yacht-like appearance of the Arabic. Were it not for her immense proportions a guess might be hazarded that she was the pleasure craft of some millionaire. It, therefore, seems fitting that she should be selected as one of the steamers to cruise the waters of the Mediterranean and visit such spots as Madeira, Algiers, Monaco, Athens and Egypt.

The Arabic was formerly the Berlin. She was built at Bremen in 1908 and while not as large as the Adriatic, her tonnage and displacement are far in excess of what they appear to be. Her dimensions are 612 feet length and 70 feet beam, her draught about 31 feet, displacement 28,000 tons and her tonnage 17,324. Her perfect proportions and beautiful lines, however are apt to deceive one when it comes to the matter of tonnage.

The beautiful lines of this steamer are equalled by her luxurious appointments. Dining saloon, lounge, reading and writing room, smoke room and other quarters are designed for comfort and beauty, and bear out that reputation of the White Star Line for considering those travelling on their boats as their guests, rather than passengers. State-rooms are also designed, furnished and equipped for the utmost comfort of the guests aboard. Many of the staterooms are furnished with beds and there are also a number of one-berth rooms for the accommodation of those who do not care to share their quarters.

Among other features of the Arabic is a verandah cafe, at the aft of Deck "A". This feature is particularly attractive in a vessel selected to sail summer seas.

The Arabic will sail from New York Jan. 21 and March 4 on the Mediterranean voyages, bookings for which are now being received both in New York and at the Canadian offices of the White Star Line.

A perfect face never yet made up for an imperfect disposition.

The World may owe a Man a Living—yet He has to prove it and collect the Debt.

Friends may be affronted in fun and lost in sober earnest.

One Hour of Gallant Striving up the Hill
Is worth a Hundred Years of Standing Still.

**What Better Christmas Gift
Than
The Western Home Monthly?**

When you send The Western Home Monthly into a home you send a full year of entertainment, inspiration, helpfulness and counsel. For its helpful household departments, for its constructive editorials, for its splendid fiction, it is appreciated and enjoyed wherever it goes. And the rate is only \$1.00 a year.



**A Richly Colored Gift Announcement
Sent Free Of Charge**

To every person whom you honor with this most pleasant and worthwhile gift, we will mail, in your name, for arrival on Christmas Day, a superb, full-color announcement card. You do not pay a penny for this announcement—in itself an unusually attractive holiday messenger—it is mailed FREE to each person for whom you order a year's copies sent as a Christmas gift.

Let Us Even Deliver Your Gift For You

Copies will be mailed each month in the year direct to those for whom you subscribe. Avoid the worry over what to buy, the discomfort of the jostling holiday crowds, the trouble and expense of packing and mailing. Leave all that to us; just mail your order and remittance to

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Canada.

**BLUE RIBBON
COFFEE**

**Just as good as the
TEA**

Try It.

J. H. M. Carson

Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

338 Colony Street Winnipeg
Established 1909
The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.



DEAFNESS

Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. It explains about our New Invention—the Mears de Luxe Ear Phone and tells about our great 10 Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing is improved. Write to-day, The Mears Company of Canada, 327 Mappin Bldg., Montreal

Canadian National Railways

HOME VISITORS' FARES TO EASTERN CANADA

FROM STATIONS **MANITOBA WEST**
SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA

Round trip tickets will be sold at

SINGLE FARE AND ONE THIRD

TO EASTERN CANADA

FROM
Dec. 1, 1921 To Jan. 15, 1922

Good to return within three months from date of issue.

THESE

"Lands Of Perpetual Summer"

BID YOU WELCOME **THIS WINTER** OR ANY TIME

There is pleasure and happiness in some one of these varied winter resorts for you.

LET OUR REPRESENTATIVE
TELL YOU ABOUT THEM
ANY AGENT IS AT YOUR SERVICE
—or write—

W. J. QUINLAN, Dist. Pass. Agent
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PACIFIC COAST
CALIFORNIA
FLORIDA
WEST INDIES

A Dinner Set

Every thrifty housewife, realizing the high cost of chinaware, will be interested in our offer of a

Combination Dinner and Tea Set

in return for 20 subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly

This set is made of the finest English semi-porcelain and the design is quite pretty.

Write for further particulars to

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE NURSERY

With wild surprise,
Four great eyes
In two small heads
From neighboring beds
looked out—and winked
And glittered and blinked
At a very queer sight
In the dim dawn light.

As plain as can be
A fairy tree
Flashes and glimmers
And shakes and shimmers.
Red, green and blue
Meet their view;
Silver and gold
Sharp eyes behold;
Small moons, big stars,
And jams in jars.

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Here are a few new ideas for you for games on Christmas Day. After that big turkey dinner you certainly all need to exercise and these games will help you to do that.

WHERE IS YOUR LETTER GOING

The players are seated in a circle and each one given the name of a town or a city. The letter carrier, who is blindfolded, stands in the centre, and calls, "I have a letter to go from Vancouver to Montreal". As soon as these names are called the people representing these cities must change places, the carrier trying to catch one of them. If he succeeds in naming the captured player, the latter must become carrier. Should the Carrier say, "I have letters for all over the world" everybody changes places. If the carrier in the confusion succeeds in securing a seat the person left standing becomes the carrier.



I wonder will it fit.

And cakes and honey
And thimbles and money,
Pink dogs, blue cats,
Little squeaking rats,
And candles and dolls,
And crackers and balls;
A real bird that sings,
And tokens and favors,
And all sorts of things
For the little shavers.

Four black eyes
Grow big with surprise;
And then grow bigger
When a tiny figure,
Jaunty and airy,
A fairy, a fairy,
From the tree top cries;
"Open wide, black eyes.
Come, children, wake now.
Your joys you may take now."

Quick as you can think,
Twenty small toes
In four pretty rows,
Like little piggies pink,
All kick in the air
And before you can think
The tree stands bare.

By Richard Watson Gilder

THE LAUGHING GAME

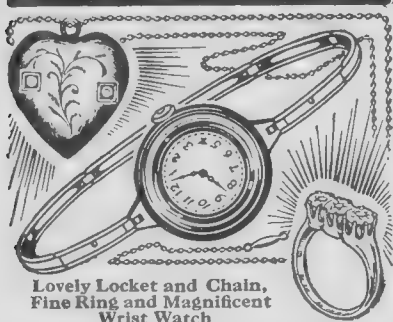
Players form a circle. The first player starts with the word "Ha," the second says, "Ha, ha", the third, "Ha, ha, ha", and so on, each in turn adding one more "ha". In each case this must be done without laughing which is almost an impossibility. Before the circuit has been completed, the entire party is in a peal of laughter. Each one guilty of laughing drops out of the game. The one remaining longest without laughing wins.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

"Sweet Bouquets". You may make these for table decoration. Wrap different colored acid drops in waxed paper, making the pieces large enough to twist into a stem. When you have about twelve of them, fasten the stems together with a strong thread. Now take a lace edged paper doyley, make a tiny hole in the middle, draw your stems thru this and around the doyley, so that it comes around the edge like an old fashioned bouquet. fasten securely with a drop of mucilage or a few stitches.

Continued on page 62.

FREE



Lovely Locket and Chain,
Fine Ring and Magnificent
Wrist Watch

GIRLS: These fine articles of jewelry are for you without a cent of cost. The lovely locket is warranted gold filled, richly engraved, has space inside for two photos and is on a fine 14-inch neck chain with safety clasp. The gold shell ring is set with three sparkling brilliants, while the watch is a little beauty and a reliable timekeeper, with gold filled expansion bracelet that fits any wrist.

All these wonderful gifts are given for introducing our new "Dewkist Bouquet" perfume. Send no money—just your name and address will bring 85 attractive packages of perfume to be sold at our special introductory price of 10c each. It is so sweet and beautiful everybody wants a couple. No trouble to sell "Dewkist Bouquet." Then return our \$3.50 and we promptly send you the lovely locket, chain and ring, and the beautiful wrist watch you can also receive without selling any more goods by just showing your prizes to friends and getting four of them to sell our goods and earn fine prizes as you did.

You take no risk, as we take back unsold goods and give premiums or cash for what you do sell. 1M

Address: National Products Limited

\$300 in Cash Prizes

MALO HINT Name
NOO ROTT the
GIN WEPIN Four
LEAN MORT Cities

1st prize, \$75.00; 2nd prize, \$50.00; 3rd prize, \$40.00; 4th prize, \$30.00; 5th prize, \$25.00. Ten prizes of \$5.00 each. Thirty prizes of \$1.00 each, and many beautiful merchandise prizes. Rearrange the jumbled letters above so that they will spell the names of 4 Canadian cities. It may be hard but it's worth while to win \$75. We are giving these splendid prizes to advertise our artistic PEARL GOLD NAME PINS. The regular price of these pins is \$1.00, but if you will name the 4 cities and send us 25c. (no stamps) we will make your name, or initials, SOLID GOLD FILLED, mounted on a lovely IRIDESCENT PEARL PIN, and you also have the privilege of winning FREE one of the splendid CASH PRIZES mentioned above. Send your answer at once with 25c. and win a lovely Name Pin and a BIG CASH PRIZE.

The Pearl Gold Pin Co., Dept., Toronto, Ont.

Dress Designing Lessons!

--FREE--

Women—Girls—15 or over, can easily learn
Dress Designing during their spare moments
in 10 weeks

Dress and Costume Designers
Frequently Earn

\$45 to \$100 a Week

Work Fascinating

Every girl 15 or over SHOULD

WRITE WITHOUT DELAY

Send Coupon immediately for FREE

SAMPLE LESSONS

The supply will not last long.

Name

Address

COUPON

Mail to Franklin

Institute, Dept.

7636, Rochester, N.

Y. Kindly send me absolutely free book, containing sample lessons in

Dress and Costume Designing as

taught in 10 weeks spare time.

WIN \$1000.00 for XMAS

A Beautiful
Pencraft Pen
makes an
Appreciated Gift.
You can get either
Ladies' or
Gentlemen's Pen.
Read How!



Make Your Dreams Come True
—\$1,000 for yourself, a Christmas Present for your friend.

You can win \$1,000 for your own Christmas present. Just see how many objects or parts of objects beginning with the letter "C" you can find in this picture. Here is a fascinating and educational game which will prove the more interesting the further you study it. Pick out objects like cat, chest, cane, etc. See how many you can find. Nothing is hidden and you do not even have to turn the picture upside down. There is no trick of any kind. It is simply a game of skill and cleverness in picking out the largest list of objects, or parts of objects, actually in the picture that begin with the letter "C."

Extra copies of Picture Free
—Write!

Observe These Rules

1. Any person residing outside of Weston, Ont. who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of The Mayer Company may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 31.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object, may also be named.
6. Do not use compound words, or any word formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word in itself is a separate object.
7. The answer having the nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "C" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
8. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
9. In event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each trying contestant.
10. Alderman Geo. M. Rose, President of Hunter-Rose Printing Co., Toronto, Ont.
Mr. H. H. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
Mr. Claude Sanagan, Advertising Manager Willys-Overland, Limited, Toronto.
11. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order or a Pencraft Fountain Pen has been sent in.
12. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed on or before January 31, 1922, to each person purchasing a Pencraft Fountain Pen.

Everybody Join In—It Costs Nothing to Try

Sit right down now and see how many "C" words you can find. The object of this picture puzzle game is to get more people acquainted with Pencraft Fountain Pens. Thousands are now giving satisfactory service every day and we want you to have one as well. If you already

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Start in now and see how many "C" words you can find. All join in—father, mother, sister, brother. It is exciting, interesting and highly educational. You'll enjoy the pastime and if your answer to the picture puzzle is awarded first prize by the judges you will win \$20. However, by purchasing one of our Pencraft Pens you will be eligible for the big cash prizes.

have a pencraft, then buy one for a Christmas gift. Anybody would be delighted to receive one of our beautiful pens as a gift. Nothing you could buy would give more permanent pleasure and be more welcome. Let it be a Pencraft this year.

**Victor K. Evans, of Meaford, Ont.,
Won \$1,000.**

In a contest which just closed we handed to Mr. Evans our check for \$1,000 and also sent Mrs. Sims, 120 S. Milton St., Sarnia, Ont., our check for \$500. In addition to the above we paid thirteen other people cash prizes. You, too, can win.

HOW TO WIN \$1,000.00

The purchase of one of our \$6 Pencraft pens makes your answer to the picture eligible for the \$1,000 cash prize. We have no other conditions and do not ask you to sell anything for us. To the person whose list of "C" words is found nearest correct by disinterested judges we shall pay \$20. If, however, the one who turns in the nearest correct list has purchased one of our \$4 pens we shall pay \$300. But, if that same person has purchased one of our \$6 pens then he or she will receive our check for \$1,000. Why not try for the big prize?

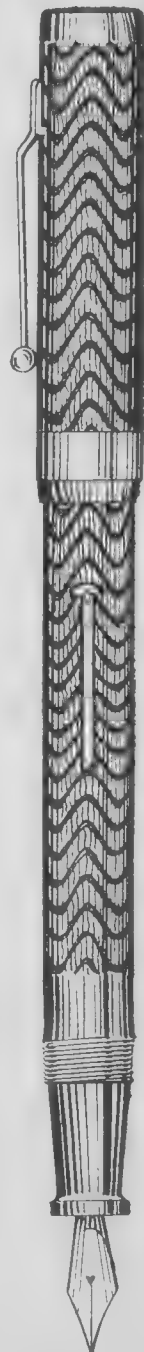
You will find the Pencraft Fountain Pen one of the smoothest writing pens you have ever used. We have hundreds of letters from pleased purchasers telling us how delighted they are with their Pencraft. These pens

are non-leakable, self-fillers and are guaranteed to be perfectly satisfactory or your money is refunded. They are made of the best material and workmanship throughout, will last for years as well as make writing a constant pleasure. Purchase one of them immediately either for yourself or as a Christmas gift for a friend and in this way qualify yourself for one of our fifteen big cash prizes. Somebody will get that \$1,000. Why not make that someone yourself? Start working on your list of "C" words today! Send remittance by P. O. Money Order to Weston P.O., Postal Note, or Express M. O. We ship the pens immediately.

The Mayer Company
WESTON, (Suburb of Toronto) ONTARIO

THE PRIZES

	If no Pens are Ordered	If one \$4 Pen is Ordered	If one \$6 Pen is Ordered
1st Prize	\$20.00	\$300.00	\$1,000.00
2nd Prize	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd Prize	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th Prize	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th Prize	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th Prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th Prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th Prize	3.00	10.00	30.00
9th Prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00
Extra Copies of Puzzle Picture Free on Request.			



Ladies' or
Gentlemen's Pen



Everywoman's Dream Complexion

—A skin as soft as velvet, without a blemish, tinted lily-white with soft peach-like shading.

There have been, and there still are, thousands of women with skin and complexions like that—their dream has become a reality through the use of

"BLUSH OF ROSES"

a liquid preparation that is a tonic to the skin and a toner to the complexion. It is more effective than powder in removing the shine, and, unlike powder, does not clog the pores. The color it gives the complexion is a natural one.

"Blush of Roses" will positively remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Moth-Patches, Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

FOR TRIAL, a full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c.

Address: **LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont.** Also for sale by

Leading Druggists Everywhere

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure one's work, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost, if not satisfactory

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 1672 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

BOYS! GIRLS! Let Us Tell You How to Get a BICYCLE FREE

Nothing to buy, nothing to pay. Simply send us the names and addresses of twelve bright, honest boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 16 (only one name to a family), and we will immediately send you full particulars of our simple, wonderful plan whereby you can win a dandy up-to-date bicycle without paying a cent.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO. (Established 1895)
Dept. W.H. 311 Jarvis St., Toronto



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER

Continued from page 60

Pretty Place Cards. Draw on stiff paper, the outline of a Christmas tree about three inches high. Paint this with green water colors and fasten it with a drop of mucilage to a small square of cardboard, so that it may stand. Write your guests names on the back of the tree. You may follow out this idea with a tiny Santa Claus or other things that you may think of.

Something for Boys to do. Boys must have their share in the Christmas decorating too, and what could be better than to make a Birds Christmas Tree. Get a small evergreen branch and attach it to the favorite tree where the birds meet or to the window ledge where you scatter crumbs daily. You can make or get mother or sister to make half a dozen bags of mosquito netting similar to those you fill with candy for the tree. Instead of candy fill with goodies for the birds, suet, meat scraps, crumbs, seeds, etc., then hang them as you would presents all over the tree. They will soon find that these bags are full of good things and the twinkle in their eyes will repay you for your trouble.

FOR BOYS

Does any boy want to know how to make a weight for a fishing line. Get a lump of lead, a small piece will do. Place it in an iron scoop, or an old saucepan, anything with a handle will do and place on bright fire to melt. While the lead is melting, get a large potato, cut off the top and scoop out the centre leaving a pear shaped hole. As soon as the lead is melted, pour it in the potato. When cold it will drop out and you will have an excellent weight for your fishing line.

Margaret Esmond

NOT SAFE

Ignorant One—"I suppose that you sailors are very careful when you are at sea?"

Sailor—"No, not at all. In fact, we try to be as wreckless as possible!"

QUACK! QUACK!

A certain man who keeps ducks was surprised to receive a visit from a local doctor.

"Sir," said the visitor angrily, "your ducks are most personal, as I came by your house they all ran out crying, 'Quack, Quack!' Sir, it must cease."

WHAT HE WOULD DO

Now, "boys," said the teacher, "I want each of you to write me a composition on the subject, 'What I would do if I had \$50,000.'"

One boy sat idle until the papers were called for, when he sent in a blank sheet. "What does this mean?" demanded the teacher sternly. "Where is your composition?"

"That's it," said the boy. "That's what I'd do if I had \$50,000."

KEEN VISION

Pat, who had lost an eye during the War, was arguing with a British Tommy. "I'll bet I can see better with my one eye," he said, "than you can with your two."

"Prove it!"

"Well, I can see two eyes on your face and you can see only one on mine."

MERELY MISLAID

"I say, Capt'n," said the youthful cabin-boy to the ship's captain, "would you say anything was lost if you knew where it was?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, the ship's carving-knife has just gone overboard, sir."

A CHESTNUT

"Father," said the small boy, "I saw a deaf-and-dumb beggar in the street this morning, and he had an impediment in his speech."

"A deaf-and dumb man with an impediment in his speech! Don't talk nonsense, Lancelot."

"But he had, father," insisted the boy; "one of his middle fingers was missing."

SOMETHING TO DO

For January there will be a gold W.H.M.C.C. Button for the best letter written by a boy and the best letter written by a girl to all the other members of the corner,

telling about the very best time that you had in the Christmas holidays. All letters to be in before January 1st., 1922

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A nice little drawing from Maid Sprake, Cut Knife, Sask., and a letter from "Anabell" with no address.

Ingersoll, Ont.
Oct. 26th., 1921

Dear Bobby Burke,

Received the camera and was very much surprised to get it. Thanks very much for it.

I like the Cosy Corner very much and wish it every success.

I would like to have my flowers returned and am enclosing fourteen cents for return postage. I am also sending a snapshot of myself and one which I took with my new camera.

Well, I will close for now, wishing the Cosy Corner every success, and thanking you for the camera.

Yours sincerely,
Winston Nichols

Born May 11th., 1908
Height, 5ft. 5½ inches
Weight 114 lbs.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT GETS YOU SOMEWHERE-A SMILE



Winston Nichols of Ingersoll, Ont. winner of a Camera in the summer competitions. He's wearing a W. H. M. C. C. Button. He's the sort of boy who "does" things.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE TOWN OF FARAWAY

Oh, 'twas on a Christmas Day, in the Town of Faraway,
The birds and fish and animals met in their best array;
They all gave merry greeting, and said, "What a happy meeting!"
And kept pleasantly repeating "Merry Christmases" so gay.

The clever Cassowary gossiped with the small Canary,
Till a docile dromedary came and sat him down to chat;
Then a gouty old Agouti said he thought it was his duty
To offer tutti-frutti to a beauty of a Bat.

A nimble little Nilgau said: "Across the fields I will go
With Opossums to pick blossoms to adorn the Christmas Tree.
An artistic Alligator murmured: "I'm a decorator."
The Pelican said: "Well, I can —"
The Tapir said: "Light me!"

Then the Pheasant said: "Look pleasant and you'll each receive a present;
Here's an easel for the Weasel, which he easily can use;

Continued on page 64



DR. CHASE

Has Taught the People How to Keep Well

The Dr. Chase Plan of Health

Confidence in Dr. Chase

TIME was when the family physician was the most prominent character in the community.

A man of intelligence and ability, he commanded confidence and respect, and sacrificed his time, strength and pleasure for those who needed his care and skill.

These were the conditions when, after graduating from the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase settled down to practise his profession in that well-known college town.

To reach patients at a distance, the doctor had his most successful prescriptions put up in handy form for mailing. In time the demand became so great that the doctor decided to give these great medicines to the public, and arranged for their sale through the drug trade throughout Canada and the United States.

In this way Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Nerve Food, Ointment, Linseed and Turpentine, Catarrh Powder, and other medicines found their way into general use, until now one or more of them is found in almost every home in the land.

Founded on His Integrity of Character and the Unusual Merits of His Medicines.

If there was ever a physician who commanded the confidence of his patients that physician was DR. CHASE.

No one could meet him and converse with him without realizing that he was a man of skill, who was in love with his profession and only anxious to relieve the suffering and disease of his fellowmen.

You cannot read the famous Dr. Chase's Receipt Book without appreciating the untiring zeal of its author in searching out the best receipts and prescriptions which were known to the medical profession.

When his attention was turned to selecting medicines to be placed on the market for public sale it was with whole-souled effort that he tested out the prescriptions which he considered most suitable for this purpose.

And so it is that the integrity of character which marked the efforts of DR. CHASE are indelibly stamped on every medicine which bears his portrait and signature, and people have learned to have the utmost confidence in them because of the splendid results which they have accomplished.

Every Man His Own Physician

But the doctor soon got the idea that people should know how to look after their own common ills, and set about in a large way to supply them with the necessary information.

By means of his Receipt Book, the circulation of which has since run into millions, and his well-known Almanac and booklets of many kinds, Dr. Chase has spread throughout the civilized world the gospel of "Every Man His Own Physician."

This plan enabled the doctor to devote his attention to more serious cases, and he soon became known far and wide as a specialist in the treatment of diseases of the kidneys, the liver, the heart and other vital organs of the human system.



Home Medicines

With these time-tried medicines at hand, you can feel that you are protected against the common ills of life by the most effective treatments which Dr. Chase was able to discover during a long life of diligent study and research.

Free Samples

After long experience with Dr. Chase's Medicines, we have found that people who try them are soon convinced of their exceptional merits.

We have published thousands of letters to give you an idea of the benefits others have obtained by their use, but if you are still skeptical we shall be glad to send you our **Free Combination Package.**



FREE COMBINATION PACKAGE

EDMANSON, BATES & CO., LTD.,
Dr. Chase Bldg., Toronto :

You will please send me free :—

- One sample box Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
- One sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment.
- One copy Dr. Chase's Recipes.

Name..... Address.....

Name of this Paper..... Prov.....

Continued from page 62.

For the artless Armadillo here's a satin sofa-pillow;

And the Otter has a blotter done in terra-cotta hues.

"Here's a spinet for the Linnet; she'll begin it in a minute;

Here's a rattle for the Rattlesnake, and for the Loon a lute;

For the Cobra di Capello here's a scarf of blue and yellow."

Said the Adder: "I'd be gladder for a flute that I could toot."

Just then a waddy Wombat with a Boa had a combat;

Said the Zibet: "I prohibit such exhibit of affray!"

A rheumatic old Rhinoceros said: "Pray, shall he be boss or us?"

The Bittern said: "It better be a Boa we obey!"

A fussy old Flamingo said: "By jingo, what a lingo!"

And the Falcon went a-walkin' till the talkin' should be done;

Said the clam: "I love a clamor!" Said the Lamb: "I love a Llama!"

Said the Toucan: "Well, if you can, then the Gnu can have some fun."

Then a corpulent old Carp croaked out carols to a harp;

And a Turtle, in a kirtle wreathed with myrtle, spoke a piece;

The Whale and the Quail and the twirly-whirly Snail

Sang a most pathetic ballad of "The Gay and Gaudy Geese."

Then a prudent Periwinkle said: "I fear it's going to sprinkle!"

Said a vain Deer: "Should it, Reindeer, it would spoil my handsome clothes!"

Said the Starling: "O, my darling, don't be quarrelling and snarling!

We'll every one be safe at home before it rains or snows."

But the Monkey was so spunky, said the Beaver: "Let us leave her!"

Said the Goat: "Or I will tote her in my motor, if you wish."

And the Gopher called his chauffeur, but they had to go quite slow, for

There were all the birds and animals and every kind of fish.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Continued from page 33.

ley is a new district which has been recently explored by American scientists who speak of its beauty as surpassing anything in the Canadian Rockies.

'Flitting tents' for the women, cooking utensils, blankets, fishing tackle, cameras and food are placed on either side of the pack saddle.

These half-loads are laid even and then coupled and trussed with what is called 'a good diamond hitch.' All goes well until the start is made when, Ho la!, a wayward-minded mare, desiring to be enfranchised from her servitude, makes a sudden bolt for the tall timbers where she proceeded to smash the saddle and kick off the load. To the onlooker she seems to have been seized by an epileptic fit, and I could tell you what the wranglers said only I am an officer of the law and pretended not to hear. You may take it, however, that their comments summed up the truth admirably. Then one wrangler who is no faintheart, in spite of her blizzard of kicks, brought the rebel under his hand, again lading and leading her himself, and so they're off.

"With creak of rope and plod of hoof—a sort of outland rhyming.

As up the grade to timber-line, they make it mile by mile."

There is much to see and do in the Park, but one of our pleasantest days was spent with Miss Agnes Laut at Lake Edith where she has twelve acres of land, ten of which she has set aside for a literary colony, the residents to be approved. It is altogether likely that most of these will come from the States, writing in Canada being an unusually hungry business. Already, she is snug-lodged in a stoutly-built cottage of logs and is erecting a huge fireplace of stones, the description of which is deserving of at least ten paragraphs. Considered from almost any

angle, she is a truly remarkable woman, this Canadian author, with a capacity for work which shows that genius may be feminine. Other cabins are in process of erection, and you cannot see them without appraising them and desiring to have one also.

Miss Laut, who is an expert judge of peltry, has also purchased some wonderfully soft and well-furred bear skins to be used as slumber rugs, and is generally preparing to enjoy herself, and such a supper as we had—flapjacks, (cooked in the open) with maple syrup, ham, salad, punch, cakes, and dishes piled high with red and yellow fruit. O—ah! and when we were almost through, Colonel Maynard Rogers, the Superintendent of the Park, who was

at the party too, produced a package of Camembert Cheese, while Madame, his lovely wife, discovered some flaky biscuits. I can never believe that there will not be feasting in heaven. The omission is too painful for folk of our simple condition, whatever the Prelates and the great Somebodies may say.

Then we had a fire which was built up with whole trees and their roots, these having been torn out by some terrific storm that swept this plateau in the hills.

The Colonel is telling tales of the ravages of fire and how, recently, coals from a neglected camp-fire ignited some moss and, after smouldering for nearly a week, burst into flame destroying some acres of splendid trees.

Last winter, one hundred elk were sent to Lake Patricia in this park from the Yellowstone in the United States. Nine of the animals were found to be dead when the cars were opened. At first, the frightened elk were afraid to move from their narrow quarters but, the doors being left open, one by one, they bounded out to freedom, making off to the nearest mountain trail.

Each day, a load of hay was hauled up to them and, after awhile, the animals would come down the road to meet the horses. As many as fifty elk would stand around at once waiting for their portion.

In like manner, the bears come up to the midden-heaps at the camp to nose among the tins and to eat the fruit and potato peelings. I have seen them there myself and can vouch that they know nothing of table manners. No one is afraid of these animals, although bears are usually conceded to be of peevish disposition and seldom troubled by scruples, but as no one in the Park is allowed to interfere with them, the bears return the courtesy.

After supper at Miss Laut's Camp, some Chautauqua entertainers who are spending their summer there, separated themselves and passed out into the night. Then, from far up in the hills, they sang to us, coming nearer by degrees till, at last, they entered our circle.

The echoes of marvellous sweetness that resounded through the girdle of the hills from the voices of the men is something one must always remember. The experience was that of an exultancy edged on pain. It must be ever thus when God sets the stage.

Continued from page 12.

of their country to greet the households of squires, farmers and clergy with a valiant shout of "Calenig, Calenig, Blwyddyn newydd dda."*

*New Year Gift, A Happy New Year.

There are certain Welsh folk, who, like the Scotch and Border people are superstitious as regards the first visitor to their house on New Year morning, and they consider it good luck if the first foot to cross their threshold be that of a man. If, however, the early visitor has to be a woman they prefer that she should bear the name of Mary, Margaret or Jane. But if the first foot should belong to a man called David, Evan or John, then their good luck for the year is assured. Sprinkling for luck was a popular custom with Welsh children in former times, but it is seldom if ever indulged in now. Some thirty years ago the young people of country houses would take care to be awake at a very early hour on New Year's morning, that they might hasten as soon as the light allowed to the nearest well or pump where they would fill a pitcher with ice-cold water for the purpose of sprinkling with the aid of a sprig of ever-green the faces of those who were still in bed, and better still, those who were asleep. This custom was naturally provocative of great merriment, but on the whole was more amusing to the young sprinkler than to the recipient of the attention. In some parishes a number of children would collect together and demand admittance at farms and cottages for this purpose of sprinkling, and while they knocked at doors they would recite in English the following curious verse:

"Here we bring water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with this happy New Year;
Sing levy dew*, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires and gold bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her toe,
Open you the west door and let the old year go;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her chin,
Open you the east door and let the New Year in."

Fortune-telling by the burning of nuts used to be a very popular custom in Wales at New Year and Christmas, and another amusement of the young folk on Christmas Eve, was listening at the door of a stable in the dark when it was supposed that horses could be heard talking to one another, but what special information the animals thus conveyed to the listeners never seems to have been recorded.

*From "Lleff I Dduw"—A Cry to God (Lehh)

Contents This Number

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL — The Editor	3
THE PHILOSOPHER	30
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	32

FICTION AND REALITY

RED & WHITE (Continued from November Issue)—Nellie L. McClung	2
PIONEER DAYS ON ALBERTA PLAINS	4
CHRISTMAS EVE ON GEORGES BANK —Bonnycastle Dale	5
OUR LADY STAR OF THE SEA—Alison M. Lederer	6
INDIANS HAD COPYRIGHT LAW LONG BEFORE WHITE MAN CAME—Francis Dickie	8
THE WAY OF YOUTH	10
A NIGHT WITH A SPOOK—Edith G. Bayne	13
CINDERELLA OF THE CHURCH—Annie Shepherd Armstrong	16
THE MINISTER'S WIFE AND THE MINISTER OF MARYFIELD—G. Norrie ...	22

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

MUSIC IN THE HOME—Selected	26
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell,	26
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian,	34
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM— Pearl Richmond Hamilton	40
WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. Cora Hind ..	38
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker, C.A. ..	42
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	45
MOTHERS' SECTION	49
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton, Supt. Home Economics, Manitoba Exten. S'vce ..	50
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS--Margie Moore ..	54
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	56
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE	58
PAGE	58
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER	60

CHRISTMAS FEATURES

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING —Rev. Geo. Laughton, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg,	1
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE—Sir A. W. Currie ..	8
QUAINT CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND—N. Tourneur	11
OLD WELSH CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS — Evelyn Lewes	12
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY — Janey Canuck	18
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES IN PROPHECY—Dr. J. L. Gordon, First Congregational Church, San Francisco, California	20
THE GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD—Lillian Scarth	24

LINOLEUM RUGS



ATTRACTIVE ROOMS AT SMALL COST

Your floor covering merchant will gladly show you Dominion Linoleums and Linoleum Rugs. They are made in Canada, and meet with favor everywhere. Look for the strong canvas back when buying.

Linoleum Rugs may be had in many delightful designs in so wide a variety of colors that room treatments may be quickly and economically developed.

You will be surprised at the moderate cost of Linoleum Rugs—even large sizes cost but a few dollars. Linoleum Rugs have all the advantages of Linoleum—they need no tacking—lie perfectly flat—are easily moved about from room to room.

Illustration above shows decorative possibilities of Linoleum Rugs used with Appropriate Rug Surround.

TABLE OILCLOTH

Makes a **CLEAN** covering for kitchen tables, pantries, backs of sinks, etc. Use of damp cloth keeps it fresh and sweet. For Pantry or Cupboard shelves use our shelf oilcloth with scalloped edges. Many pretty patterns. Your dealer sells it.

Colored samples show 4 popular designs of Linoleum, which you can purchase by the yard.



PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread
and Better Pastry too"



The Season's
Greetings

Use it in all your Baking

